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LETTERS OF HENRY BREVOORT TO WASHINGTON IRVING

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HENRY BREVOORT

TO

WASHINGTON IRVING

TOGETHER WITH OTHER UNPUBLISHED
BREVOORT PAPERS

Jean Renwick

From the painting by John Wesley Jarvis

(Mrs. Renwick, the cherished friend of both Irving and Brevoort, was, in her girlhood, as Jean Jeffrey, celebrated in poems by Robert Burns. This portrait is reproduced by the courtesy of her great-granddaughter, Mrs. Robert Sedgwick.)

EDITED BY
GEORGE S. HELLMAN

NEW YORK
G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS
The Knickerbocker Press
1918

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First published in 1916, in two volumes, in a Limited Edition of 310 sets. Now issued in a Library Edition, the two volumes in one.

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The Knickerbocker Press, New York

PUBLISHERS' NOTE

In 1915, G. P. Putnam's Sons brought into publication, in a specially printed edition, the letters written by Washington Irving to his friend Henry Brevoort. The editorial responsibility for the two volumes rested with Mr. George S. Hellman. The public showed a favorable and immediate interest in the volumes and the edition was exhausted within a few days of its publication. Encouraged by the interest expressed in this series of letters, the publishers are glad to be able to present, under the same editorial supervision, the other side of this distinctive correspondence, the letters of Henry Brevoort to Washington Irving. The Editor, Mr. Hellman, was fortunate enough to come into relations at the Grolier Club with Mr. Grenville Kane, who

spoke with interest and with approval of the volumes of the Irving-Brevoort Letters. Mr. Kane advised Mr. Hellman that he had in his possession the letters of his grandfather, Mr. Henry Brevoort, and, with the characteristic liberality of a student of history and of a lover of books, he offered to place this series of letters at the disposal of Mr. Hellman for publication as a companion work. Mr. Hellman realized how important the publication of these letters would be in completing the record of this historic friendship.

Of the series of Irving Letters, a portion—although only a small portion—came into publication in Pierre M. Irving's Life and Letters of his Uncle, but the letters of Brevoort are practically unknown to the public. In the four volumes of the Irving Biography, Pierre Irving had been able to make place for but three pages of the Brevoort material. This series of letters presents a distinctive and original record of the social, literary, and

dramatic events in New York and in the literary circles of the Republic during the first half of the nineteenth century. A few letters belonging to the years 1808, 1809 and 1810 are missing, but the series is substantially complete.

The publishers desire to express their obligations to Mr. Grenville Kane for his gracious action in permitting them now to be brought into print.

Acknowledgments are also due to another member of the Brevoort family, Mrs. Robert Sedgwick, through whom have been secured excerpts from letters written by her grandmother Margaret, who was the sister of Henry Brevoort and who became the wife of Professor James Renwick. Margaret Brevoort was a charming correspondent, and the Editor has been glad to utilize in his pages passages from these lively and characteristic letters. The publishers desire also to express their appreciation of Mrs. Sedgwick's courtesy in

placing at their service the portrait by Jarvis of Mrs. Renwick, now in the home of her great-granddaughter, Mrs. Sedgwick; and of Mr. Kane's similar courtesy in regard to the portrait by Rembrandt Peale of Henry Brevoort. These portraits are now for the first time reproduced.

G. H. P.

New York, July, 1916.

INTRODUCTION

THE letters of Henry Brevoort to Washington Irving constitute a body of manuscripts of exceptional interest; and this, from many points of view. He touches, with a literary grace and a sense of humor almost equal to those of his famous and well-loved friend, on topics intimately interwoven with the cultural, the commercial, and the political development of America during the first half of the nineteenth century. For many readers, however, the most immediate charm of these letters will reside in their social aspect, in Brevoort's faculty for conjuring up to us of a later age the living presentments of the men and women in whom Irving and he were most interested. Old families of New York, early writers, actors, statesmen, artists, again cross from the land of shadows, and carry us along

familiar highways and fascinating byways of our city's past.

Brevoort was born in September, 1782, some six months prior to the birth of Irving; he married in 1817 Laura Carson of South Carolina; in 1848 he died, and lies buried in Trinity Cemetery. His father, old Henry Brevoort, was a notable character, a man of such influence and determination that to meet his wishes the city authorities deflected Broadway and omitted to lay out that part of Eleventh Street on which faced the Brevoort homestead. Generations of this family have been prominent in New York, allied in many directions with other distinguished families. In journalism and in historical writings both Irving's friend Henry and his son Carson Brevoort adventured with success, while Mrs. Brevoort's fancy dress ball (given in 1840 in the mansion which still stands at the corner of Ninth Street and Fifth Avenue) was the most splendid social affair of the

first half of the nineteenth century in New York.

It is, however, in connection with Irving that the name of this old Dutch family will longest be remembered in the larger world of letters; and it is indeed fortunate that the record of so delightful a friendship can be amplified by the Brevoort manuscripts, thus at last, after the recent publication of Irving's epistles, rounding out their correspondence.

The first letter among those preserved in the family archives was written in New York at the beginning of the year 1811, and was received by Irving during his stay at Washington where he was the guest of John P. Van Ness, one time mayor of that city. Although Irving had written to Brevoort on January 13th a lengthy letter recounting the trip by stage from New York to Baltimore and thence to Washington, his missive had not as yet reached Brevoort six days later in New York. Delivery of communications takes fewer hours

now than days then; and the journey to Washington is called by Brevoort a pilgrimage, and Irving "an eastern sovereign travelling through his vast dominion."

It is an interesting coincidence that the first of these letters to the first internationally recognized American author should be taken up with lengthy comment concerning a publication that was the first quarterly issued in the United States. Robert Walsh's magazine, *The American Review of History & Politics*, began that department of our literature which has now assumed such large proportions. Corroborative of the paucity of original work by American authors was the initial number of Walsh's journal, which in its literary columns could find little home talent to discuss.

The non-partisan Americanism (an unusual trait in those days) that characterized Irving is similarly manifest in Brevoort's comments concerning Walsh's attack on the admin-

istration of James Madison. As the correspondence proceeds we shall see how, often not alone in tastes, but essentially in temperament, Irving and Brevoort were akin. Both these men combined with large fair-mindedness and all absence of intemperate party feeling a decided reticence that makes their comparatively unguarded interchange of thought the most striking evidence of the deep affection which bound them together.

Of the New York people who make their far-off bow to us in Brevoort's opening letter, the most noted is DeWitt Clinton, then Vice-President of the United States, and almost at the termination of his long and distinguished life. Gulian C. Verplanck also enters; and him we shall meet often in this correspondence; nor has his reputation as historical student and critic altogether faded out of the memory of old New Yorkers. Perhaps, however, he is best remembered for his indignation at Irving's *Knickerbocker's History*, which

Verplanck condemned as an unfair caricature of Dutch manners and character.

Two ladies who figure in this same letter, as in so many of those from Irving, are Mrs. Renwick and Mrs. Hoffman, the latter the mother of Matilda whose early death had robbed Irving of his fiancée; the former a woman who in her girlhood had been immortalized in the songs of Robert Burns, and who throughout her long, brilliant, and brave life retained in extraordinary degree the admiration and affection of both Irving and Brevoort.

The letter of the following month is devoted almost entirely to matters of the drama, and the account of the dinner given by Cooke, the actor, is one of the most delectable anecdotes in the record of the New York stage. In November, 1810, George Frederick Cooke made his first appearance in America, in the character of Richard III., and began a second engagement at the Park Theatre on the 1st of February, 1811, as Shylock. This brilliant

Irishman was perhaps the greatest of the early actors in New York. The monument erected to his memory through the generosity of Edmund Kean still stands in St. Paul's Churchyard on Broadway, and brings him to the minds of some of the more leisurely passers-by among the hurrying throngs of to-day.

In far different vein is the next missive. Brevoort has left New York and is now associated with John Jacob Astor in the fur trade. He writes to Irving from Mackinac and gives notable descriptions of his canoe trip from Montreal. A second letter from Mackinac takes up a topic which, even after the passage of more than a century, we Americans cannot contemplate without a sense of regret bordering on shame. The treatment of the Indians by the early settlers involved acts often ruthless and sometimes criminally aggressive; and Brevoort's intense desire to mitigate the wrongs suffered by the Indians had a humane as well as a practical basis.

Even Jefferson, who during his administration had shown himself generally fair-minded towards the red men, so shared in his countrymen's wish to acquire Indian territory as to condone acts which were essentially deeds of unjustifiable barter. The French under Napoleon, as well as the English, treated the savages with more consideration. The Americans, at the time of Brevoort's letter, were committing acts, both in hunting upon Indian territory and in acquiring that territory, leading inevitably to Indian warfare. The expostulations of men like Brevoort could not avail in stopping a procedure which we must to this day shield under the doubtful ægis of the phrase: "survival of the fittest."

Brevoort's letter has an amusing paragraph wherein he invokes divine Apollo to avert his face from Irving (whom Brevoort calls the "renowned Knickerbocker") until his friend shall have finished his clerical work and turned again from commerce to literature; and, fur-

ther on, there is another reference to Irving's *Knickerbocker's History*, which had already found its way into the far outposts of the Indian territory.

In the third of these Mackinac letters Brevoort continues his advocacy of the rights of the tribes and gives a vivid account of a scene in which an Indian magician gets in touch with one of his Manitoos; but, for us, the most notable paragraph in this letter is that in which Brevoort dwells on the magic "contained in that honest little word 'home.'" Irving's own letters reveal the same sentiment similarly expressed.

The lines of July 29th conclude in lighter vein the fourth of this group of Mackinac letters, a series in itself delightful, and of special note if we accept the family tradition that Brevoort was the first New Yorker of any eminence to dwell on that island.

After he had returned to New York, Brevoort's parents offered him what was then

considered the greatest of opportunities: a visit to Europe. He sets out, and, at Paris, his next letter to Irving is dated April, 1812. The war then in progress between England and France of course led to many exaggerations and misstatements in the English press, from which Americans gained a wrong idea of the conditions of the French peasantry,—much as (although with more truth) it has been England's policy to emphasize the economic hardships of her enemies in the present war. Brevoort gives Irving reliable and first-hand information, adding to his remarks concerning the peasantry news relating to the Emperor and his plan of campaign. We meet with personal descriptions of Napoleon and the Empress, whom Brevoort saw at the opera, and to whom, much to his indignation, he was not introduced, because of the neglect of Mr. Barlow. His interest in new scenes does not make him forgetful of Irving's affairs, and in his request for copies of *Knicker-*

STATE OF NEW-YORK.

By DANIEL D. TOMPKINS, *Governor of the State of New-York,*

General and Commander in Chief of all the Militia, and Admiral of the Navy of the same:

TO Henry Brevoort Junior, esquire **Greeting:**

Reposing *especial Trust and Confidence in your Conduct, Patriotism and Valor,* **I do by these Presents,** *Commission and assign you the said* Henry Brevoort Junior to be First-Lieutenant of a company of artillery to be called Manhasset in ~~detachment of~~ the Militia of the State of New-York, organized and called into the Service of the United States by General Orders, dated twenty-seventh day of August last **You are therefore,** *pursuant to the trust reposed in you, to take the said* ~~detached~~ company . . . *into your care as* first-lieutenant . . *thereof, and are faithfully to observe and follow all Instructions, Directions and Orders which you may from time to time receive from the Commander in Chief of the said State for the time being, and from others your Superior Officers, according to the Laws Organizing and Relating to the Militia, and the Rules and Discipline of War.*

Daniel D. Tompkins

EXCELSIOR

In Testimony whereof, *I have caused the Seal of the State of New-York, for Military Commissions, to be hereunto affixed, at the City of Albany, the* Sixth . . *day of* September *in the Year of our Lord One Thousand Eight Hundred and Fourteen, and in the Thirty-Ninth Year of the* **Independence** *of the United States.*

FAC-SIMILE OF HENRY BREVOORT'S COMMISSION AS FIRST-LIEUTENANT

bocker's History and *Salmagundi* for presentation to Madame D'Arblay we have the earliest evidence of Brevoort's continued activities in furthering the literary fame of his friend.

It was but six weeks after the date of this letter that the War of 1812 began, only five days before Great Britain's Orders in Council (the immediate cause of the conflict) were repealed. Worthy of notice is it that in Brevoort's letters from Europe during the years 1812 and 1813 the war with Great Britain plays a minor part, so much more does he seem to be interested in matters of literature, science, and art; but that neither he nor Irving was devoid of the patriotic spirit which animated the young men of those times is proved by Brevoort's acceptance of a commission as Lieutenant in the "Iron Greys" and Irving's service as Military Attaché on the staff of Governor Tompkins.

The Edinburgh letter of December 12th,

1812, begins with a reference to Irving's brother Peter, who, throughout this correspondence, is often alluded to as the "Doctor," a title due to some early medical studies, and kept up by his friends as the nickname by which he was known among that small coterie of happy youths whom Washington Irving called the "Lads of Kilkenny" and whom Paulding generally referred to as the "Ancient & Honorable Order" and the "Ancient Club of New York." Almost all of these nine youths figure so frequently in the letters of the two friends that it may be well to recall some of the circumstances of their early association, and their familiar appellations.

An old wooden mansion near the then village of Newark had been inherited by Gouverneur Kemble from his mother's brother, Isaac Gouverneur, and here, in this "Bachelors' Hall" or "Bachelors' Nest," there met frequently the following group of merry young New Yorkers:

Henry Brevoort,	nicknamed	"Nuncle,"
James K. Paulding	"	"Billy Taylor,"
Gouverneur Kemble	"	"The Patroon,"
David Porter	"	"Sinbad,"
Henry Ogden	"	"Supercargo,"
Richard McCall	"	"Oorombates,"
Ebenezer Irving	"	"Capt. Greatheart,"
Peter Irving	"	"The Doctor,"

and, finally, Washington Irving who, as General James Grant Wilson has suggested, having no alias, was probably responsible for the titles of the other members of the club. To Newark they would often set forth in stagecoaches, and the pranks and pastimes of those early days at "Cockloft Hall" never faded out of the memory of the participants in its pleasures. Washington Irving, in alluding, towards the end of his life, to the gay hours spent there, said to his old friend Gouverneur Kemble: "Who would have thought that we should ever have lived to be two such respectable old gentlemen?"

Reverting to Brevoort's first letter from Edinburgh, we find him, after some caustic

comments regarding the great critic Jeffrey, giving Irving an enthusiastic description of a meeting of the Royal Society of Edinburgh, then immersed in a spirited discussion concerning opposing theories of fire and water, a controversy bringing to mind some of the early Greek philosophies. There is mention, also, of the portrait of Mrs. Renwick by Jarvis, now reproduced through the gracious courtesy of her great-granddaughter Mrs. R. Sedgwick. John Leslie Jarvis, born in England in 1780, came in early life to America, where his pictures, painted for the most part in New York and in the southern cities, made him one of the very popular artists of the last century's early decades. DeWitt Clinton, John Randolph, and FitzGreene Halleck were among the distinguished men who sat for him prior to his death in New York in 1840; but nowhere is the charm of his work more evident than in the portrait of Mrs. Renwick.

The next letter from Edinburgh, dated

March 1st, 1813, is not alone the lengthiest epistle in the entire Irving-Brevoort correspondence, but is in all probability the most extensive letter of its kind ever written either to Irving or to any other American author. Beginning in a vein of sentiment mingled with humor, with amusing references to the well-recollected table in Brevoort's library at Mrs. Ryckman's lodgings, (a room then occupied in solitary splendor by Irving,) Brevoort soon launches into an account of literary and theatrical affairs. He sees Kemble perform; meets him at Walter Scott's, and hears him expound the principles of the drama. Mrs. Siddons; Talma; Clairon, the French actress; David Garrick; Cooke, Lister, Mathews, and Braham, with other comedians and tragedians famous in the record of the stage, enter these pages, emphasizing anew how keenly interested both Brevoort and Irving were in the art of the actor,—an art which Irving, during his stay at Dresden in 1823, sought to

emulate in more than one amateur performance. In the course of this talk of actors and acting, we find Brevoort quoting a phrase of Kemble's that deserves to be perpetuated on account of its felicity. Speaking of Cooke's journal, Kemble confided to Brevoort that its reliability was not to be accepted, as Cooke "was prone to draw upon his drunken imagination for his sober facts."

A man of letters who figures in a passing way in this epistle is William Roscoe (whose name Brevoort spells "Rosco"—this being only one instance of numerous misspellings both as to proper and common names, errors which have been preserved in the text of these volumes). While Roscoe is remembered among historians by reason of his lives of Lorenzo de' Medici and Leo X., he has a more appealing claim on lovers of books because of a poem which he wrote after pecuniary troubles forced him to dispose of his cherished library; and as it is a poem which seems to have been

almost lost sight of in the course of time, one may be pardoned for yielding to personal predilection in reprinting it here.

SONNET

ON PARTING WITH HIS BOOKS

As one who, destined from his Friends to part,
Regrets his loss, yet hopes again erewhile
To share their converse and enjoy their smile,
And tempers, as he may, Affliction's dart,—
Thus, loved associates! Chiefs of elder art!
Teachers of wisdom! who could once beguile
My tedious hours, and lighten every toil,
I now resign you; nor with fainting heart—
For, pass a few short years, or days, or hours,
And happier seasons may their dawn unfold,
And all your sacred fellowship restore;
When, freed from earth, unlimited its powers,
Mind shall with Mind direct communion hold,
And kindred spirits meet to part no more.

But a far greater author than Roscoe comes in for extended comment in Brevoort's Edinburgh letter. It is here that he gives a notable portrait of Walter Scott, writing of him that "Scott is the man of my choice; he has not a

grain of pride or affectation in his whole make-up. Neither the voice of fame nor the homage of the great have altered in the least the native simplicity of his heart. His days are spent in the domestic endearments of an amiable family and in the society of a few selected friends whom he entertains like Mæcenas, and never fails to delight by setting an example of perfect good humour and harmless conviviality." In a further paragraph Brevoort informs Irving of a bit of news that may be unfamiliar even to some of Scott's present-day admirers—that Scott was a dramatist as well as a poet and a novelist, Erskine having in his possession "an important tragedy written many years ago." To this same William Erskine, suspected in literary circles of Edinburgh as being the author of the *Bridal of Triermain*, Scott addressed the introduction to *Marmion*.

We shall soon see how Brevoort's liking for Francis Jeffrey, then famous as the caustic

editor of the *Edinburgh Review*, and later eminent as Lord Advocate for Scotland, increased to such an extent that when Jeffrey visited America he brought with him many letters of introduction from Brevoort; but in the present missive, Brevoort's opinion of Jeffrey led him, with full recognition of the great critic's brilliancy of conversation, to emphasize his foibles and to recognize with keen vision that Jeffrey "is blessed with such an immaculate degree of taste as to contemn everything in the whole world both morally and physically,"—an epigrammatic analysis much to the point.

Apart from Scott, the man in Edinburgh who most decidedly roused the enthusiasm of the young New Yorker was Professor Playfair, a Scottish mathematician and natural philosopher whom Jeffrey describes as "possessing in the highest degree all of the characteristics both of a fine and beautiful understanding";—while Brevoort

writes of him that he is "a man who unites the profundity of a Newton with the simple soul of D'Alembert, whom it would be as impossible to describe as it would be vain to imitate." This is as ardent an expression of admiration as Brevoort ever voiced; and in our own days, when, even among scholars, the murky clouds of war have in all countries dimmed the faculty of impartial judgment, one likes to think that Brevoort's enthusiasm for this great Scottish man of science was based on the intellectuality, catholicity, the dominating liberality of Playfair (whose very name is sentient with significance, like the characters in *Pilgrim's Progress*). There is no lovelier tribute from a scholar to his teacher than in those lines where Brevoort writes: "His mind is lifted above all National prejudices. He sees and encourages merit from any quarter of the globe with an equal eye of approbation and will condescend to receive the opinions of a child." Nor shall we forget that when these

words were written Europe was involved in the Napoleonic period's titanic struggle.

Many personages known to fame are present in the next letter, written June 24th, 1813, at London, where Brevoort, accompanied by Peter Irving, had arrived a fortnight earlier. Distinguished women figure preponderantly in these pages. Brevoort meets Joanna Bailey and Miss Edgeworth; sees, at Drury Lane Theatre, the great Madame de Staël with her "very reverend black beard and features that correspond to it"; hears Mrs. Siddons read the whole play of *Hamlet;* describes Madame D'Arblay whose *Evelina,* now almost forgotten, vied in popularity with the works of her rival French novelists. His words concerning the sublimity of Mrs. Siddons' art, when "the theatre echoed with sobs and shrieks and 'Bravos,'" recall the emotional power of that supreme tragic actress of England; and this intense scene finds an amusing contrast in the following para-

graph where we read of a travesty on *Hamlet*, acted at Lister's benefit, in which Ophelia presents to the King and Queen a bunch of parsnips and a head of cabbage—munching the while "a stout turnip."

Of the memorable men who here pass through Brevoort's pages the poet Campbell, the philosopher Sir James Mackintosh (one of whose writings, translated by Madame de Staël, influenced Europe's opinion of Napoleon), the astronomer Herschel, the Swedish Ambassador De Kantzow, and John Howard Payne, actor and author, whose *Home, Sweet Home* assures his fame, attest the variety of circles to which Brevoort had admittance. Here, also, we find mention of introductory letters for Francis Jeffrey. But most important of all is that brief paragraph in which Brevoort tells Irving that he had given Walter Scott a copy of *Knickerbocker's History* and that he was enclosing Scott's letter in reference to Irving's work.

Although this letter is familiar to students of Irving's life, and its importance in the history of American literature well understood, there is in this connection an interesting circumstance that has, it would seem, never yet found its way into any biography of Irving. Brevoort writes that he had sent Irving's volume to Scott "in return for some very rare books that he gave me respecting the early History of New England." These books were presented to Brevoort as a result of conversations in which Brevoort had related to Scott presumably those very experiences among the Indian nations which are recorded in the missives written to Irving from Mackinac. Scott had at one time intended to write on the American Indian, but later gave up the idea; and finding how much immediate and personal information Brevoort had on this subject, he donated to his young American friend his own rare books on early New England history, in the hope, no doubt, that Brevoort himself

would some day issue some such work as had been the subject of their conversations. This hope played through Brevoort's mind at various intervals throughout his life; and, when we consider his decided talent for writing, we must regret that later cares and responsibilities prevented its fruition.

A number of years intervene between Brevoort's London letter and that which here succeeds it, a letter written from New York in 1818. In the meantime Brevoort had returned to his native city and Irving had left it. Not till 1830 was Brevoort to revisit Europe, two years prior to Irving's return, after an absence of seventeen years, to America. During their lengthy separation Brevoort remained ever loyal to the interests of Irving, ever ready to put his intellectual as well as his financial resources at the disposal of his friend.

This part of their correspondence begins with an account of a scurrilous attack on

Brevoort in the form of an advertisement in a newspaper, an attack which Brevoort met by personally chastising the offender, who seems to have been a man unworthy of being challenged, in the usual manner of the day, to a duel. A duel is, however, mentioned in the same letter—that between Perry and Heath, brave men both, where Perry, to make reparation for his wrongful attack on Heath, restores his own self-respect by receiving, without returning, the fire of his opponent. Brevoort's letter abounds in all manner of personal news so welcome to the absent Irving. Paulding; the Renwicks; Jack Nicholson, the "jolly Tar"; Miss Bradish, the daughter of their old landlady; Gouverneur Kemble; the painter Jarvis, and others pass in review; while Irving's old chief, Daniel D. Tompkins, now Vice-President under Monroe, asks Brevoort solicitously concerning Irving and expresses a desire, that friends were so often to reiterate, for his speedy return to America.

With Brevoort's next two letters we arrive at a significant period in their long friendship when matters concerning the publication of the *Sketch Book* were undertaken and carried through largely by Brevoort, who purchased the paper, attended to the proof sheets, and made arrangements with publishers and booksellers; thus in many ways rendering assistance to Irving at a time when, after the shattering of his prospects in commercial life, success along literary lines was so necessary and determining a factor in his career. Nor were Brevoort's services limited to the immediate phases of manufacture and sale, for it was he who wrote a commendatory article in the *Evening Post*, which led Irving in his letter of September 9th, 1819, to say how he had been touched by the manner in which the editor of the *Post* had noticed him.

Many families besides that of the Irvings felt the economic hardships of those years, and in his following letter Brevoort recounts

how "the whole aspect of domestic life has changed since you left us—all the ordinary sources of industry seem to have closed—a great portion of the Houses of the City are to let and the inhabitants obliged to seek a livelihood elsewhere." He adds, however, that even amid the pressure of the times, Irving's work increases in popularity; and with characteristic good judgment he speaks of the *Legend of Sleepy Hollow*, (which had just appeared,) as "one of the best articles you have ever written."

In this letter Brevoort sent a pamphlet which must have both interested and depressed Irving: the correspondence between Decatur and Barron. Both Decatur and his wife, it will be remembered, had been fellow lodgers of Irving and Brevoort in Rector Street, and Decatur had wished to have Irving accept an appointment at Washington in connection with the Naval Board. While serving on the Board of Navy Commissioners, Decatur had

made some remarks criticizing Commodore Barron—remarks which, in spite of the long correspondence that followed between the two men, led to a challenge which Decatur felt obliged to accept. Twelve years earlier, Decatur had served as a member of a court-martial appointed to try Barron for having surrendered the *Chesapeake* to a British man-of-war; and it was Decatur himself who was next given command of this famous frigate. Not impossibly the memory of those events made Barron unwilling to be satisfied with anything less than the arbitrament of arms. Both men were wounded in the duel, Decatur fatally.

To Irving, now at Paris, Brevoort addresses his next letter, in November, 1820, replying to Irving's letter of September 22^{d}, wherein is first broached the project to navigate the Seine by steamboat. Irving's brothers in America, Ebenezer and William, considered with grave doubt the commercial enterprise in which Washington and Peter were engaging;

but Brevoort, while expressing his fear that the scheme would not prove profitable, was yet ready to help his friend in financing it; and it was on Brevoort rather than on his own brothers that Irving drew for the funds to whose payment he had already committed himself.

Brevoort's next letter gives Irving news of affairs at Columbia College, where their friend Renwick has been appointed to the Professorship of Experimental Philosophy and Chemistry. Columbia at that time had five professors in all, of whom Anthon and McVickar still remain noted names in the annals of teaching. Brevoort observes that "the trustees seem resolved to raise the reputation of Columbia to the first rank"; but it would appear that the funds were not adequate for much immediate development.

From college matters Brevoort turns to topics of the stage. In the previous November, Edmund Kean had made his initial ap-

pearance before an American audience, and his success in Shakespearean and other rôles stirred the admirers of Cooper to a high pitch of envy. As soon as Kean's engagement in the Anthony Street Theatre ended, Thomas A. Cooper began his, playing many of the same parts. This amusing stage warfare attained considerable proportions in those times when the theatre was an important institution in the social life of New York. Kean's weakness of moral fibre did much to abbreviate public esteem, and his refusal to play before a Boston audience on account of the paucity of spectators so aroused public indignation as to cause his early return to England. Several years later, when he returned to this country, the irritation against him broke forth into one of the most disgraceful riots that ever took place in a New York theatre.

Brevoort's next missive is in reply to Irving's of the 10th of March, wherein the author of the *Sketch Book*, who was so success-

fully establishing the good name of American literature abroad, answers, not without a touch of resentment, the attacks that had been made on him for remaining so long from his native land. Brevoort sees the cogency of his friend's arguments and, henceforth, that topic is allowed to rest. As if in reply to Irving's own candid exposition of his more intimate feelings, Brevoort now writes in a most personal vein concerning his own aspirations and capabilities: "To leave this world with a mere *hic jacet* is too mortifying to be endured"; but he breaks off suddenly to give Irving news of Paulding, Verplanck, the Coopers, Beekman and Astor, Nicholson, the Hoffmans, and other New York families, flavoring his potpourri of pleasant gossip with just a touch of scandal.

In the postscript mention is made of Irving's picture by Newton which "will be exhibited next week in the Annual exhibition of the Academy of fine Arts."—No doubt it was

because of this picture that Brevoort kept the catalogue of that exhibition among his papers, where we find it, stained with age,—a most entertaining little pamphlet. One hundred and twenty-nine paintings were shown in this seventh exhibit of the Academy, of which ten were by John Trumbull. No. 46, entitled merely *Portrait of a Lady*, is by Jarvis,—very possibly the portrait of Mrs. Renwick; No. 47 by "J. Newton" is listed as "*Portrait of Washington Irving, Esq.*, lent by H. Brevoort, Esq." Newton, the talented nephew of Gilbert Stuart, had become a close friend—through the artist Leslie—of Irving's in London, and Leslie's *Autobiographical Recollections* record many pleasant hours spent together by these three young fellows of talent. The early death of Newton remained for both of his friends a lasting grief.

But apart from Newton's portrait, there are many points to arrest attention in this catalogue of the Academy's seventh show. The

names of the directors and officers include various of Irving's friends. John Trumbull is the President (which partially accounts for his full representation in the exhibition); John R. Murray, the Vice-President; and Charles King, William Gracie, Gulian C. Verplanck, James Renwick, and Henry Brevoort are among the nine directors. Adding to this number the Treasurer and the Secretary, one notes with amusement that the fourteen academicians exceeded by the close margin of one the total number of directors and officers. But even more amusing is the get-up of this little catalogue. Lengthy passages from Shakespeare and Voltaire, stanzas from Scott, and quotations from the Bible accompany some of the paintings of Trumbull, Newton, and West; while in cataloguing a picture by Guido, the careful officers saw fit to append the statement, "Undoubted Original." Of historical note is the information with which the catalogue concludes, recording that "the re-

maining Pictures in the Library with uniform frames, are part of the valuable donation given to the Academy by the Ex-Emperor Napoleon on his being elected an honorary member."

Two other letters of this same year, 1821, treat of both business and literary affairs of Irving, and give to the absentee considerable direct news of his brothers. It is the last year of the life of William Irving, a man whose poetical abilities and distinct wit had shown themselves in the early years when with his brother-in-law James K. Paulding and with his brother Washington he had made *Salmagundi* the talk of the town. He had served in Congress until, in 1818, ill health led him to resign, and he had ever been a loyal guardian of the interests of his young brother. Ebenezer, whom Brevoort characterizes as a real philosopher, was an equally attractive personality, and of even greater service in taking charge in America of Washington's writings. Peter Irving, the companion of both Henry Bre-

voort and of Washington Irving in their travels abroad, has a place in the record of New York journalism as the publisher of the *Morning Chronicle*, which began its career in 1802; and figures in literature as having planned with Washington the work which eventuated as the famous *Knickerbocker's History of New York*. The fourth brother, John Treat Irving, also had a literary bent, early in life made evident by his poetical contributions to the *Morning Chronicle*, but his chief reputation centres in his career as lawyer and judge. That all five of the Irving brothers enter into the pages of these letters of the year 1821 adds in an intimate way to their interest.

If we turn to Irving's letters to Brevoort, we shall find one written in June, 1822, and one belonging to the month of December, 1824, the only recorded epistles between the years 1821 and 1825. That these ever reached Brevoort there is no evidence, and certain it is that the long hiatus in their correspondence was a

source of regret to both of the friends; Irving, in his sensitive way, fearing that Brevoort had perhaps lost interest in him, while Brevoort surmised that Irving's wanderings and literary pursuits were the cause of his silence. Certain it is that letters went astray on both sides, and a misunderstanding resulted. On New Year's Day of 1827, Brevoort, in answer to the reproaches of Irving reported to him by Ebenezer, takes pen in hand, and in the most cordial spirit proceeds to bridge the gap. He repudiates the suggestion that occupation with his own affairs has made him insensible to the career of Irving. After referring to the episode as "the only instance of discord that has ever risen between us," he adds, "let us then, my dear Irving, begin the new year by a renewal of kind and affectionate recollections, and by frank and frequent interchange of our sentiments." He continues with voluminous details concerning many friends and acquaintances, among whom we note with

particular interest the name of Philip Hone. Hone, one of the most prominent characters of the New York of his time, had just been defeated for re-election to the mayoralty, and Brevoort, after alluding to the manner in which he was defeated as an insult to so worthy a man, remarks, "sic transit &c." But, curiously enough, to the very event which led Brevoort thus to comment on the passing of "gloria mundi" is due the continuance of Hone's posthumous fame. As financier, as politician, as philanthropist he would, for all his excellent traits, long since have been an obliterated figure on the palimpsest of our city's history. But the diary that he began in 1827, after his mayoralty had ended, remains a fascinating chronicle which will continue to keep his name alive as long as the past of New York makes appeal to its citizens.

Brevoort's letter is so full of amusing gossip that only a few of its paragraphs can be referred to here. But we must note his charac-

terization of James Fenimore Cooper, "Mr. Spy Cooper," as he calls him, a man with "a rough and confident manner of expressing himself," but "a right good fellow at bottom." Cooper, Brevoort had come to know well at "The Lunch," a prandial club which included artists, authors, and men of affairs who found much enjoyment in one another's company. Anecdotes of old Major Fairlie enliven the epistle, and his comment on the deaths of Jefferson and Adams, where Fairlie observes of Charles Carroll of Carrollton, (now the only surviving signer of the Declaration of Independence,) "Well! the old boy is left in a fearful minority," is a witticism that binds with a strand of humor the days of the Revolution to the epoch of half a century later.

Irving was more than glad to respond to his friend's advances, and his April letter from Madrid restores the status to its old warmth. Brevoort's reply in November, 1827, contains not alone expressions of personal affection,

but, in its reference to the *Life of Columbus*, assures Irving (who has had some doubts on the subject) of the cordiality of American public opinion towards him and his work. The doings of many of the friends of their youth are recorded for Irving's benefit, while FitzGreene Halleck and William Cullen Bryant come in for pleasant comment.

In the next letter, Brevoort is seen again in his old capacity as Irving's literary adviser, having a hand in arranging matters in connection with the publication in America of the *Life of Columbus*. He discusses with business acumen the most advisable manner of having the book reviewed in Walsh's magazine, and tells Irving how a preliminary review of Scott's *Napoleon* had greatly aided the sale of Sir Walter's book. While Paulding, Campbell, Ogden, Renwick, Verplanck, Nicholson, and others of the friends with whom we have become familiar enter these pages, there is here, for the first time in this correspondence,

mention of an old-time character whose memory it is pleasant to recall. Dominick Lynch was a wine merchant to whom New York is indebted not alone for Chateau Margaux, but for Italian opera. A man who brought pleasure wherever he went, Lynch was a foremost figure in musical circles, and himself a singer and player of decided attainment. The embodiment of gaiety, he held a position in New York society akin to that in London of Thomas Moore, many of whose songs were composed for this friend of Brevoort and of Irving.

Here, too, Andrew Jackson makes his first appearance among these manuscripts. His defeat of Adams, and his ascension to the presidency in 1828, were to work many changes in the fortunes of Irving and of many of his acquaintances.

The success of the *Life of Columbus*, the enthusiastic comments of Chancellor Kent, Fitz-Greene Halleck, and others whose good

opinion must have been flattering to Irving, are among the topics of Brevoort's next letter, where a recountal of the excellent arrangements made by Ebenezer Irving and Brevoort in increasing the circulation of all of Irving's writings is further evidence of Brevoort's helpfulness towards his friend.—Announcement is made of the advent of another child[1] in the Brevoort family, which had already shown itself more prolific than the head of the house had expected. Brevoort gives the news with that touch of humor which often sparkles from his lines: "You see my dear fellow that my works are nearly as numerous as yours; whether they will live as long & be as kindly treated by the world is rather questionable."

In the following March, Irving's writings on Spanish subjects come in for further discus-

[1] *Constance Irving Brevoort. Her son, M^r. Robert Sedgwick, married his cousin, the granddaughter of Henry Brevoort's only sister, Margaret Brevoort Renwick. It is to this M^rs. Sedgwick that the editor is under obligations for many courtesies in connection with the present publication.*

sion, and many social topics are broached, including the "numerous masquerades which now infest this crack-brained city." Jack Nicholson (to whose friendly intervention Irving owed his first appointment in the diplomatic service) and Paulding are written of most entertainingly, though there is a touch of regret where the latest works of Irving's old collaborator are characterized as those of "a mind that seems to have stood still whilst all the world has been advancing in knowledge." Andrew Jackson, now in the presidential chair, "seems determined to provide for those who have bawled loudest in his praise."

The next month finds Brevoort going into careful detail regarding the steps that had been taken to assure the successful disposal in America of Irving's writings, especially the *Life of Columbus* and the *Conquest of Granada;* and Brevoort suggests further subjects of early discovery and conquest as themes for Irving's pen.—A line of political news catches the eye:

"Mr. McLane of Delaware is appointed envoy to the court of St. James." It was this diplomat who was so soon to become Irving's chief, and whose duties Irving later assumed as Chargé d'Affaires at London.

The offer of an appointment as Secretary of the Legation in London is announced to Irving by Brevoort in his letter of May 31st, 1829, an offer made by the Secretary of State, Martin Van Buren, without consulting President Jackson. He, of course, gladly confirmed the appointment after Irving had expressed his willingness to accept,—an acceptance no doubt influenced by Brevoort's emphatic advice in that direction.

The next missive belongs to this same year, a letter introducing Samuel F. B. Morse to Irving. Morse was then known only as one of the best of the American painters and the founder of the National Academy of Design; while it is for a far different reason that posterity preserves his memory.—Columbia College

affairs in connection with the election of a new president are made the subject of an amusing paragraph in which are spoken of as favorable the chances of William Duer, who "with a wife and ten children wants the place."

His own large family was one of the reasons which led Brevoort to determine in 1830 to revisit Europe. He desired to afford his wife an opportunity to "escape from the thraldom of the nursery," and he wished his elder children to have the benefit of education abroad. So in March he writes to Irving of his approaching departure and speaks of his gratification at so soon "taking you and your brother Peter by the hand."

Brevoort and his party arrived in France in June, but it was not until August that Irving, who was immersed in his duties as Secretary of the Legation, could leave London to meet his friend at Paris. In the interval he receives two letters from Brevoort, giving news of

what is happening to him and his family in the French metropolis, and in one of them commenting on the distasteful phases of that official life which was so at variance with Irving's inclinations and temperament. After Irving's return from Paris, his chief, Mr. McLane, left him in charge of the legation in order to take his own vacation in Paris, a visit that is noted by Brevoort in the letter of September 25th, 1830. It was while McLane was there that he received a communication in which Irving discusses the qualities of Talleyrand who had recently been appointed as Minister to England by Louis Philippe. Irving deprecates the Talleyrand policy,—one, as he says, "not suited to a free country and a frank and popular government"; and he adds—a characteristic sentence—"I question the greatness of any political talent that is not based on integrity."

Matters relating to the Revolution of 1830 find their way into the next Paris letter from

Brevoort, where he records an interview in which the Citizen King tries to propitiate, with the title of Honorary Commander in Chief, the old General Lafayette who had been deprived of his command of the National Guard.—"How would your Majesty be pleased with the title of Honorary King of the French?" answers Lafayette.

Brevoort's series of Paris letters continues in March, 1831; and again he takes up affairs of France, the feebleness of its government, the depressed state of its industry and commerce. From these he passes to Polish and Italian questions, and then to the Reform Bill in England, contrasting the orators of those days with Burke, Fox, and Pitt. In this portion of the letter two names arrest the attention as those of English statesmen who are entitled to American gratitude. There would probably have been no War of 1812 if the views of Brougham and Alexander Baring could have determined events. Both these

men deprecated hostilities towards American commerce, and the latter's *Inquiry into the Causes and Consequences of the Orders in Council* is a volume apposite to-day. Its author (who, in Brevoort's letter, figures merely as "Mr. Baring") is better known to Americans under his later title of Lord Ashburton, a name that history has affixed to the Treaty of 1842 whereby Alexander Baring, then Minister to the United States, arranged with Daniel Webster for the settlement of the dangerous boundary disputes.

In the spring of 1831 Brevoort goes to Italy, and upon his return to Paris writes to Irving of this visit, and of his plans for an early tour through Switzerland and the Rhine countries. Brevoort's Italian trip was made easier for him, as far as expenses were concerned, through his being preceded by the Marchioness of Conyngham, "who established a tariff in the inns very advantageous to my purse." Brevoort's sentence arouses reflec-

tions concerning the wheel of Fortune when we pause to consider who this "ready reckoner," this economic traveler, had been. During the reign of George IV. her influence over the King was so great that not only did she use the King's horses, and have the dinners for her entertainments prepared in the royal kitchens; the splendid Crown Sapphires were worn by this then powerful lady. Her husband was Member of the Privy Council and Lord Steward of the Household, but with the death of George IV. their fortunes began to wane.

A year had passed by since the accession of William to the throne of England, and Irving was now in charge of the American legation at the Court of St. James, McLane being on the eve of resigning his office of Minister to become Secretary of the Treasury under Andrew Jackson. This appointment, to which Brevoort alludes, was due to the desire of Van Buren, Jackson's Secretary of State, to have the English mission for himself; and it remains

one of the curious events of our political history that the Senate's refusal to confirm Jackson's appointment of Van Buren so augmented the latter's popularity that in 1832 he was chosen for the vice-presidency, and four years later nominated for the presidency, defeating, among other competitors, the great Daniel Webster, who had been among the Senators opposing Van Buren's appointment at London.

Affairs of French and American interest occupy Brevoort's next letter, of July, 1831. He gives Irving the essential points of the Treaty of Indemnity negotiated on behalf of the United States, largely through the instrumentality of the American Minister William C. Rives, a treaty which adjusted the differences that began when the conflict between Napoleon and Great Britain led, as far back as 1806, to the series of Orders and Decrees (by Napoleon at Berlin and Milan) so inimical to American commerce. Gallatin and Lafay-

ette figure in this portion of Brevoort's lengthy epistle, which concludes, however, with matters relating to art. Brevoort has acquired a painting that he believes is assuredly by Raffaelle, and that he would like to have Irving's friend, the painter Newton, pass upon.

In his next letter, after writing concerning books, the education of his children, and his consternation at the rejection of Van Buren, he proceeds to give a vastly amusing recital of the sayings and doings of a curious character by the name of Carr, the American Consul at the Court of Monaco. Brevoort speaks of him as a "tall, gaunt, Randolph-looking figure," Randolph at that time being the United States Minister to Russia, probably the most grotesque and eccentric individual who ever held a high office in American diplomacy.—Delightful must have been the conversations on art matters between Brevoort and Carr, the latter having considered the purchase of two

Venuses by Titian for 1400 francs: "Perhaps they were copies but they were just as good as originals."

In May, 1832, the packet ship *Havre* (which had carried Brevoort to Europe) arrived in the harbor of New York, and Philip Hone records in his Diary: "Among the passengers is our distinguished countryman and my old friend, Washington Irving, who visits his native country after an absence of seventeen years. I called to see him this morning at his brother's Ebenezer Irving. He has got very fat since I saw him in England in 1821, looks exceedingly well and is delighted to be once more in his native city. I passed half an hour with him very pleasantly. He talked a great deal and is in high spirits, a thing not usual with him except when under excitement as he is at this moment." It is accordingly with words of congratulation upon Irving's arrival in his native land, and the warmth of reception accorded to him by his fellow citizens, that

Brevoort's letter of July 28th, 1832, begins. He adverts in a pleasant, teasing way to Irving's reluctance towards accepting public testimonials of regard, but is fully aware (again to quote Hone) that "the return of Geoffrey Crayon has made old times and associations of early life the leading topics of conversation among his friends." He then proceeds to outline for Irving, who was planning American travels with Newton, a tour that should include many of the scenes of Brevoort's own early days, and suggests Irving's "setting off from Montreal in a bark canoe with a dozen sturdy Canadian voyageurs up the Utawa or Grand River to the grand portage by Lakes Huron and Superior." Thus are we brought back to places described by Brevoort a score of years earlier.—In this same missive Brevoort announces the birth of his eighth child,[1] an event not without unusual disquietude, as

[1] *Edith Brevoort, the mother of Mr. Grenville Kane, whose generous loan of the Brevoort papers has made possible these volumes.*

cholera, then rampant in Paris, had driven the family to Fontainebleau, where is dated this letter, in which figure Paulding, Kemble, and, indeed, six of the "nine worthies" who still were, as Brevoort has it, "trusty and well beloved cronies."

Irving has returned from his Western tour by the time that Brevoort's final letter from Paris arrives. Its first pages are given to references to Pike's description of life on the prairies, Mrs. Trollope's book of monumental misinformation concerning America, and Paulding's *Westward Ho*,—volumes which led Brevoort to say that if he himself were not so averse to publicity he "might be tempted by the present curiosity of the public to ransack my mind for adventures and scenes in America," and thus recalling to us his early conversations with Walter Scott. There is mention also of Miss Martineau's *Illustrations of Political Economy*, the lengthiest work of that prolific writer, whose services were called

into requisition by the Reform politicians of her time, and whose influence in many fields was so wide-spread. The Dr. Bowring whose name Brevoort here introduces was the friend and biographer of Jeremy Bentham, and the first Englishman to be personally received by Louis Philippe after the British Government's recognition of the new French monarch.

But it is from allusions to American politics that Brevoort's letter gains its most striking significance. For here, more than quarter of a century before the beginning of the Civil War, we find discussed the questions of Slavery and of the disaffection of the Southern States. Ever since Jackson's famous toast:—"Our Federal Union—it must be preserved," had been met, at a public dinner commemorating the birthday of Jefferson, by Calhoun's reply: "Liberty, dearer than the Union," the rift had grown wider and wider until, in November, 1832, South Carolina had taken upon

herself to declare as null and void the tariffs of that year and of 1828. The Ordinance of Nullification was to go into effect the first of the following February, and war seemed inevitable; but Jackson's virile proclamation of the 16th of December, (of which Brevoort writes with such admiration,) led the Nullifiers to abandon their plan, and shortly thereafter Clay's Compromise Bill staved off the final solution of our country's severest problem. Brevoort's letter was written when the situation was at its worst, midway between the date of Jackson's proclamation and the date set for South Carolina's virtual secession. "You have no idea," he writes to Irving, "of the exultation of the friends of strong government over the impending difficulties on this side of the water. The disgraceful elopement of one of the sisters of our family they say casts a deep stain upon our house. The Carlists &c insist upon it that nothing but a legitimate king will restore us to order and

prosperity. Johnny Bull is full of brotherly sympathy, he perceives new markets for his wares. The cause of freedom is betrayed and dishonoured." In no other of his letters does Brevoort write with as much fire and ardor as he does in his discussion of secession; but, even so, he does not end without paragraphs in a lighter vein, where he informs Irving of a new patent machine for fattening fowls which "become as corpulent and fat as the late George IV. of exclusive memory"; while of John Jacob Astor he writes that "the old Gent finds me vastly entertaining, if one may judge from the frequency of his visits."

The spring of the year 1834 sees Brevoort again in America; and how frequently he and Irving were in one another's company is made evident in Hone's Diary, where, in giving the names of guests at numerous dinners and other social meetings, that old-time friend and boyhood neighbor of Irving's records almost invariably in conjunction the names of

Irving and Brevoort. Their comparative proximity rendered lengthy communication unnecessary, but we have here five letters and notes from Brevoort, all of them addressed to Irving at Tarrytown. In the first of these, written in 1834, when Brevoort was staying at the home of his brother-in-law, Professor Renwick, on the College Green, there is pathetic news of the death of the two young children of that Colonel Aspinwall who rendered Irving many services in reference to business arrangements for his works. In giving the tidings of the death of these children, Brevoort writes of the kindness of James Fenimore Cooper, "really a good man," and "the chief consolation of the Aspinwalls" in their sorrow.

The foremost item regarding New York social events which Brevoort forwards to his friend at Tarrytown concerns Trelawney, then the literary lion of the town. Trelawney is remembered through his intimacy with Shelley

and Byron, and his escape, by mere chance, from sharing the former's fate on that memorable day when the Mediterranean leaped into ill-starred fame. It was he who had snatched from the flames the heart of Shelley, an act in itself a poem. The man who had thus been caught in the glamor of Byron and Shelley possessed, in addition to literary talents, striking physical beauty—("the beau ideal of his friend Byron's Corsair," Brevoort calls him,)—and so it is not surprising that during his American travels in 1833—1835 he could hold the wondering attention of all whom he met, an attention further riveted by such characteristic feats as swimming the Niagara between the rapids and the falls, and, in the same place, holding Fanny Kemble in his arms to afford her a better view of those far-famed waters.

The year 1840 yields a brief note from Brevoort to Irving—a few lines of invitation to a dinner where the guest of honor was Mr. Rives,

the American Minister to Paris who figures in earlier letters.

In 1841 another brief note is sent to Irving, in which Brevoort urges a visit both to himself and to their old friend Gouverneur Kemble in the Highlands; whereupon Irving goes first to Kemble's, in the company of the American artist William A. West, (remembered mainly for his excellent portrait of Byron,) and then to Brevoort's, residing a few miles away in the old Beverly House, which has a place in the record of Benedict Arnold's conspiracy. Thence, in the company of Philip Hone and Brevoort, Irving makes a tour along the Delaware and Hudson Canal, penetrating into some of the loveliest regions of New York and Pennsylvania, and finding, as he writes to his sister, Mrs. Van Wart, "some of the most enchanting scenes I have beheld since my return to the United States." The fatigues, however, of these travels caused an illness which reached its height towards

the end of August, in dangerous days of fever.

Irving's recovery is made the subject of the opening paragraph of Brevoort's next letter, written August 30th, 1841; but one must question the judiciousness of Brevoort's enclosure to his convalescent friend of the verses which one of Irving's admirers had begged Brevoort to transmit.

In the same letter is recorded the death of Brevoort's aged father, whose "long gun" Brevoort now offers to Irving "in the name of the family, hoping that you may live to enjoy its possession as long, and as happily, as did its late worthy owner." In Hone's Diary the only entry for August 26th reads, "Died this day at the great age of 94, Mr. Henry Brevoort. He lived all his life on his farm, now in Broadway, a short distance above my house, which cost him a few hundred dollars and is now worth to his heirs a half million."

In the next note, Irving is asked to come

to the Surrogate's office to prove the signature of the old gentleman's will.

These brief communications give place to lengthier letters, when, after Irving's appointment as Minister at Madrid, the two friends were again on different continents. With Irving has gone as attaché of legation Brevoort's son Carson, and Irving's kindness to him is made the topic of the father's gratitude in the opening pages of Brevoort's letter of December, 1842. In less happy vein, however, the letter continues. It was a period of commercial distress in America, with confidence impaired by the Bankrupt Law, and a time when all men of means found their investments vastly depreciated. Brevoort relieves his mind by confiding some of his financial troubles to Irving, but adds, "I have no cause to complain; I bear the weight of my three score winters and summers lightly and bravely and I am surrounded by a family of intelligence and love such as falls to [the] lot of few

men, and for which I am heartily grateful to God."—Here, too, is the record of some shrewd intellectual conversation between John Jacob Astor and his friend Joseph Green Cogswell, the first Superintendent of the Astor Library. Both of these men played important parts in connection with Irving's writings, Astor in a positive way in leading Irving to write *Astoria;* and Cogswell in prompting that chivalrous action of Irving's when he relinquished to Prescott the theme of the *Conquest of Mexico.* Irving had already commenced work on the same subject, but destroyed his manuscript after his generous abandonment in favor of Prescott.

In addition to news of Cogswell and Astor, the "group of old cronies"—Jack Nicholson, Kemble, Paulding—pass in review, with mention also of Daniel Webster and Moses Grinnell (who had married Irving's niece), one of New York's merchant princes, Collector of the Port, President of the Chamber of Commerce,

and later a member of the original commission that provided Central Park to our city. But the most interesting personage to figure in these lines is Charles Dickens, whose *American Notes* calls forth intelligent comment from Brevoort. Dickens had during his stay in the United States become deeply attached to Irving, and in his last letter to him, before the departure for Spain, had written: "Wherever you go, God bless you! What pleasure I have had in seeing and talking with you I will not attempt to say. I shall never forget it as long as I live"; and he asks Irving to write to him "if you have leisure under its sunny skies to think of a man who loves you and holds communication with your spirit oftener, perhaps, than any other person alive."

Another letter, and we come to the end of the Brevoort manuscripts. It is dated October 18th, 1843. It would be difficult to conceive a missive which could more felicitously complete this correspondence that had pro-

gressed since the time when both Brevoort and Irving were in their twenties. One could almost imagine Brevoort a boy again, with such zest does he confide to his life-long friend all the little gossip of their circle of acquaintances, the amusing episodes in which members of the Astor family figure, the scandal among neighbors, and all the talk of the town. Literature enters with Bancroft, Prescott, and Cooper; art with Weir and Allston; politics with Webster and Clay, and Martin Van Buren, that warm friend of Irving and Paulding, who, his presidency over, has now retired to "Lindenwald" (which Brevoort anglicizes as "Lindenwood")—the lovely home near Kinderhook, to which Irving had only recently accompanied him. Drama and music also are represented with mention of Macready and Conti. The epistle is a very mine of news to Brevoort's absent friend, soon to be immersed in the difficulties of his Spanish mission. It is small wonder that Irving, in his reply, should

have begun with appreciation of Brevoort's "most kind and welcome letter"; but the wonder remains for us that these two men, now both past sixty, could, despite the far different lines along which their lives ran, the great distances which for so many years separated them, have thus cordially kept up their relationship in the same spirit of affection that animated them in the early days when they were looked upon as the merriest of young fellows in the little city of New York.

GEORGE S. HELLMAN.

New York: June, 1916.

CONTENTS

PAGE

PUBLISHERS' NOTE v

INTRODUCTION ix

I.—New York, January 19th, 1811 . . . 3

Comment on Irving's travels—The first number of Walsh's Review—Verplanck, Van Ness, and Clinton—Mrs. Rumsey's boarding house—Mrs. Renwick and Mrs. Hoffman.

II.—New York, February 14th, 1811 . . 11

Reflections on political partisanship—Peter Kemble—Gossip concerning girl friends—Cooke's dinner to the actors—Theatrical news—John Howard Payne.

III.—Mackinac, June 26th, 1811 . . . 20

The canoe trip from Montreal—Voyage to Lake Superior and Sault St. Marie.

IV.—Mackinac, June 28th, 1811 . . . 26

The Indian Nations—Attitude of the American Government—Anecdote of a chief—Brevoort's desire to interest Irving and Paulding in Indian affairs—Popularity of "Knickerbocker's History of New York."

V.—Mackinac, July 14th, 1811 . . . 36

Charms of Mackinac—Indian traders—The magic of home—Indian mission to President Madison—Anecdote of the bear.

CONTENTS

PAGE

VI.—Mackinac, July 29th, 1811 . . . 44

Brevoort's reflections concerning himself—Beginnings of Indian warfare—Anecdote of Madame Deffand.

VII.—Paris, April 14th, 1812 . . . 49

The ocean voyage—Journey through Normandy—Palace of the Empress Josephine—Observations on the French peasantry—Napoleon and his plans—News of an impostor—Messages to many New York friends.

VIII.—Paris, May 12th, 1812 . . . 59

Minister Barlow and Captain Whetten—Brevoort studies French and roams about Paris—Beauties of Versailles—Napoleon joins the Grand Army—Description of the Emperor and Empress—Behavior of Mr. Barlow—Irving's books desired for presentation to Madame D'Arblay.

IX.—Edinburgh, December 9th, 1812 . . 64

Peter Irving—The "Independent Columbian Review"—Francis Jeffrey and his views on America—The Royal Society of Edinburgh—Scientific discussions—Prof. Playfair—Portrait of Mrs. Renwick by Jarvis.

X.—Edinburgh, March 1st, 1813 . . . 70

Home recollections—The old table on which Irving used to snore—The Van Warts—A dinner at Walter Scott's—Kemble's comments on Shakespeare—Mrs. Siddons, Talma, Garrick, and other actors—Scott as a dramatist—The war of 1812—The "Life of Cooke"— William Roscoe—The recovery of Mrs. Hoffman, Matilda's mother—Description of Scott and of Jeffrey—"The Bridal of Triermain"—Brevoort's admiration for Prof. Playfair—Chemical discoveries.

XI.—London, June 24th, 1813 . . . 91

Brevoort meets Campbell, Joanna Baillie, Maria Edgeworth, and other celebrities—Mrs. Siddons' sublime acting—Liston in a travesty of Hamlet—Madame D'Arblay, Madame

PAGE

de Stael, and Miss Edgeworth described—Herschell and Mackintosh—Brevoort introduces Francis Jeffrey and Ambassador de Kantzow to Irving, Astor, etc.—Walter Scott reads "Knickerbocker's History" and writes to Brevoort in praise of it—John Howard Payne as "Romeo."

XII.—New York, October 2d, 1818 . . 101

An episode of calumny—Duel between Perry and Heath—James K. Paulding's new poem—Family news—Vice-President Tompkins hopes for Irving's return—Local gossip—Gouverneur Kemble and his foundry.

XIII.—Bloomingdale, September 9th, 1819 . 109

Brevoort's arrangements concerning the "Sketch Book"—The last numbers of Paulding's "Salmagundi"—William Irving—Brevoort's first child, James Carson—Yellow fever in New York.

XIV.—New York, November 9th, 1819 . . 116

The "Sketch Book"—Ebenezer Irving—The criticism in the "Evening Post"—The "North American Review."

XV.—New York, April —, 1820 . . . 121

Brevoort's second child, William Augustus—His sister Margaret and her husband James Renwick—Reverses of fortune—The "Legend of Sleepy Hollow"—Writings of Paulding and Verplanck—Contest between Clinton and Tompkins—Duel of Decatur and Barron—News of Irving's brother Peter.

XVI.—New York, November —, 1820 . . 128

Irving's steamboat enterprise—Mrs. Brevoort desires Irving to send music—Renwick appointed to a professorship at Columbia College.

CONTENTS

PAGE

XVII.—New York, January 8th, 1821 . . 132

News of Columbia College—Rivalry of the actors Kean and Cooper—Capt. Nicholson, Beekman and Astor—Livingston's New Year's party—Public dinner to Kean—The "Sketch Book"—Family affairs.

XVIII.—New York, May 7th, 1821 . . 137

Irving's motives for remaining abroad—Brevoort's withdrawal from mercantile affairs—Thomas Moore and George Canning—Thomas A. Cooper and theatrical matters—Gossip of New York society—Newton's portrait of Irving exhibited at the Academy of Fine Arts.

XIX.—New York, June 15th, 1821. . . 143

Brevoort advances funds to Irving—The Steam Boat enterprise—Irving's brothers, William, Ebenezer, and John —Kean's departure for America—The "New Sketch Book."

XX.—New York, October 9th, 1821 . . 147

Coronation of George IV.—Brevoort suggests that Irving should use American material for a work of fiction—The "Sketch Book" and "Knickerbocker's History"—Tragic death of Miss Delafield—The Pauldings, Kembles, Rhinelanders, &c.—Jack Nicholson's twentieth love affair.

XXI.—New York, January 1st, 1827 . . 152

Renewal of correspondence between Irving and Brevoort —Intimate reflections—Family news—European and American reviews—Philip Hone—Nicholson's man-of-war in the Mediterranean—Henry Clay—Kemble, Verplanck, and James Fenimore Cooper—Witticisms of Major Fairlie—Death of Jefferson and Adams—Charles Carroll of Carrollton—News of Mary Fairlie (Mrs. Thomas A. Cooper)—Brevoort's father comes "to the City" once in four years from his farm at 11th Street—Peter Irving and Edward Everett.

CONTENTS

PAGE

XXII.—New York, November 19th, 1827 . 165

The "Life of Columbus"—Brevoort assures Irving of his countrymen's admiration—News of old friends—Halleck and Bryant—Tragic death of T. A. Emmet, the Irish historian.

XXIII.—New York, December 19th, 1827 . 170

"The Life of Columbus"—Cary and Murray the publishers—"The American Quarterly Review"—Writings of James Renwick—Scott's "Napoleon"—Newspaper attacks on Irving—Musical affairs—Dominick Lynch and Thomas Moore—News of many friends—Political, dramatic, and social tidings.

XXIV.—New York, May 31st, 1828 . . 180

Praise from Kent, Jay, Halleck, and others for the "Life of Columbus"—Arrangements for Irving's Works—Paulding and Kemble—Nicholson's popularity with the ladies—Brevoort's father cures the Earl of Huntingdon of dropsy.

XXV.—New York, March 30th, 1829 . . 185

Irving's Spanish writings—Brevoort's delight at Irving's increasing success—News of the little coterie of old friends—The new president, Andrew Jackson.

XXVI.—New York, April 30th, 1829 . . 190

"Abridgment of the Life of Columbus"—Brevoort's arrangements with the Carvills, the publishers—The "Conquest of Granada"—Brevoort offers literary suggestions and financial advice—President Jackson and political appointments.

XXVII.—New York, May 31st, 1829 . . 196

Van Buren offers Irving the Secretaryship of the American Legation at London—Brevoort urges acceptance—McLane, the American Minister at the Court of St. James—Nicholson, Paulding, and other friends—Rives, the American Minister to France—Family news.

CONTENTS

PAGE

XXVIII.—New York, November 6th, 1829 . 203

Brevoort introduces S. F. B. Morse to Irving—The National Academy of Design—Irving's acceptance of President Jackson's appointment—Elections at Columbia College—Ebenezer Irving falls from his horse.

XXIX.—New York, March 23d, 1830 . . 208

Brevoort decides to revisit Europe—Family news—Moore's "Life of Byron."

XXX.—Paris, June 17th, 1830 . . . 212

Arrival at Paris—News of various friends—Brevoort longs to see Irving.

XXXI.—Paris, July 8th, 1830 . . . 215

A room in Brevoort's apartment reserved for Irving—Plans for excursions to Switzerland, etc.—The education of the children —England and France contrasted—Jack Nicholson at Paris.

XXXII.—Paris, September 25th, 1830 . . 219

Brevoort's mother-in-law, Mrs. Carson, and her missing brother—The McLanes—Political affairs in France.

XXXIII.—Paris, January 4th, 1831 . . 222

Mrs. Brooks and her epic poem—James Fenimore Cooper—Messages to Irving from Brevoort's children—Nicholson and the French royal family—Madame Malibran and her husband—Anecdote of Lafayette and Louis Philippe.

XXXIV.—Paris, March 7th, 1831 . . . 227

Ill health and recovery of Brevoort—Plans of travel —The Revolution of 1830 and affairs in France, Poland, and Italy—English politics and statesmen—Baring and Brougham.

CONTENTS

PAGE

XXXV.—Paris, June 30th, 1831 . . . 233

Brevoort's Italian journey—The Marchioness of Conyngham—Irving the Chargé d'Affaires—McLane's appointment as Secretary of the Treasury in Jackson's Cabinet.

XXXVI.—Paris, July 8th, 1831 . . . 238

The Treaty of Indemnity—Activities of the American Minister, W. C. Rives—The French Government and the Louisiana Treaty—Gallatin and Lafayette—Brevoort obtains a Madonna attributed to Raffaelle.

XXXVII.—Paris, March 25th, 1832 . . 246

Books and book-sellers—Martin Van Buren's rejection by the Senate—"The Red Rover" and Walter Scott—Consul Carr, a curious character—News of the New York fashionable world—Dominick Lynch.

XXXVIII.—Fontainebleau, July 28th, 1832 . 253

Irving's welcome home to America—Brevoort outlines a journey for Irving and Newton—Gossip of friends and family—The Brevoort children—Cholera in Paris and London.

XXXIX.—Paris, January 18th, 1833 . . 261

Irving's western tour—Writings of Mrs. Trollope, Paulding, and Miss Martineau—Andrew Jackson's Proclamation—Secession and the slavery question—Europe's attitude towards American difficulties—Col. Thorn, Renwick, Astor, and others.

XL.—New York, June 27th, 1834 . . . 268

Death of the Aspinwall children—Kindheartedness of James Fenimore Cooper—The Douglas soirée—Trelawney and Byron.

CONTENTS

PAGE

XLI.—New York, November 10th, 1840 . 272

A dinner at Brevoort's—Rives the diplomat, Cary the publisher, and John Jacob Astor.

XLII.—New York, July 1st, 1841 . . . 273

Irving and West are invited to visit Kemble and Brevoort at their homes in the Highlands—Cornwall, West Point, and Beverly.

XLIII.—Beverly, August 30th, 1841 . . 275

Irving's illness and recovery after his travels with Hone and Brevoort—Death of old Henry Brevoort—His long gun presented to Irving—Brown's poem entitled "Past Joys."

XLIV.—New York, October 18th, 1841 . . 282

Irving is asked to witness the signature to old Henry Brevoort's will.

XLV.—New York, December 28th, 1842 . 283

J. Carson Brevoort, Irving's attaché—Financial depression in America—John Jacob Astor and his remarks on life after death—J. G. Cogswell, Kemble, and Paulding—Daniel Webster and Moses Grinnell —Dickens and his "American Notes."

XLVI.—New York, October 18th, 1843 . . 292

Irving and Carson Brevoort—Life on Long Island—Social and political affairs in America—Amusing gossip of the Astor family—A bit of scandal—Kemble, Paulding, and Martin Van Buren—Webster and Clay—Irving's diplomatic achievements in Spain—Bancroft, Jared Sparks, and Cooper —News of artists and actors.

LETTERS TO HENRY BREVOORT WITH A FEW FROM HIM TO HIS PARENTS, ETC.

Introductory Notes 305

CONTENTS

PAGE

I.—Brevoort to his Parents, Marietta, February 7th, 1804 337

Meets General Putnam—The country along the Ohio river—Family matters.

II.—P. L'Herbette to Brevoort, New York, March 6th, 1805 340

John Jacob Astor—News of the fur trade.

III.—Brevoort to John Jacob Astor, Montreal, May 9th, 1811 343

Business matters—The Mackinac Company—Statistics concerning beavers, otters, raccoons, and other fur-bearing animals.

IV.—Brevoort to John Whetten, St. Joseph's, June 25th, 1811 347

Advice to his uncle regarding the fur company—Vessels captured by the English.

V.—Walter Scott to Brevoort, Abbotsford, April 23d, 1813 349

Scott thanks Brevoort for "Knickerbocker's History"—Praises Irving, whom he compares to Swift and Sterne—Hopes to see more of Irving's writings.

VI.—John Howard Payne to Brevoort, Liverpool, September 12th, 1813 . . . 351

Introducing Charles Kemble, the actor.

VII.—Miss Booth to Brevoort, London, June 2d, 1816 352

Washington Irving and Bibby the actor—Marriage of George IV.—Mrs. Siddons and Miss O'Neill.

CONTENTS

PAGE

VIII.—Ebenezer Irving to Brevoort, Long Branch, September 28th, 1819 . . 355

The success of the "Sketch Book"—Arrangements regarding further numbers—Yellow fever in New York.

IX.—Ebenezer Irving to Brevoort, Long Branch, October 3d, 1819 . . . 358

Ebenezer receives the MS. of the fourth number of the "Sketch Book"—Comments on "The Mutability of Literature," "John Bull," and "The Legend of Sleepy Hollow."

X.—Brevoort to Rembrandt Peale, New York, January 2d, 1824 360

Brevoort's loan to Peale—The portraits of Washington by Stuart and Pine—A picture by Raffaelle.

XI.—Rembrandt Peale to Brevoort, Philadelphia, June 13th, 1824 . . . 364

Peale's portrait of Washington—Trumbull and Stuart—Peale's large family—His appreciation of Brevoort's assistance.

XII.—Robert Emmet to Brevoort, New York, February 22nd, 1825 . . . 370

A request for snuff and literature—Puns and other witticisms—An epidemic of influenza.

XIII.—James Hamilton to Brevoort, Washington, December 25th, 1825 . . 372

Vanderlyn the painter—His recalcitrant behavior in connection with the portrait of General Jackson.

XIV.—Charles Carroll of Carrollton to Brevoort, Baltimore, May 24th, 1826 . 374

Financial affairs—The Montreal Bank.

CONTENTS

PAGE

XV.—Peter Irving to Brevoort, Rouen, 1828 . 375

Washington Irving at Seville—The "History of Columbus"—Rouen—The Steam Boat Concern.

XVI.—James Kent to Brevoort, New York, September 28th, 1830 . . . 378

Philip Hone—"Discussions upon the Civil Code"—The "Commentaries" presented by the Chancellor to Brevoort.

XVII.—James Fenimore Cooper to Brevoort, Paris, 1831 380

The Marquis de Marbois and other French statesmen—Thomas Jefferson—Cuvier and Villemain—Marbois' witticism concerning Lafayette and himself.

XVIII.—Brevoort to his Father, Fontainebleau, April, 1832 383

Cholera at Paris—Brevoort desires to purchase some of his father's lots—Family affairs.

XVIX.—Pierre P. Irving to Brevoort, New York, September 28th, 1833 . . 389

Irving's nephew returns to Brevoort Walter Scott's letter concerning "Knickerbocker's History of New York."

XX.—Winfield Scott to Brevoort, New York, October 8th, 1833 390

The General asks Brevoort to interest himself in Captain Mordecai.

XXI.—George W. Lafayette to Brevoort, Paris, May 23d, 1834 391

Death of Lafayette—Sympathy extended by the American Committee—Gratitude of the Lafayette family.

CONTENTS

PAGE

XXII.—John Trumbull to Brevoort, New York, September 8th, 1836 . . . 394

Presents an engraving of his famous portrait of Washington.

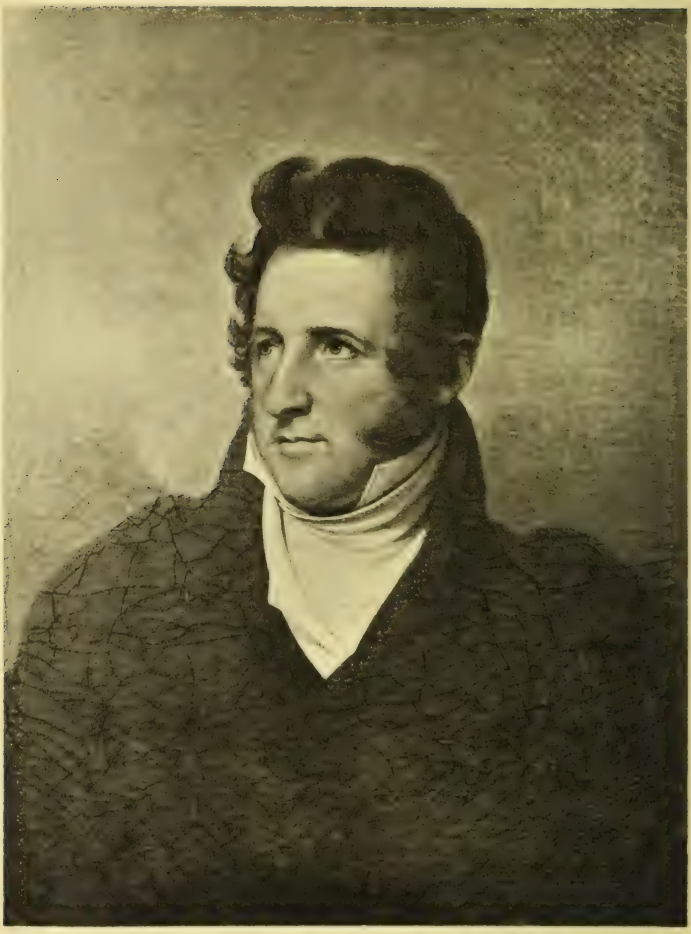
XXIII.—David Austin to Brevoort, New York, April 24th, 1843 395

The Vestry of Grace Church negotiates for its present property, then the site of the old Brevoort home, and a portion of the Brevoort farm which at one time comprised some 90 acres between 4th and 18th, Streets.

XXIV.—Brevoort to David Austin, New York, April 25th, 1843 . . . 397

On behalf of his father's estate, Brevoort names a price, but stipulates that the heirs shall be held harmless in case 11th Street should be opened from Broadway to the Bowery.

LETTERS OF HENRY BREVOORT TO WASHINGTON IRVING



Henry Brevoort

From the painting by Rembrandt Peale.

(Reproduced by the courtesy of Brevoort's grandson, Grenville Kane, Esq.)

Henry Brevoort

From the painting by Rembrandt Peale.

(Reproduced by the courtesy of Brevoort's grandson,
Grenville Kane, Esq.)

LETTERS OF HENRY BREVOORT TO WASHINGTON IRVING

New York, January 19th 1811.

DEAR IRVING:—

I am still without any direct intelligence from you, although I penned you a very recondite epistle and by the advice of good-man-Curl directed it to the care of Mr. Coale, Baltimore, to be forwarded in case of absence.

As the day is uncommonly genial and my spirits at a more than ordinary elevation, I cannot possibly start off without prancing in the air like a high mettled racer. I look upon you in the light of an eastern sovereign travelling through his vast dominions & collecting from his loveing subjects their tributary caresses, judge then of my immeasurable regret in missing the glorious opportunity

of being associated with you in your pilgrimage, & thereby sharing a moiety of attention.

Since my return, my feelings are not unlike an adventurous aeronaut, who after having mounted to the third heaven, descends from his flight to the vile mole-hill of his nativity with a more confirmed sense of his insignificance. And now my dear boy with such a lofty beginning, how shall I condescend to notice the trifles that surround me without shocking both you and myself with the abruptness of my fall.—It will be somewhat diminished by commencing with Mr. Walsh's first number which has been circulated and pretty generally read; I know not the sentence of public opinion, but judging from my own I doubt whether it will be so favourable as his talents, (unquestionably of the first order) deserve. His politics are tinctured with such passionate prejudices against the institutions of his own country that I should really lament that his opinions gain many votaries.—In

spite of Mr. Walsh's contumely, the virtue and talents of the present administration are very far from being contemptible; but whether they are or not, one-half the country are their warm supporters, and I trust a large proportion of the remainder have too much love of country to gratify foreign malevolence by such an ignominious exposure of their weakness.

I insist upon it that many of these present embarrassments are not so much the result of mal-administration, as unavoidable circumstances, and whether our rulers were federal or democratic, they would have encountered the same hostile jealousy of foreign nations, and it is reasonably to be doubted if wiser measures to avoid them could have been successfully adopted. So much for his politics. As to the literary departments of his Journal, the fewness of original works & of professed authors in this Country, compels him to seek abroad for works to criticise and that province of Literature is now so ably

filled in England, that it would be a work of vain supererogation to again do, what is already so masterly done.—The books selected for the present number, are unknown to us, even after reading his remarks, for he does not offer anything like an analysis of them.

The Letters on France is decidedly the most interesting and will be the most popular part of his labours.—After all, I value not my mishapen opinion a pinch of snuff, and I should be mortified to see his fine talents neglected by his countrymen, for he exhibits nevertheless a more extensive range of thought & more abundant materials expressed in a more manly and correct style than any writer this side of the Atlantic.—

I understand the subscription list goes on slowly, and that not more than fifty names have been obtained. I shall do my best for the sake of Nicholas.—Old Dr Osborn is his most devout admirer, and declares that the best talents of the Country should be

employed to assist him. Trumbull and others of note in the East, he thinks will show themselves ready and active.

I have sent you with this three newspapers; one contains a diverting Criticism of Verplancks, on the gnat Smally and his unrivalled performance of the monkeys.—The second contains one of the numbers of Diarrhodon! The scene is laid in Paines Exch^{e}: (which is now a very fashionable lounge supported by a subscription of eighty or ninety) the personages Pintard & Billy Rose;—the last has another number of the same writer, & is written with Addisonian elegance, both as to style & thought, who the writer of it is, I know not, it is supposed to lie between Van Ness & D. Clinton.—

I am truly sorry that I have not a single article of news to communicate, except the mighty event of my quitting my present bed & board, to take up my quarters on Monday with Nick Ogden, at Mrs. Rumsey's in

Broad Way: the cause of this unexpected decampment is complicated, principally owing to that old Tabby Mary since the illness of my worthy hostess, this vile old choakpear has been invested with the purple, and has exercised her authority with unexampled tyranny—I was driven to rebel and letters of marque & reprisals were forthwith issued, but I am obliged to imitate the conduct of my cautious friend the illustrious Earl of Busaca, and make good a retreat.

Another event has happened of a nature indeed at this time distressing, and was communicated to me in a Letter from my friend Mr Benjamin Wilson, Philadelp: it is no other than the stoppage of Mr Dilworth, who is my debtor $10,000—I am however assured by Mr Wilson, that it arises solely from the present stagnation of business and not for want of means. Mr Dilworth's books have been examined and Mr W, who is both his relation and patron & moreover a

man of inviolate probity assure[s] me that there is a surplus of $20,000—but that he must have time granted to pay.—

The loss of the use of so large a sum a* money, with other vexations & disappointments, proves at this juncture sadly embarrassing, but I trust all will go on without any serious difficulties.—

I attended the assembly last evening which was numerous and brilliant. Hen was there in all the simple majesty of her charms.—Mrs. Palmer (formerly Miss Rickets) I admire vastly; her face is extremely new and beautiful. —Mr. and Mrs. Pendleton, made their first appearance in Public, since their union; she will not do; she has already shrank to half her natural size.

Yr. Mother I understand is well; I have neglected what I firmly intended, I mean to call upon her.—I am also ashamed to say that I have not seen Mrs. Renwick, although

* *Of.*

NEW YORK, JANUARY 19th 1811

I understood from Mrs Hoffman, that she had asked for me—I am resolved—to—to—make resolutions & have just resolution enough to break them.—

I stop the Press to announce the receipt of your welcome letter from Washington City.

I admire your undaunted resolution, rejoice in your safety and am inexpressibly diverted with your adventures.

God Bless you my dear boy, and send you home soon and safe.—

H. Brevoort, Jr

NEW YORK, FEBRUARY 14th 1811

New York, Feb. 14th 1811.

DEAR IRVING:—

I never seized a pen in a mood less propitious than the present, but as one may take the liberty of appearing an intimate in the most negligent undress, I shall make the best of way to the end of the paper, and venture to write an epistle without having anything to say. Judging from the success with which I have practised this modern art, among the circle of our fair acquaintance I do not think I shall hazard much by the experiment.

I am delighted with your mode of living, & applaud your plan of mingling freely with the good of all parties, for it is the most bigotted opinion that was ever begotten to maintain that the principles on which the one side found their political creed, are so immaculate & wise as to leave their opposers no other choice than the characters of fools & knaves.—Yet we see daily men of the soundest sense of either party acting upon this bar-

barous & misbegotten opinion, wilfully shutting out from their minds the light of conviction, and then protesting that all beyond is darkness & danger.—

The sage Peter Kemble who is waiting to accompany me to see Cooke in the Merry Wives of Win[d]sor, bids me warn you against the danger of keeping company with French Embassadors, who in his opinion are exceedingly apt to corrupt young gentlemen on their travels.—This prodigious youth is still an inhabitant of the Wall Street dungeon, studying the law with might & main in despite of the devil and the flesh, the latter of which as we all know being naturally disposed to rebellion.—

The cunning rogue is continually sneering at my frequent visits to "the knowing lads that are not to be had," but I have good reason to believe that the slyboots watches my outgoing, then takes possession himself and romps with the majestic Hen at Shuttle-

cock and other immoral games. Little Sue gives the most alarming symptoms of having had her morals a little damaged by bad company, but a day or two since she informs me with all the simplicity imaginable, that the Young Lioness had hung up her stocking on the Eve of Santaclaus, and found in them the next morning an elegant *Octavo* edition of Thompson—observing slyly at the same time that she did not mean to throw any imputation on the size of the Lady's legs!—

Old Cooke gave a dinner a few days ago at Hodgkinson's, to the fag ends of the Company, meaning the Manager, Simpson, Robertson, Hogg, Pritchard, Knox, Bray &c, &c, Masters Doyle, McFarland, Smally & Daige, having been excepted, which they all maintain to be contrary to the "etiquette of true politeness." —The first part of the feast I understand was conducted with great harmony jocundity etc, but about the time the third bottle ascended their pericraniums, the spirit of dire confusion

and fierce debate took full possession of them. "God save the King" was drunk standing by all that would and all that could stand except the Manager, who had not loyalty enough to rise from the Chair; straightways all was noise and uproar & the spirit of party raged furiously.—The Gallant Pritchard (who is a stout bruiser) swore in a loud voice that the Yankees were rank Cowards, had been soundly drubbed at the Battle of Bunker Hill, and that he was ready to maintain his opinion by drubbing any man who dared to differ with him. Simpson, who I learn has become a most hearty American, immediately girt himself in the armour of liberty and a combat instantly insued; Honest Simpson (who by the advice of King Peter) anticipated an easy and glorious conquest, on finding himself getting worsted turned piteously around to his adviser and requested to know whether he might not withdraw with honour, ere he fell beneath the mighty arm of the furious Prit-

chard, but his Majesty bade him persevere and like Homer's Bellona stood by him to animate the fight and 'tis whispered that his Godship (but I hope this part of the Story is rather apocryphal) lent poor Pritchard a terrible blow on the face which ended the Battle.

Robertson, who by this time felt his patriotism beginning to glow, insisted on the priviledge of taking a share in the fight, being withal a natural born American; when up rose Master Knox, who swore to defend and assist his friend & Companion de Voyage Bully Pritchard. Discord immediately flapped her brazen wings,

> And storming fury rose, and clamour such as heard in the Heaven till now, was never; Arms on Armour clashing brayed horrible discord.

At length the Mighty Cooke, began to brandish his potent Arm, swearing, that if this was the way his guests chose to honour his feast,

he would be damned but he would make one among them. The High Mettled Jockey of Norfolk (Hogg) luckily clasped the thunderbolt in his arms; finding himself safely lodged, Richard forthwith exhibited outrageous symptoms of Valour, for it grieves me to say that Capriceous Nature has mingled in the composition of her Hero some of the leaven of cowardice, which manifested itself palpably in Boston.—

Meeting Rannie the ventriloquist who is the most notorious coward & knave extant; Master Cooke requested him to return a fifty pound note which he had in England been swindled out of by him; Rannie bounced at the request and challenged Cooke to the field, when lo! the buskined Hero retreated to his room, lodged himself safely under the bed & locked the door, and the affair ended in a prosecution for loss of character by the Juggler. I must apologise for breaking thus the action of my story, and beg you to call the cowardly

anecdote an episode; an article indispensable in the relation of epic events.—

The Combatants having spent all their fury, poor Simpson, finding himself adorned with a "blackeye," and the ragged Buckingham soundly pummelled they all withdrew from the field of battle.—Little Bray during the whole of the confusion, kept himself snug in a corner, moralizing on the passing scene, and the first words heard by the company were. Fie upon it, "that Men should put an enemy in their mouths to steal away their brains"!—

Simpson has not been able to play since—I wish with all my heart the Capt had been amongst them, and that Bushel and him had come to fisticuffs; for he swears by his "liver & lungs" if ever he catches King Stephen in a situation somewhat defenceless (meaning a little cloudy or so) that he will take a full measure of vengeance for his exorbitant fines &c, &c.—

Knox, is a very indifferent actor; Pritchard I think gives great promise in the line of fine Gentlemen, his figure is extremely handsome & his voice harmonious & strong, but he is very raw & untutored.—

Cooke has played miserably to miserable houses; he is to appear soon in Kitely & Lear, & does not go South until the 16 of March.—Wood has written to John Payne to play some nights alternately with Cooke; but his offer was not considered liberal & the Young Roscius declined the engagement.—Dwyer was to have played the above nights, but thinking that Cooke would eclipse him, he wrote Wood that he might consider his engagement forfeited.—

Miss Eloise Payne is in Town & wishes extremely for the honour of your acquaintance; she is a very fine accomplished Woman, but not remarkably handsome.—

Boss, is still in existence, but considers himself as one among the dead; I am told

however this evening that the Council are at a stand owing to a meeting that took place lately at Martlings, at which, Clinton was denounced, & a committee dispatched to Albany with a copy—*

* *The end of this letter is missing.*

MACKINAC, JUNE 26th 1811

Mackinac, June 26th 1811.

DEAR IRVING:—

Mr McGillivray has just arrived & handed me your Letter; it is the first intelligence that I have received from the regions of civilization since my departure, and I swear to you that no famished epicure ever devoured the most delicious viands with more flavour than did I its contents—I look upon it as the most attentive proof of fdship that I ever received from you.

The only recompense I can make is to relate the history of my pilgrimage Letter, and as I have but half an hour to write it, I shall be brief and barren, and you must excuse the eternal repetition of the first person singular for its unavoidable.—

We left Montreal on the 16 May in a Bark Canoe & fourteen paddles, and within eleven days arrived at this place, making a distance of 900 computed miles!

I know not how to convey to you the variety

of pleasure that I enjoyed in traversing through the most wild and romantic regions in North America, for who can clothe a landscape in words?—

The navigation is obstricted by upwards of forty rapids & waterfalls, and the Canoe with about 4000 lb/ * of baggage, to be carried on the men's backs accross as many portages some of them two miles long, others over steep precipices of craggy rocks, which an inexperienced traveller would find difficult even to crawl over without the risk of fracturing his limbs;—but these indefatigable Canadians surmount every obstruction by a sort of instinct unknown in any other animal.—We ascended and descended a great number of rapids & falls with equal success; in many of them, the slightest deviation, would have dashed our frail Vessel into atoms; but we shot down them with the swiftness and unerring certainty of a

* *This would seem to be a heavy cargo for a canoe, even with fourteen men paddling! Could Brevoort have meant 400 pounds, or perhaps $4000 worth of baggage?*—The Editor.

dart from a cross bow. The rapids of the St Laurence are mere ripples compared with some of the more dangerous ones in the Grand or Utawa River; the water was often so much indurated by its rapidity that a flat stone would have floated down,—for two hundred yards distance.—

The finest break of the River is called the Chaudiere, about 350 miles from Montreal. The river abruptly descends within a distance of a mile about 200 feet, forming a variety of Falls & rapids—We were fortunate in arriving about an hour before sunfall; the whole scene was shaded with a thick mist, in a moment the oblique rays of a fine evening sun shot through this cloud of suspended vapour and were refracted into the most inchanting optical phenomina; rain bows alternately appeared & disappd & reflected their images with the utmost vivacity through the air, and presented all the variagated hues of the prism.—

Whilst I was standing at the foot of these rapids, a Canoe with savages shot down them; she appeared at first sight as if she had been tumbled from the heavens, for the height of the rapids was coeval with the horizon.

A little above the Chaudiere is a Fall, without a name, (for here are rivers groves & Falls unconsecrated by song) which is in the highest degree romantic; its height is about fifty feet descending in a thick column; a small Island divides it & the lofty pines from either side, of the River & Island, form a complete alcove, through which the Water rushes.

I could fill half a dozen sheets with discriptions of scenes in every part of this River each one of which nature has marked with distinct characteristic features— but I should fatigue your patience by my feeble attempts.

At some future day you must positively explore these unknown & unpraised retreats of Nature, and judge for yourself.

We encamped in our Tent each night

about 9 O'clk & departed in the morning at 3 O'clk.—

I was struck in some of our encampments with the novelty & variety of our nocturnal concerts.—

The booming of the Bittern was the thorough bass; its musick is the most original & melancholy that can be imagined; the Curlew, Duck, Bull-frog, Cormorant, Whip-poor-will— & Wolf complete this savage symphony.—

I have just returned from a voyage of pleasure to Lake Superior & the Soult of St. Mary's, extremely delighted.—

This Island is celebrated for its romantic situation, and scenery; and every walk offers a variety—Yesterday I discovered an Indian Catacomb in the side of a Rock filled with bones that have lain there centuries since.

We have excellent food principally caught each night from the Lake, fine White fish & Salmon Trout, some of which weigh 45 lbs and are as fat as pork: we live completly a la Savage.

MACKINAC, JUNE 26th 1811

It is extremely uncertain when I shall be able to depart for N Y—but I hope to be with you by the 1 Sept—

Mc Tavish writes me that he intends a visit to New York, & shall remain there until the 1 August—I am vexed that I cannot be there to share his company.—

We are off! The Canoe is in waiting. I cannot write six lines further, this epistle scurvy as it is must serve as a kind of circular to the Cortes for at present I have not time to write others.—

Rem: me affecy to Peter James—&c, &c, &c—& tho' last not least Mrs Renwick to whom I feel myself extremely grateful for her kind attentions to my sister.

I am,

My dr Irving,

most affy Ys

Henry Brevoort Jr

I am very glad to observe that you have crept into my shell at Mrs Rumsey's.

Mackinac, June 28th 1811.

DEAR IRVING:—

I wrote you a hurried epistle a day or two since, giving a confused and feeble sketch of the Scenery of the Grand River on my voyage hither; with that you must be for the present satisfied; I can only add that all I saw was 'tremendous almost' as a great author phrases it.*

At present I wish to draw your attention towards other objects.—

This letter will be accompanied by two genuine Indian Orations literally interpreted. I was present at the delivery of Siganack's speech, which was spoken amidst an assemblage of 20 Chiefs with the most forcible & graceful elocution. Ogilvy himself might have been instructed in attitudes.

These speeches I wish you could get published, in a newspaper of either party (if possible) but at all events to obtain their

* See McKenzie's Voyages—Route from Montreal to Mackinac.

insertion in one paper.—I can assure you that they convey a faithful picture of their present and anticipated distresses.—

The Indian Nations of the interior have always been recognized by the Am: Government in their treaties with them as Independent people, beyond the jurisdiction of their laws, and when the Embargo act passed an exception was made for the admission of goods from England for their consumption, but the existing law has no exception in their favour whatever.

It is to this injustice that the speeches attend as well as the imposition of duties exacted at Mackinac on European goods for their use since the reign of Mr Jefferson; the latter objection however is at present of subordinate importance to the first.—

All European goods destined to the trade of New South "West American fur Company" are now & soon will be at St Josephs, a british post 45 Miles from hence, and no

hope is entertained that Government will grant them admission; consequently the Indians within the U States, comprehending a vast number of Nations upon the Lakes the Mississippi & its tributary rivers, will be deprived of their accustomed supplies of goods.—They are in a very great commotion respecting this invasion of their natural rights as they call it, and the best informed traders are of opinion that serious mischiefs are to be apprehended.

It is a deplorable fact that these miserable wanderers have become so accustomed to the habits and conveniencies of their civilized brethren, that they are unable to exist without them—with the exception of two or three nations who inhabit the plains where Buffaloes are numerous, the bow and indian cloathing are in total disuse.—

I should not be surprised if their first hostile attempts were directed against the cattle of the Frontier settlers, and unless they find

themselves vigourously repulsed, their next attempts would be against the lives of the settlers themselves, a calamity which ought to be averted by great sacrifices.—

Not long since upon their being charged with stealing a Horse, one of their chiefs answered the claimants, that he was astonished at the injustice of the white men's demand.— What right (continued he) have you to obtain your Horse? Do you ask our liberty to come into our Forrests and kill our Deer, to bait your hooks and spread your nets in our Rivers & Lakes, to take our Fish? You first set us the example of stealing and when we follow it, you have the effrontery to reprimand us & ask satisfaction. But notwithstanding all this, we disclaim the aggression you complain of; it was the act of our foolish young men whom we cannot always control, we shall therefore give back the stolen Horse, but we caution you to beware of the future.—

On another recent occasion Gov: Hale, made

a request in Co[u]ncil to purchase a small spot of their land. They refused to sell on any terms for (said they) if we give you a spot the bigness of one of our feet, you will take up a handful of sand and scattering it as far as the Winds will blow, swear that the whole extent on which it has fallen is yours, therefore you shall not have it.—We caution you not to do as others of your Nation have done—to purchase our lands for a trifle of some drunken worthless individuals of our tribe, and make us all responsible for their acts.—We now declare that we will never ratify any sale of land unless it be done by all the individuals of our Nation, for they are all of them owners in partition.

The Am: Government instead of making them voluntary presents of goods, have since Mr Jefferson's reign established Factories (as they call them) throughout the Country with needy agents who exchange their goods for Peltries on the most niggardly terms.—

This they very properly call an Indian gift. Whereas the British Govt have a regular Indian department, & distribute cloathing, &c., to upwards of Ten thousd Indians annually, which I have ascertained from an official source, and are willing even to extend their benefactions to a still greater number.

You may form an opinion of the popularity of the two governments from these causes and judge how easily it is to overrun the cup of bitterness, by enacting a law which prohibits the admission of European goods into the U States intended to be fairly traded among the Indians, whilst the Am: Gt are unable (having no stock of Indian goods in the U S) to substitute a supply.

I wish Paulding & you or yrself alone to take the trouble of writing a prefatory note to the speeches, stating that they are authentic & whatever else you make think pertinent.

I shall depend upon your attention to my

request, as I stand pledged to have them published.—

I have read your Letter a dozen times & each perusal made me feel as if I had just left our best of all Cities.—In this wilderness one's local affections are ever tugging at one's heart; it is impossible to know by how many imperceptible fibers the soul is bound to familiar objects, until one separates from them and resides for a while remote from Civilization, then each one holds him with the force of a cable.—

Avert thy glorious face divine Apollo from the unworthy occupation of thy choicest votary the renowned Knickerbocker, but when he again supplicates thy aid & has finished copying his invoices of filthy Dowlass,* inspire him with immortal fire.

Would to Heaven you were with me in this second Eden (without an Eve). Within an hours walk, I would scramble with you to the

* *A coarse linen cloth made in Scotland.*

summit of a venerable old rock, from whose lofty head you would behold natures savage face, expanded to endless dimentions, commanding a partial view of Lakes Michigan & Huron, studded with innumerable islands and bounded by the most romantic Bays, Inlets, Promontories & Rivers, the seats of future Cities and future Empires.—Then might you indeed exclaim with Milton,

> As one who long in populous city pent,
> Where houses thick & sewers annoy the air,
> Forth issuing on a Summer's morn, to breathe
> The smell of grain or tedded grass, or kine
> Or *dairy*, each rural sight, each rural sound.

Your History is going the rounds through the Village from the Commandant to the smallest Indian Trader, so that you contribute more to their merriment & pleasure than you probably would if you were here yourself. The chapter on the right of Discovery delights them; one of the Traders swears you must have

wintered among the Indians, for you appear to know them so well.—

I shall have very little active employment, unless the Am: Govt admit the Companies goods, & I hope to leave hence by the 10 August, with Mr McGillivray & be among you by the 1st September.—

I am glad to find you so contented since you have crept into my shell, I doubt not that I shall quarter with you on my return.—

It vexes me to have lost McTavish's & Ch's & Ann's visit to New York.—

Keep Peter at his post & feed him with cantharides to excite his amorous spirits. I swear by the Gods he must triumph, he is worth a wilderness of his rivals & the fair Princess altogether.—

I salute Mrs H—— Mrs R. Gertrude Eliza, &c, &c, with my kindest regards. Remember me also in the most fdly manner to all whom I am interested about—& do not forget Inskeep & even little Mosey.—

If you think a Letter will have time to reach me on receipt of this at Montreal, write a volume—

I am

Affec Yr. fd

HENRY BREVOORT Jr.

Shew old Astor the speeches if he wishes to see them.

MACKINAC, JULY 14th 1811

Mackinac, July 14th 1811.

DEAR IRVING:—

I have now passed nearly two months and shall be condemned to pass almost two months to come, literally shut out from the busy world, without even Cowpers loop holes to peep through; in short as completely isolated as was the renowned Rob: Crusoe of your,* and ten times more idle.

All the curiosities which nature has lavished upon this romantic little Island, have been again & again explored, & I begin to wish devoutly for my departure, for it is recorded that even Paradise lost its inchantment & became a desert wild, without a companion. There is however no want of Eves in these inhospitable regions, all of whom Dr. Romaine might claim as the legitimate descendants of his sooty Adam, from the dinginess of their complexions.—

But these are not the companions in ques-

* *Yore.*

tion; I scorn such spurious offspring of our great grand mother, Mrs Adam.—

There is not a man here of the least congeniality, either of taste habits, or thinking with myself.—

I have few books; the son in law has deprived me of occupation, and the Demon of solitude has cursed me with his deadliest influence.—If by some magical device you could manage to bestride one of these Arabian steeds, celebrated in romance for their docility and swiftness, & convey yourself beside me, I would engage to go frantic with joy, which I think ought to satisfy any reasonable man of the value of my affection.—Added to this, I am surrounded by upwards of a score of Indian Traders, who being cut off from their accustomed supplies of goods from the Company, are completely set adrift upon the wide world, as desperate as so many famished wolves. The framers of this cruel law, in omitting an exemption in favour of the Indians, were

either ignorant of its fatal effects, or saw them so distantly, as to extinguish the natural feelings of their humanity.—

They have wantonly deprived an independent people of their usual supplies, without providing substitutes.—The Traders must return to their Wintering Posts; & when they are asked why they bring no goods, the whole blame will be thrown upon the Am: Govt, whose measures & policy were before, but too obnoxious, toward the natives. The consequences are therefore inevitable; hundreds of the children of these unprovided savages must starve, and their furious parents will assuredly revenge their deaths upon the unoffending whites, who inhabit the frontiers.—

These melancholy considerations are the constant subjects of discourse without the probability of melioration, and make me long for the society of my friends at home.—

What magic is contained in that honest little word home! It is impossible for a

wandering exile to speak or write it, without kindling in the soul a blaze of pleasure!—On my feelings, it operates as a talisman to dispel melancholy and animate hope; reviving all those local affections that play about the heart, and which after all our chilling philosophy, constitute the true end and charm of existence.—I have often thought that if such a reptile as myself, has the power of forming sympathies, so indissoluble towards particular persons & places, how irresistable must be the longings of the exile whose consequence and talents, made him the idol of that society which he once adorned!—

I doubt exceedingly whether my Lord Bolingbroke's eloquent remedies did not sink into despair under the miseries of his banishment.—

Let me enjoin you not to ridicule this singular train of reflections on Solitude—Zimmerman himself never wrote under the influence of such genuine feelings—I therefore commend

both your reverence & silence on a subject so sacred.—

We look for a canoe from Montreal daily, and I have promised myself a long epistle from you, but if I find that you have forgotten me in your wanderings, "I will have such terrible revenge — but what it is I know not."—

How shall I eke out this whining epistle? The exchequer of my imagination is exhausted, and the wayward spirit, will not advance a line without halting.—

I disdain to apologize for this dolour. As to a discontented spirit, I scorn it from my very soul; but somehow or other, I feel myself sunken into a state of abandonment which nothing but the company of those I hold nearest my heart can alleviate.—

Did you get the Indian speeches published? —Siganack with six of his most potent chiefs have shouldered their grievances and marched

toward Washington for the purpose of obtaining relief from the President.—

From their dignity & influence as well as the objects of their Mission I imagine there never went a more respectable deputation of Indians to Govern[t].—I would have given them a Letter of introduction to you, but it was out of their route to pass through New York, either in going or returning.—They are by far the finest looking Indians I ever saw.—Since you are fairly in for the postage of a double sheet, I will fill up the paper with a story of savage superstition, related to me yesterday by an old Trader.—On[e] night last winter a noted Indian magician, whose incantations I suspect are performed by the aid of Ventriloquism, came with a number of followers to pay the Trader a friendly visit.—Whilst smoaking their pipes around the fire, they were suddenly amazed at hearing the most lamentable cries of an infant issuing from above.—The wondering Savages prostrated themselves in fear

& trembling, except the inchanter, who very coolly bade them allay their fears, as the cries they heard were nothing else than little *Starry face*, one of his Manitoo's (sprights) who was fluttering in the upper part of the room, and signified to him that a large Bear, was secreted in a hole some steps from the cabin.—His auditors began again to take breath, when the Copper Coloured Prospero forthwith shouldered his Gun, and presently returned dragging along with him honest Bruin, having shot him in the very spot identified by his Ariel!—It is unnecessary to add that the fellow had no doubt discovered before he entered the cabin the Bear's hiding place.—Owing to a number of miracles of this nature, the natives look upon him as either the legal Vicegerent of the Great Master of life, or the very devil himself.—He occasionally folds himself into the fresh hide of a Buffaloe, and ties all his joints with sinews—in this state his prophecies are held oracular, especially if he manages to ex-

tricate himself quickly from the knots.—W. Scott must have had him in his eye.—

God Bless you my dr fellow—

H. B. Jr

Mackinac, July 29th 1811.

Blessed be the cheering sound of the voice of friendship when heard in such a dreary wilderness as this!—

Your last epistle my dear Wash: has certainly rescued me from petrifaction. I felt myself waxing fast into that blissful state; my heart began to exhibit the first symptoms, and I think it not improbable, that some future generation of Barbers might have sharpened their razors upon my poor forlorn carcas.—

"To what vile purposes may we not return—
Horatio!"

I am of opinion that a state of idle solitude, would prove a much more agonising punishment for candidates to the lower regions, than the fire & brimstone terrors proclaimed by itinerent alarmists.—The Letter within was written a few days ago under the fullest influence of

Vain Phantacies! the fleeting brood
Of woe, selfsolaced in her dreary mood!—

But the kind efforts of my N York friends & you as chief magician have (I hope) effectually exorcised the vile Demon.—I would not send it, if it were not for the purpose of shewing you how exactly our lethargic miseries corresponded though originating from somewhat opposite causes.

Oh! man, man, what a villanous compound of crudities art thou!—One moment the mercury of thy soul sinks ten degrees below despair, and the next moment (from causes inscrutable) rises again, to the highest pitch of hope & enthusiasm.

Just such a machine am I; as varient as the moon beams, that I now see, darting their quivering shadows on the tranquil bosom of the mighty Huron.—I have of late (& I know not wherefore) felt apprehensive lest I might peradventure, make my exit in this fag end of creation.—

The Savages are beginning to raise the war [w]hoop against their brethren the 'big knives,'

and I almost regret having left in N York my old perriwig, as it might possibly have been the means of saving my scalp.—

But in sober sadness, should I (my dr boy) "shuffle off my mortal coil"

"And o'er my head close the dark gulf of time!" in this villanous terra incognita, I should certainly run the hazard of being out of roll-call at the general muster; and consequently be lost to my friends in waiting upon the shadowy side of the River Styx. —Ah! whoreson caterpillar that I am; little did I ever dream of sympathising with that cream & scum of sensibility Madam Deffand!

This celebrated belle esprit, relates in her memoirs that on a certain occasion, she became marvellously afflicted at the prospect of ending her existence, in the vicinity of a brotherhood of Sulpician Monks—not so much from the terrors of dying, as from a personal knowledge that the place of sepulture had been moistened

time out of mind by these lusty prisoners of superstition.

This little anecdote certainly exhibits terrors of a 'watery grave' in an original and truly pathetic point of view!—

I have written so many Letters this evening that my eye lids begin to wag for sleep. One of them is to that little boar-pig the prince Regent in his fallen state.—I have proffered to him the balm of consolation, and took the liberty of telling him, that of all things under heaven, a *little man* impatient of adversity, is a sight, that has ever been scoffed, scouted, & sneered, by both Gods & men. I have moreover proposed a plan whereby he may be reinstated to all his shorn dignities. Remember me to James, & unless he has forgotten me, which I begin to fear.—If you chance to see the Wilkes', give my kindest regards to them, & all others who live in my remembrance.

Thine forever & ever!

H. Brevoort, Jr

Remember to the 'rugged Physics,' honest Swart:* who Mr McG. told me came fellow passenger with him to N. York.—

** Samuel Swartwout, later Collector of the Port, whose career ended disastrously through speculations in Texas lands.*

Paris, April 14th 1812.

MY DEAR IRVING:—

We landed at Cherbourg on the 5th inst. after a passage of 26 days, during which we encountered nothing but a succession of gales, &c:—but as I am partly descended from a family of sailors, I escaped the misery of sea-sickness altogether.—I may therefore be permitted to assert, that except being under water (as the sailors phrase it) all the way; throwing a somerset against the side of the cabin, and making a fearful breach accross my nose (which is yet unclosed) together with the double curse of an execrable cook and a drunken steward, the passage was somewhat agreeable.—

I saw none of the Wonders of the deep; no whales, no Mermaids, nor not even a wave as high as the steeple of St Paul's church; and I confess myself guilty of no other sentimental emotion than a slight twinge of pleasure on discovering the Lizard.—

PARIS, APRIL 14th 1812

Our journey from Cherbourg hither (I mean Henry Cap: Jones & myself) was through lower Normandy, by the way of Valogne, Bayeux Caen & Evreux, all Towns of the remotest antiquity, and like every other member of that gray headed family resident in France, of a most respectable, most ragged & most forlorn aspect.—At Evreux however I was first gratified with a sight of a Gothic cathedral, and although I was apprised that it was a mere min[i]ature of those I should see both in this Country & England, yet I cannot easily forget its solemn grandeur, and the sublimity of feeling with which I felt myself inspired in approaching its lofty altar.—

Within half a league of Evreux stands the ancient palace of Navarre, once the residence of the noble family of Boullon, but at present one of three palaces which form the establishment of her Imp: Maj: the Empress Josephine.—

The palace is small & the architecture not

in the least magnificent, the ground & water are however disposed with considerable art, but the situation is in a Valley, or rather a Swamp, admirably adapted to the residence of a colony of Beavers.—

As the Empress was absent on a visit to Malmaison, we were conducted through every part of her palace: the apartments (except the Saloon) are small and far from elegant, but the furniture and decorations, display a taste in the Empress of the most exquisite refinement, calculated to inspire the most exalted opinion of the simplicity and elegance of her mind & pursuits.—

Perhaps you may suspect me of having a slight prejudice in favour of her Majesty, more particularly as I have so far enjoyed her favour, as to gain admittance even into her bed chamber & private bath.—

My attention was first arrested in France by the grotesque costume and characteristic features of the Norman Peasantry.—I cannot

express to you the pleasure I felt in observing their old fashioned customs, dress, habitation, &c, for I am a lover of the olden time.—For more than 200 Miles on our way towards Paris, we saw the same ancient style of head-dress, adorning the same style of features, that existed in the times of the renowned William the Conqueror.—

An American generally obtains his notions of modern France through the exaggerated medium of English newspapers, and consequently expects to find the peasantry in a state of absolute beggary and despair.—Certainly nothing can be farther from truth.—I speak from my own observation on our way hither, and can positively state that I have never seen so rich a country, nor one half so well cultivated; for two hundred miles the country was covered with fields of grain, of the richest verdure, abundantly stocked with sheep & cattle. The peasantry were handsome of fair healthy complexions, cheerful aspect,

remarkably well clothed and exhibiting every mark of fat content.

From Evreux to Paris (about 60 Miles) we came into a vine country and I was sorry to perceive that the inhabitants had a less prosperous appearance than their more remote brethren; I also noticed that the standard elevation of the good old Norman coif suddenly fell six inches, and appeared nearly divested of its waving streamers.—

I fear I shall weary your patience with uninteresting details, but I really feel desirous of contradicting the belief of the starving state of the French peasantry by a brief recital of what I have seen.—

Behold us now in possession of an elegant suite of apartments in the Hotel de l'Empire which we have taken for two weeks.—As I have been but four days in Paris, I am not prepared to say anything that can amuse you; indeed I find that it will take me some time to accommodate myself to the vast scale on which

everything in this place is conducted; besides I have been confined the last two days by a severe cold, which is, I am told a tribute paid by every stranger on his first residence in Paris.—

Mr Barlow and Mr Warden received me with attention & kindness, and I have every reason to believe that the next three months will form the most pleasureable epoch of my life.—

As to speaking the French language, I am not unlike a person who is recovering a lost sense; every day adds to my strength.—I studied as much as it was possible on the passage, and have now an excellent master, & shall soon have an excellent——, all of which, united with my insatiate desire to acquire the language cannot fail of ultimate success.—After remaining here three months provided I get enough of the Language, I shall commence travelling.—

They tell me that at present Paris is ex-

tremely dull. The Emperour after spending some time at St Cloud shut up in close study, has gone to join his army of upwards of 400,000 men, the whole of whom are now on their march toward the North.—Cambaceres, has said that the present project outstrips all others in magnitude and importance, but upon whom the thunder will burst is known only to the Emperour himself, as it is said he has not communicated his designs to any person.—The general opinion is that Russia is the power against which his strength is levelled, but Mr Warden, who has access to good sources of information, tells me that Turkey is to become a province of France—also that all the marine towns on the Continent are to receive strong reinforcements in order to keep out English goods.—

By the Wasp I shall write to you again and send out a few articles under the care of one of the officers for yrself & others: there has not been anything published lately that could

possibly interest you, but I shall know more of that by & bye.—

Both Mr Barlow & Mr W desired me to advise Inskeep to send out 3 or 4 doz: Cop: of the Ornithology & to make a present of a set to the National Institute, and that both of them would take upon themselves the trouble of selling them.

I understand there are a number Americans going home in the Hornet, but as I have made a resolution to know as few of my countrymen as possible while abroad I scarcely know their names.—

My friend Henry has been made the dupe of a rascal under the title of Duke de Cruller, who accompanied him from Engld to America. He had an interview with the real Duke de Cruller this day who declares the fellow to be an imposter, and the proper documents will be forwarded by the Hornet to stop his career. Henry never communicated his connexion with the fellow, until we were

on the coast of France: as soon as he had finished his relation, I instantly hinted at the possibility of his being an imposter, but H would not listen to my suspicions.—

I earnestly hope Henry's character will not suffer by his connexion with the scoundrel; people should consider that it is only honest men who are the dupes of villainy.—

It would take a volume to explain the whole of the cheat; I am certain however that it would exhibit a tissue of exquisite imposition not exceeded by Semple, or even Mahomed himself!—

Henry is cut to the very heart; but he bears it like a man.—

I am so pinched for time that I have merely written a few lines to Gov: & Peter, referring them for particulars to you.—

I must not forget to observe that John E Seaman Esq., called upon me & from the extravagance of his conversation relative to the affairs of this Country, I am of opinion

that he is somewhat deranged; he will return to N Y in about 5 weeks.—He hinted that his only object in remaining here was to stop the growing power of 'this man'* as he phrases it! All this for your private ear.—

Rem: me affec: to my dear friend Mrs Renwick & her family.—

Rem: me also to Mr & Mrs Ryckman & the family, not forgetting even our Tom.—The Barrel of Apples was the most choice article on board the ship.—

I have not seen any face in France with one half the beauty of the fair Julia!—

God bless you my dear boy.—

* *Napoleon!*

Paris, May 12th 1812.

MY DEAR IRVING:—

The messenger has this moment called to demand my Letters for the U States, within an hour, Mr. Barlow having ordered his immediate departure, I have therefore only time to scribble you a hurried epistle.—

In the first place Capt Whetten, will deliver into your hands a dozen superfine french shirts, which I have sent out in the Wasp, cost 28 f's each; the Cravats & pocket hkfs could not be got ready.—

In the next place, I have pitched my tent in Paris until the 1st Septr for the purpose of acquiring the language in the intermediate time.—To that end I avoid every person who has the misfortune to speak English, as cautiously as if they were infected with the plague, and by dint of hammering I absolutely begin to stammer a little vile French. It is a most nauseating pill, but I nevertheless advance, although my daily progress appears

(to myself) as imperceptable as the perforation of a rock by the daily droppings of water.—

My dear boy, if you were but with me to assist me in laughing at this most ludicrous, characteristic, quizzical, nonsensical & delightful of all the nations under the canopy of heaven!—I have not found any one who has any relish for my peculiar sources of amusement.—For instance, one of my chiefest pleasures is to sally forth early in the morning, and abandon my steps to the direction of chance, wander onward until the the* calls of hunger suggests* the necessity of a coach.—It is impossible to give you a journal of the ludicrous scenes which one encounters in every turn.—Afterwards I dive into one of the *Caves* under the Palais Royal and have the honour of making one in as whimsical a group of oddities as it is possible to bring together—viz: charlatins, diviners of the fates, grimace-masters, posture masters, old

* *Brevoort was, obviously, writing hurriedly.*—The Editor.

politicians, spies of the police, toe-nail cutters —dog frissieures, &c, &c.—

Your friend Bruné is in high favour with the public, and fools it to the very top of his bent.—

I shall not say anything about picture galleries, operas, plays, palaces, &c, except the little palace of Trianon at Versailles, which with its gardens laid out after the English style, exceed anything that the most fruitful imagination could have conceived: indeed so perfectly magical was the whole scene to me, that I should not have been greatly surprized to have beheld groups of Fairies, Satyrs, Genii & the whole family of supernatural gentry startg. up before me, and frolicking through "the alleys green."—

The Emperour did not set off to join the grand Army until the morning of the 9th; the Empress travels with him as far as Dresden for the purpose of seeing her family.— I saw them both at the opera a few evenings

since; his countenance did not dissappoint me, for I never thought that it announced the greatness of his character:—it bears a most striking likeness to the late prints, except that it has a more saturnine & thoughtful expression.—

The Empsse* has a perfect high-dutch phisiognomy & of course no beauty; she has become extremely thin of late.—

Mr. Barlow has behaved to me in a manner the most indifferent & inhospitable he has (notwithstanding his voluntary promise to the contrary) neglected to present me to the Emperour, who has had a public day since my arrival.—I do not like to make complaints against Mr. B—— but unless he has some better motive for his conduct than I can at present perceive, I swear to be even with him in the end, & so ends the affair for the present.—

* *Maria Louisa, Archduchess of Austria, and not the Empress Josephine mentioned in Brevoort's preceding letter.*—The Editor.

the whole family of superintendants gentry startled before me, and frolicking thro' "the alleys green". —

The Emperor did not set off to join the grand army until the morning of the 9th; the Empress travels with him as far as Dresden for the purpose of seeing her family. — I saw them both at the opera a few evenings since; his countenance did not disappoint me, for I never thought that it announced the greatness of his character: — it bears a most striking likeness to the late busts, except that it has a more saturnine & thoughtful expression. —

The Emp.ss has a perfect light-dutch physiognomy & of course no beauty; she has become extremely thin of late. —

W. Barlow has behaved to me in a manner the most indifferent & unhospitable

FAC-SIMILE OF PAGE FROM BREVOORT'S LETTER CONTAINING DESCRIPTION OF NAPOLEON.

You must endeavour to find a safe conveyance for a new Knickerbocker & a sett of Salmagundi; I want to present them to Mad: D'Arblay the authoress of Evelena, &c, &c.

Have you written to me?—

I know you will think me a shabby fellow for putting you off with such a mawkish epistle as the present; but you must also recollect how impossible it is to write a good Letter from Paris.—I offer the like excuse to Peter & Gouv:—

Rem: me to the household & and do not let the insignificant space which my absence has created be filled up by a total neglect among those who know me.—

I would send you some Literary affairs, but I know of none worthy of your attention.—

I am My dear boy

Affect.y y.s

Henry Brevoort Jr.

Edinburgh, Dec. 9th 1812.

MY DEAR IRVING:—

Your brother has just announced to me from the opposite side of the table that his paper is completed filled, without mentioning my name, I must therefore seize the quill in my own defence and scrawl a few hasty sentences.—Indeed after the voluminous epistle lately sent to you, I think I stand completely absolved from the charge of laziness; probably at the expense of my weakness, for I am heartily ashamed of the crude contents of my bulky despatch.—

But to the point.—I have just written to my fd. Lherbette in Paris, to use his utmost endeavours in procuring & forwarding to New York the different periodical Journals of France, as well as those of note published on the Continent, such for instance as Kotzebue's &c.—All these are intended for the benefit of "the Independent Columbian Review" which I am happy to learn is soon to issue from Mul-

berry Street under the fostering care of Seth Handiside, Esqr, already so advantageously known to the reading world for his spiritted efforts in the cause of letters.—

At present it will be difficult to find frequent & safe conveyances from France, but I rely on the assiduity of Lherbette.—From G. B—— the Dr will of course do all that can be done for you.—

The business of conducting the work in question, besides dissipating your habitual dread of the Alms House will keep you from running up to seed in these calamitous times.— The Dr will communicate to you our notions of the best mode of conducting the work, which I think will merit your consideration.—

If by bestowing greater labour, the work is found to have a wider circulation than the printer contemplated, you have it in your power to increase your subsidy correspondently—I think however that for a beginning the man has been liberal.—

EDINBURGH, DECEMBER 9th 1812

The last Edinb: Review has been chiefly written by Jeffrey, as his compatriot Mr Brougham has been too much occupied to afford his usual assistance. Its tone of flippancy, vivacity and affected contempt for others, is strikingly characteristic of the genius & conversation of this little inky Hector.—

His opinion of the Society in N Y & Philad: is singularly ludicrous; I marvel that the polished Town of Wapping was not coupled with Glasgow & Manchester, as rivalling us in elegance.—The chief source of his American intelligence is a brother, who resided a number of years in Boston, moving in a sphere which I should judge authorises his humble opinions of American civilization.—We are busily employed in various studies, which are charmingly enlivened by the kind attentions of a most intelligent circle of acquaintances. Our stay will very likely be prolonged until the 1st of Feby, unless un-

expected events intervene, that may urge a more speedy departure.—

We attend the lectures of Prof: Playfair on Nat: Philo: Prof: Jameson, on Nat: History & Geology—Dr Hope on Chemistry & Dr Brown, on Moral Philosophy.

A few evenings ago we attended a meeting of the Royal Society of Edinburgh, where we encountered a full divan of the savans of Scotland.—Prof: Playfair read a paper which recounted a fact strongly in confirmation of the Huttonian Theory, of which he is the strong pillar of support.—This Theory supposes Fire to have been the universal agent in the decomposition of Matter, and is in direct opposition to the Wernerian Theory which maintains the doctrine of Water as having operated every change upon the surface of the Earth.—They are distinguished by the names of the Plutonian & Neptunian Systems, and have numerous partisans in the learned world—(See Prof: P's illustrations of the Huttonian Theory) ——

Prof: Playfair's paper mentioned the fact of a considerable mass of iron stone, lately discovered at some depth under Blackness Castle embedded in a large body of stratified green stone, which its magnetic properties proclaim to have been strongly ignited—as iron stone in its natural state possesses no magnetic power.—

Specimens of the latter were also shewn, dug up in the vicinity of the former.

As this fact can only be explained by the Huttonian doctrine, it will be found difficult to overthrow or disprove it by those who maintain the heretical doctrine of Water.—

Prof: Playfair is decidedly the Luminary of Edinburgh; he is universally beloved & looked up to, & is not less distinguished for the simplicity of his manners than by his genius & profound knowledge.—

He is among our acquaintance, and I am the more inclined to like him from the strong resemblance that he bears to my dear father—

who by the way, I charge you not to neglect.—

We are very much pleased with Mrs Renwick's sister in law and her beautiful flock of fairy children; I have promised to be the bearer of her portrait to America.—The portrait of Mrs R. by Jarvis,* revived many delightful recollections.—

I beg my affec^e greeting to James Gouv^r & Peter.

I am my d^r Washington ever y^s

H. B.

* *The painting is reproduced in these volumes.*

EDINBURGH, MARCH 1st 1813

Edinburgh, March 1st 1813.

MY DEAR IRVING:—

I cannot sufficiently express my gratitude for your kind attention to a wanderer in foreign lands without transgressing the sober bounds of reason, but as the heralds of true feeling are not words I shall be temperate.—

The lengthened period of my absence from America swells the veriest trifles into importance, and occurrences otherwise insignificant are now of great pith & moment.

The recollection of dear home can never fade in my remembrance, indeed the love of country (so far as I have been able to observe) seems to animate the hearts of Americans *abroad* with all the ardour of true Swiss.—I have been too much jostled about the wide world to feel acutely the vacant yearnings of a stranger in any country much less so in this one, where every one strives to supply the place of absent friends, and banish the pains of separation.—

But there are moments when the fit comes upon me and tugs at my heart in despite of all the gaiety and the kindness that surround me.—

I am however obliged to confess that here are girls not less lovely than those of Gotham (I should be loathe to swear to the fact) yet their beauty is not destined to shed its rays upon me.—Here are Professors, learned as our own professor Renwick, yet are they not Renwicks.—Here are promenades crowded with rival belles, yet are they not Broad-Ways.—Here are old Thebans with hats quaintly cocked and renowned soap-boilers with greasy aprons, yet are they not Harry Roomes, nor oiley Watkeys.—

Here are shops and libraries stored with the treasures of the learned, yet are they less attractive than those of the recondite Curl and eke the critical Johnny Forbes.

Here too are walks along streams consecrated to the muses by the melody of verse,

yet (ingrate that I am) commend me to the greenwood banks of old Hudson, & the tranquil shades of my native Bowery.—

You see my dear Wash, how much I long to fill the vacant chair on the opposite side of the well recollected Table in our private sanctuary, but let my remembrance fill all the vacancies in your heart as yours most truly does in mine.—

Ah! how often has that fdly Table sustained your incumbent head of a winters evening, and served for a sounding board to your nasal melody.—

What treasures of moral precepts and good humoured sallies has that Table witnessed; enough to reform a guilty world, but alas! forever lost to an admiring posterity.—My good Sir, pray you pardon this irruption of sentiment, it has long been accumulating in my heart, and would have vent in spite of all opposition.—

Soon after your brother left me, I was so

fortunate as to become acquainted with an English Gentleman Mr Jukes, with whom I have lodged ever since, and he has supplied the loss of your brother tolerably well. He has been chargé d'affaires in Persia, possesses various knowledge, attends the same lectures and moves in nearly the same circle that I do.—

I shall therefore be induced to prolong my stay in Edinburgh until the middle of April. Afterwards I shall join your brother Peter, and execute some notable plans that we have in view.—

Yr Brother, Mr* & Mrs V W, the boys & myself are all to meet in London in the month of May, so that I shall not take my departure from old England before the middle of June or first of July.—

I am eager to join you in any scheme of living that you happen to like best; private apartments would be most desirable if they

* *Irving's brother-in-law, Henry Van Wart.*

are to be got either in B Way, or in the vicinity of B Way.—I shall not mind a little extra expense for the sake of comfort, for it is a blessing with which I have now become very familiar.—

Kemble is now performing here; I have seen him in nearly all his great parts & can truly say with Cato "I am satisfied."—Though not a perfect actor, he is far beyond any other actor that I have ever beheld.—I am acquainted with him & like him well; he has the manners of a gentleman and the taste of a scholar "a ripe one too."—His acquaintance is sought by men of the highest rank and by men of the highest genius.—I dined in company with him at Walter Scotts the day before yesterday.—The party consisted of Mr. Henry Mackenzie, Mr. Jeffrey &c., and as the conversation turned upon dramatic poetry and upon the art of acting it was kept up for several hours with very extraordinary ability.—Kemble sustained his part trium-

phantly and entered into a minute analysis of acting and composing plays, which showed him not less master of the one than of the other.—I doubt if any person ever understood the great principles of the drama better than Kemble; his distinguished auditors listened with silent attention & approbation to his masterly illustrations.—

Shakespeare as you may imagine is his idol; he declares that after having acted characters in twenty six of his plays during the period of thirty years, he never repeats one of them without discovering some unobserved beauty, whilst in the parts of other authors after learning the words all further study is at an end.—Mrs Siddons (I understand) has declared a similar opinion.—I cannot enter into the particulars of all that was said, but it was one of the most brilliant discussions that I have ever witnessed.

He is an intimate friend of Talma and resided in the house of that great actor whilst

in Paris; he bears willing testimony to his transcendent merit beyond all his french competitors; indeed Talma stands unrivaled upon the french stage.—In his private deportment Kemble pronounces him "to be grave solemn & didactic; as every great Tragedian ought to be."—He was also well acquainted with Clairon, of whom he got many anecdotes of Garrick, particularly the one of the Spittlefields Weaver & the child that dropped from his arms into the Streets.—

I ought to have told you that Scott is also a dramatist; Mr Erskine has in his possession a manuscript Tragedy written many years ago, which is distinguished by many marks of his fine genius.

Kemble told me that he was perfectly satisfied with Mr Coopers offers, and felt desirous of seeing America, but that the War prevented his emigration. I said that the War would prove no obstacle either to his pleasure or his success—he thinks that his political preju-

dices might occasionally come in contact and render his intercourse with our society dangerous & disagreeable.—I ventured to assure him of a hospitable reception from my countrymen and strove to do away with Mrs Kembles apprehensions of a sea voyage which she greatly dreads.—I dwelt largely upon the intelligence & liberality of our best circles of society, of which they had been assured by Mr & Mrs Erskine.

But I fear the hopeless duration of the War will deprive us of the exhibition of this great actors talents. He has a large property in the Covent garden establishment, which will probably induce him to make up the breach that now exists between them, and fix him forever after in London.—He talks of taking the Edinburgh Theatre for the next year, as the wife of the present Manager, Mr Henry Siddons, has just received very tempting proposals from London.—

He goes to Dublin as soon as his present engagement in Edinb: is terminated.—

I really think we should all like Kemble both on & off the Stage—he occasionally pays too much court to the bottle, but his transgressions are not frequent nor are they followed by such disgusting consequences, as we have witnessed in the case of poor George Fred: Cooke Esqr—

He is now in fine health & his friends all say that he never acted better than he now does, altho' his face bears visible traces of the decaying hand of time.—

There is a comedian here of the name of Russell who is the only performer (out of London) competent to supply the loss of poor Twaits.—He is about 23 years of age, is an admirable mimic, sings uncommonly well, has a great command of features, with an irresistably comic face and possesses true humour. His line lies exclusively in low Comedy, he plays country boys with great feeling, & is equal to either Lister or Mathews in the Character of Somno, in the Sleep Walker—with

the advantage of being able to imitate Braham & Incledon to the life.—Such an actor would be a real prize to either Price or our friend Billy Wood, for I reckon him now much below what he will be.—

I will ask him how his engagement stands at present, and let you know what is his answer. I am so fond of the pleasures of the Theatre, that I should be glad in being instrumental to the acquisition of such an actor as Russell.—

Your brother desired me to enquire here for a purchaser of "Dunlaps Life of Cooke"—but this is not the proper meridian for such a work, and Balantine referred the disposal of the MS to Mess: Longman & Co. at the same time expressing great confidence in the success of such a Work.—Kemble says (entre nous) that Cookes journal is no better authority than a french bulletin, as it is a fact pretty notorious that he was prone to draw upon his drunken imagination for his sober facts.—

I fear the publication of the work in America

may injure its sale in G B—It is a thousd pities that even a moi[e]ty of the MS had not been forwarded by the Cath: Ray, for the Booksellers seldom purchase without a perusal. —I shall endeavour in all that lies in my power to promote the success of the modest Dunlap— the subject possesses high interest in G B—— They all charge us with killing the great Cooke.—

I sympathize heartily in the removal of our worthy patroon. I trust he will be well recompensed for his bitter exile.—This money getting necessity is as you justly observe a sore enemy in tearing assunder the bonds of society —I fear its urgency is often overrated—I shall return to its irksome toils with a heavy heart I doubt.—

I have written to Gov: & shall be delighted to learn how he carries on the war among those scurvy patriots of the peninsula.

What is my friend Peter about—and what is James doing?—I marvel they have not

written to me; my letters (you well know) are in common to you all.—May they never feel the pain of being neglected whilst in foreign lands; had they felt it, I am sure they would not have failed to devote an hour to the gratification of one who sincerely loves them.—But I almost absolve James in consequence of his attention to my good old parents, with whom Margaret writes me he has passed a day, yet I implore them both to write to me.—

The Hist^y of "Brother Jon" has been republished in a 5/ form in London—& M^r Rosco's paper in Liverpool has republished them with warm encomiums. James' sentiments do him honor—they are free from vulgar prejudice—and the disputes are managed with a great deal of humour, yet I think he might have made more of the subject by taking more time in writing the work.—The answer to it is contemptible in the lowest degree—that Drone Bristed has lost his sting, but a man is not likely to have lost what he never

possessed.—Had he wit enough to give his malice effect, he would be as acrid as Fluoric acid.—The mighty Dr Mason has singular perspicacity in finding out such rare merit, as he boasts his protegé possessed of.—

I rejoice with you my dear Washington in the recovery of Mrs Hoffman—no human being can be better fitted for the enjoyment of another & a better world, yet none can be found more precious to the hearts of her friends in this one.—

I shall not neglect your hint respecting old odd Books—I have already got a number, and shall get many more in the purlieus of London.—

The Dr shall sit for his portrait, that I may carry it with me; he never looked better, and is free from the slightest complaint—We keep up a regular fire through the P[ost] Office.—

I am glad you have a likeness of Miss Boothe; she is one of the most bewitching little sprights imaginable and I hope for

many a merry hour in her company when we meet in London.—

I am now pretty well acquainted with the luminaries of Edinburgh and confess that among them all, Scott is the man of my choice; he has not a grain of pride or affectation in his whole composition. Neither the voice of fame, nor the homage of the great have altered in the least the native simplicity of his heart. His days are spent in the domestic endearments of an amiable family, and in the society of a few select friends whom he entertains like Mæcenas, and never fails to delight by setting an example of perfect good humour & harmless conviviality.—

He never goes to large parties, and never entertains them, indeed he seldom goes abroad.—

Jeffrey excels him in brilliancy of conversation, but Jeffrey always seems to be acting a studied part, and although his social feelings may be no less warm than Scotts, yet they are more or less disguised under a species of

affectation.—His foible is an unceasing effort to act the high finished gentleman, consequently he is blessed with such an immaculate degree of taste as to contemn every thing in the whole world both moral & physical.—His friends (a limited band) esteem him a miracle of perfection, and in point of talent none will be found to contradict them, but as for the et ceteras, I would not give the Minstrel for a wilderness of Jeffreys.—

The poem that I noticed in a former Letter, "The bridal of Triermain" is not yet published; the moment it sees the light I shall take care to send you a copy.

The author chooses to be in the shade, but I fancy the sunshine of fame will soon draw him into light, for the poem has high merit, at least the two Cantos which I have been permitted to see.—

You will find the commencement of it in the Edinb: Annual Register (I think) for 1809—the last published.—

The Town gives out my friend William Erskine as the author, but I suspect the Town is mistaken, although I think Erskine competent to write the Work.—Peter has probably mentioned Erskine to you; he is the person to whom Scott addresses one of his introductions in Marmion.—I owe to his particular kindness much more than I can possibly pay; but if proclaiming his excellent qualities be thought a recompense, I am bound to offer much more than he would be willing to accept.—

I have sent so many remembrances to the Renwicks, that I am ashamed to say anything further on the subject.—I know Mrs Morison a sister of Mr Gracie, a worthy old Lady whom I often visit & talk over N York topics, for she formerly resided there.—I have defended Williams Duel so stoutly, that I am not without hope of inducing the conscientious old Lady to acknowledge that she would have done as much under similar circumstances.

I might tell you a great deal about people with whom I am acquainted, of republican Lords, of whom I know two, but I know you will not care a farthing about them, therefore I shall let their names &c. repose in obscurity. —Indeed it becomes me to say something of others in order to relieve the eternal recurrence of I & my renowned exploits.—

There is one among the society of Edinburgh whom I honor in the highest degree— I mean Professor Playfair—a man who unites the profundity of Newton with the simple soul of D'Alembert, whom it would be as impossible to describe as it would be vain to imitate.— His mind is lifted above all national prejudice; he sees & encourages merit from any quarter of the globe with an equal eye of approbation, and will condescend to receive the opinions of a child—It is no wonder that the Edinb: Review has acquired such renown, when one considers that such a man as Playfair lends his mighty assistance.—You will find in one

one* of the early numbers a Review of the system of Laplace written by him.—Jeffrey has drawn his character with great spirit & truth in the Review, but I cannot direct you to the particular article. Such however was Mr P's simplicity & unconscious merit that he asked Jeffrey whom he had in view?—

Erskine has promised to furnish me with the names of nearly all the different writers in the Review since the commencement.—A new number will be published in a month—Jeffreys various occupations often delays the publication of the work.—

I have again written to my f'd Lherbette to request his attention in furnishing you with the periodical works of Literature & Science published in France—in order to escape capture I have requested him to put them in charge of trusty Captains—When I return I hope to be of some use in assisting you in conducting your work.—

* *Sic!*

EDINBURGH, MARCH 1st 1813

I have sent you an Edinb: Newspaper in which is announced a most important discovery in the means of producing cold. The writer is a Mr Hutton of this place (a Writer to the Signet)—The intensity of cold produced was so great as to congeal Alcohol—a circumstance which has never before happened. —He is now prosecuting his experiments in the hopes of congealing some of the gases, and as his discovery promises to be beneficial to his interest, he has not made known the manner of his process.—The fact stated in the paper is unquestionably true.—I advise you to publish the paper in yr work, and also insert a note from either the first or second number of Thomson's Annals of Philosophy which makes known a very recent discovery respecting Mercury by Berzelius a distinguished chemist of Stockholm.—

Dr Hope tells me that Sir Humphry Davy is now making a series of sucessful exp'ts upon Fluoric acid, the result of which he thinks

will confirm his new doctrine respecting Chlorine (oxymuriatic acid gas)—which he holds to be a simple & distinct acidifying substance, wholly uncombined with Oxygin & of a separate nature.—This is another circumstance of the highest moment for your journal.—This question now agitates the whole Chemical World; for if Davy succeeds in establishing his new doctrine of a distinct acidifying principle from Oxygin the whole chemical nomenclature must undergo a revolution.

Commend me to Ann & Charles & all my dear fds.

Your account of the two Kings of Brentford in a Letter to your brother (which he sent me for perusal) made me laugh heartily.—

When a nation is agitated the scum which has long lain concealed at the bottom in noxious obscurity rises to the surface & is apt to offend the nostrils of modest men.—

I charge you to write me immediately on

receipt of this Letter—and unless you write at great length, I do not care about what, I shall construe it into a disrelish for my long epistles.—

God bless you my dr fellow!

H. B.

London, June 24th 1813.

MY DEAR WASHINGTON:—

My inconsiderate promises of returning home have for some time past deprived me of the pleasure of any direct communications from my friends in America & except through your brothers letters (who I am happy to say is still my companion) I should be entirely ignorant of their welfare.—

We have been in London since the 10th instant & have every reason to be gratified with our reception.—Among the persons who have interested us most are Sir James Mackintosh Miss Joanna Baillie, Mrs Barbauld & Mr T Campbell, to all of whom we brought letters of introduction.—I have also had the pleasure of meeting Miss Edgeworth frequently; she left town a few days ago for Ireland after having completely gone the rounds of fashion & admiration.—

Madam De Stael has just arrived from Sweden & is likely to meet with a recep-

tion from the beau Monde not less distinguished.—

I saw her last evening at Drury lane; she has a very reverend black beard, and features that correspond to it; but I forget that you have seen her.—Mrs Siddons played Lady Randolph for the benefit of the Theatrical fund. This is the third time that I have had the good fortune to witness her playing, besides hearing her read the whole play of Hamlet.—

I have not words to express the sublimity of her performance last evening; the whole audience were completely at her mercy, and the Theatre echoed with sobs & shrieks and bravos.—She has been strongly solicited to return to the stage & report makes her engaged to act a given number of nights next season—that is, for her own emollument.—

I had another Theatrical treat some nights ago at Listons benefit—Hamlet Travesty was acted—Ophelia by Mr Liston, Hamlet

by Mathews—Nothing could be more ridiculous—Hamlet addressed the Ghost by the tune of "Oh, Miss Baillie!"—& "To be" etc. was set to a filthy tune accompanied with his own performance on the Violin.—Sweet Ophelia presented the King & Queen with a bunch of parsnips & a head of Cabbage, reserving for her own munching a stout Turnip.—

Laertes & Hamlet contested for his Majesties Wager a la Cribb, & poor Laertes (Little Simmons) got soundly pummelled;—gloves were substituted for foils.—

I beg you to mention in order to allay the little jealousies that might arise or may have arisen in the fair bosoms of my countrywomen—that the five distinguished members of the blue stocking sisterhood (I forgot Mad: D'Arblay who is now in London) are all remarkably dwarfish—if all their personal advantages were combined they would not furnish out one tolerably pretty woman.

Such is the rigid impartiality of nature in the distribution of her high attributes.

Mad: De Stael has a new work—Mis Ed: has left one of her immortal offspring in the hands of a Bookseller, & Mad: D'Arblay is putting the finishing hand to a fourth novel—who is to win the race of popularity I will not be so bold as to predict.—

De Stael is certainly the prancing Arabian, with a rain bow neck and flaming mane—Edg: a tough little Irish poney accustomed to boggy roads and mail coaches & sure never to fly the course.—As to D'Arblay she is something between both, but I do not think she will come in first.—

We go to Birmingham next week after visiting some interesting spots in the vicinity of London—We have a letter to deliver to Dr Her[s]chell whose family we already know.—Sir J Mackintosh is a most accomplished man indeed—His Hist^{y} goes forward slowly owing to rather delicate health. He comes into

Parliament immdy but I fear his eloquence will be too refined for the wrangling contests of St Stephens Chapel.

I wish ardently that the Govt would appoint him minister to the U States.—He will necessarily be obliged in the course of his Hisy to write an account of our revolution —his views of that glorious event are lofty & enlightened, & I have no doubt he will do ample justice to the cause of liberty,—& America.—And now having made you slightly acquainted with these eminent personages, let me have a higher gratification in making you personally known to one of the most distinguished literary ornaments of this Country—I mean Francis Jeffrey Esqr of Edinburgh the Conductor of the Review.—

He is to embark from Liverpool on the Ship Hercules by the 5 of next month for Boston accompanied by his brother Mr John J. for the purpose of settling some domestic concerns.—I am deeply indebted to him,

both for his hospitality to me in Edinb: as well as for the letters he gave me to persons in London; I have endeavoured to repay him by giving him a letter to you, one to Mr Hoffman, one to our friend Mrs Renwick (who is his namesake) & another to Judge Van Ness, besides many others to different parts of America.—

I enjoin it upon you all to receive him in the most friendly manner, so that I may make some returns to him.—Try to make a match between him & Miss Wilkes; possibly the affair may not be beyond the control of the fates.

I really cannot fix upon any man in this Country whose acquaintance is better worth cultivating than Mr J—— You will find him full of the most precise as well as universal knowledge of men & things on this side the Water, which he will delight to communicate as copiously as you please.—You will do well to see as much of him as you can; he will be

glad to make friends with you & after you have become reconciled to somewhat of an artificial manner, you will find him one of the most sprightly & best tempered men imaginable.—

I have not given him Letters to James or to Peter; you will of course render that ceremony unnecessary by asking them to call upon him with you.—

As his introductory Letters will be chiefly to persons connected with the Federal party I wish you to make him known to both sides— It is essential that Jeffrey may imbibe a just estimate of the U States & its inhabitants, he goes out strongly biassed in our favor, and the influence of his good opinion upon his return to this Country would go far to efface the calumnies & the absurdities that have been laid to our charge by ignorant travellers.— Persuade him to visit Washington if Congress has not risen & by all means to see the falls of Niagara; the obstacles which the war may

oppose may be easily overcome, & at all events he may see them without even crossing into Canada.—

As his business is wholly of a private nature, neither political nor commercial I hope Government will not limit his motions.

Your brother has also given Mr J— letters to you.—

Mr. De Kantzow (the Ambassador from Sweden) who is so good as to take charge of this, has a letter of introduction to you from your brother.—His wife & two daughters accompany him; I have given them a Letter to John Jacob.—

They are very amiable people & you will perform a charitable service to them by aiding the first impressions made by the Country in which they are in future to reside.—Mr De Kantzow seems a very good old gentleman & if he had any hand in the Treaty lately concluded between this Country & Sweden, he needs no higher elogium on his diplomatic abilities.—

Mrs De K & her daughters are very affable & well bred—They have a packet for Margaret (directed under cover to Capt. Whetten)—I wish she may be furnished with an opportunity of acknowledging their politeness.—

Before I left Edinburgh I presented Walter Scott with a copy of the second Ed: of Knickerbocker, in return for some very rare Books that he gave me respecting the early History of New England.—I enclose you a Letter that I received from him since; you must understand his words literally for he is too honest & too sincere a man to compliment any person.—

We are very anxious to see Charles King who we understood has arrived at Lisbon but we fear that he will not get to London before we take our departure.

Our last Letters from Gov: & the Supercargo reported favourably of the health & spirits of these estimable personages.—Harry is the

admiration of the black eyed Donnas of Cadiz.

I hardly know what to say about the period of my returning home—perhaps some time in the month of August.—The Continental scheme grows less likely; the expense my dear boy the expense frightens me.—

Mere Existence in this *plentiful Land* is at a fearful purchase, so that my purse begins to exhibit alarming symptoms of decay.—

Mr Payne* has acquitted himself most successfully in the characters of Norval & Romeo—Your brother will send you particulars.—

I beg my most cordial remembrance to all our friendly circle.—

I am My dr I—affecy ys

H. B.

* *John Howard Payne.*

NEW YORK, OCTOBER 2d 1818

New York, Oct: 2d 1818.

MY DEAR IRVING:—

I send you a minute statement of a disgusting dispute & its consequences forced upon me by a person named Harvey Strong—You will perceive it to have been one of these unavoidable occurences incident to men of the most unoffending dispositions.—I wish you to set the affair in its true light to any who may have noticed the filthy advertisements of Strong in our Newspapers—The statement is enclosed to Mr Richards, who will peruse it, & transmit it to you.—Possibly you may think I have treated this vile brawl with disproportionate importance—but I cannot rest until the calumny is effectually refuted.—The sentence of the Court & Jury in distinctly acquitting me from every imputation of Strong, was decisive as to public opinion in New York & elsewhere—but I am happy to say that without this formality, those who had the slightest knowledge of me,

regarded Mr Strong's advertisement as the libels of a miscreant who had been chastised in the manner he deserved.—

The fine of *250 $* imposed by Mr Colden *exclusively* for a breach of the peace, was considered by every person who attended to the trial, as exorbitant & unwarranted by the offence, (notwithstanding the very handsome concessions &c., &c. made to me in delivering the sentence of the Court.)—

The affair derived its sole importance from the base conduct of our editors, especially Mr Noah, of the Advocate, whose apology was not a sufficient atonement for his misconduct. —If every blackguard who can pay for the insertion of an advertisement, may be permitted to calumniate any person in the community, the peace of society is at an end— The laws of the land, as expounded by Mr Colden, inflict 250 $ penalty for chastising a person with every circumstance of justification—Yet these laws yield no adequate

redress for the defilement of a mans reputation in the public prints—But I will not add another word to a subject which has terminated so entirely as I could have wished, and which has already sunk into oblivion—

You will perceive that another dispute somewhat analogous to mine was settled lately on the Jersey shore.—That delicate arbiter of honor "the public" is I believe now amply satisfied with the meeting which took place between Perry & Heath and by Perry's receiving the fire of his adversary with a determination of not returning it.—This unhappy lapse of temper and its consequences have been festering in the breast of Perry—He is now enabled to stand erect in all the glory of his well earned reputation.—

Paulding is still with us—Certain gossips report that his wedding cake is actually manufacturing.—I take it for granted he will shortly be married.—His new poem, "The Backwoodsman" has not yet been published—

he intends it as an experiment upon the public taste, of a work composed exclusively of local feelings & manners—but he is by no means sanguine of success.—

We have resolved to pass the winter at Bloomingdale—my Wife wills it so—and I concur without much reluctance—She bids me assure you of her kindest regards.—You can scarcely conceive how quietly and cheerfully we live—Life seems to have doubled its interest by my new ties—Without adopting any Utopian scheme of happiness, or indeed any shows whatever, we go on our way rejoicing, and find our chiefest sources of enjoyment at our own fireside.

About ten days since we had a grand christening—We brought five children to Mr Jarvis with a numerous attendance of grandfathers, mothers, etc.—Our friend Mrs Renwick was the proudest of the group, inasmuch as she furnished three of the five children, viz. one of Margaret's & two of Bob's.—

You probably know that Cary is to be married in January next, at Charleston, to Miss Pyne, a Lady every way worthy of his choice—He has purchased a House in Chamber Street.—My Lord March is to be coupled at the same place, to Mrs Hutchinson a pretty sentimental Widow with two spoiled children and a comfortable estate.—Another of the Miss Pynes was married a year or two since to Colonel Bankhead, who I think I have heard you speak of as of your circle of acquaintance when in Paris.—

I met the Vice President the day before yesterday, he seemed rejoiced to hear of you & expressed a strong wish that you might speedily return home—I hardly dare to press this subject further— but I do with all my soul wish you may come back to us.—I learn from Paulding that your Brother Wm has lately made very strong representations to you, & I sincerely hope you will yield to them.—

Mr Tavish (with his family) has just passed on to Baltimore—he is to return immdy to Montreal & join Simon McGillivray, afterwards they are to come to N York & embark for Liverpool about the middle of Novr—Mr Tavish goes on family affairs to the Highlands of Scotland.

Jack Nicolson passed some time among us lately—he is still desperately bent upon inflicting on himself the blessings of Matrimony—but Cupid invariably protests against the deed.—

George Johnston still governs the Colony & maintains his usual ascendency in the Mother Country—Miss Bradish (it is a mighty secret) they say is engaged to Major Biddle, a brother of the gallant little Captain —I have no doubt the report will prove true. Charles Nicholas' mother died lately and I understand left about 30,000 $ to the surprise of her fds.—

The Swartwouts have been at the lowest ebb

of fortune—but the appointment of Robt to the Navy agency (vice Bullen deceased) has shed a ray of hope upon their future prospects. —Their speculation remains a dead weight upon their hands, and any partial relief from their fds would only be engulphed in this vortex.—

Gouv: Kemble is getting on bravely with his foundary, and I doubt not will make it a profitable concern—My brother John is his right hand man, and gives promise of becoming a very clever fellow.—

Kemble has a most convenient mansion nearly completed, and intended for the reception of his fds & associates in the foundary enterprize—He has reserved an apartment expressly for you.—

And now my dear Irving having exhausted my mind of all that can directly interest you— I say vale & God bless you!

H. B. Jr

I have not mentioned my friend Peter, because when I write to you I conceive that I am addressing you both—

I hear with great satisfaction that Mr Van Wart is reistablished in a prosperous business—

Bloomingdale, Sept. 9th 1819.

MY DEAR IRVING:—

Just as I was preparing to answer your Letter of 10 July, I had the pleasure to receive by the Amity yr Letter of the 28 July.—

I hope we shall soon receive the 4th number, which you state was nearly completed.—The 3d number will be published on Monday the 13th.—we were retarded a few days by not getting the paper from Mr Thomas—The orders for Boston, Phil: & Baltimore were forwarded this day, in order that the publication may be cotemporanious, a point very much insisted on by the Craft.—The edition of the first number has all been sold; of the 2d No only 150 Copies remain unsold—The demand rises in every quarter.—The 2d Edit: of No 1 will be put to press next week; your corrections shall be carefully inserted, and the punctuation somewhat diminished. It was not owing to your MS, but to the scrupulousness of Van Winkle—I had made objections

to it for the reasons you have stated. The 2d Edit: of N° 1 will be put to press in a few days. The 2d Edit: of N° 2 will also follow that of N° 1, as soon as possible. I am truly delighted to find you were pleased with the style of your reappearance—I think you fully entitled to it—besides it was necessary in order to justify the price of the work.—Long ere this, you must have recd my Letters with the Copies of Nos 1 & 2, and I take it for granted that my representations (which I assure you are very conscientious) will encourage you to exertion. It is a point universally agreed upon, that your work is an honor to American literature as well as an example to those who aspire to a correct & eloquent style of composition.—The Booksellers have so far as we have gone, punctually complied with their engagements, & I have reason to believe that they will continue to do so.—

I hope you have drawn upon me for the

profits of the Work, & that you will continue to do so.—

By the Js. Monroe I have forwarded to Richards five copies of No. 3—The price is printed 62½ Cents on the cover, instead of 75 Cents—this error was corrected after a few copies had been struck off. I have also inclosed the two last Nos. of Salmagundi. P, is making sad work of it.—He applied to me for hints for a paper on the subject of my whimsical old father & the economy of his feathered kingdom.—I could not find the papers that I had written on the subject some years since; He has however completed an essay from several hints given him, which will do pretty well.—

I could not well refuse him "in his utmost need," but I would rather he had not broached the subject, as I did intend at some future time to have filled up the outline myself; indeed I would have done it for him, on the present occasion, had he requested me, but

he seems resolved upon literary suicide—in other words to destroy himself solely by his own means.—I am really astonished how he can possibly write so much below his natural capacity, and not perceive it. I suspect he regrets his rash attempt, but as he has not chosen to say as much, I cannot take upon myself to advise him frankly.—His wife is very well, and has lately given birth to a son.—

I think you are mistaken in supposing your brother W dissatisfied respecting the Washington affair—I had a long talk with him a day or two since, in the course of which he adverted to that business, and seemed rather to have yielded to the justness of your objections.—He expressed great remorse at his long silence to you, and resolved to take pen in hand and write you a long epistle by way of atonement.—He retains his old habit of burthening himself with a world of unnecessary cares and vexations—In walking the street, he seems literally bent downward,

with at least a dozen gratuitous years—yet his heart is as mellow and his sensibilities just as acute as ever.—

He was very much disappointed in the Consulship of M—s. The place I believe had been kept in reserve for the new occupant. —I wish with all my heart, something better than this may present itself.

You desire some particulars of my family economy &c—I hardly know how to descend to particulars—each day seems to glide away with nearly the same sources of occupation, without the slightest wish for novelty—We reside beyond the limits of new friends, and our old ones number very few indeed.—Our son is of course a most important personage in the family—Books and music are the next sources of comfort & amusement, besides a garden, &c, &c.—But I am determined not to let you into the arcana of our affairs until you come to us, and be fairly initiated.—We are resolved to marry you at once, and then

of course by the aid of our example, every other consequence will naturally follow.—Mr Gracie threw out a hint that you might disappoint us in this scheme by adventuring for yourself in England; but Mr G (you know) is a very profane joker.—

The Renwicks are as well and happy as it is possible for them to be under the misfortunes which have beset them—J & Robert will get through their difficulties within two months—they are at present on the limits—James bears all, with his accustomed calmness & resignation—He comes Home every Sunday. —My brother the Capt has just returned from India, very well & in fine spirits.—My wife is very solicitous of passing the approaching winter at Charleston—I have not yet concluded upon leaving New York.—

The City is very much alarmed respecting Yellow fever, but from the best information I can obtain, there is no real foundation for it.—

BLOOMINGDALE, SEPT. 9th 1819

Mrs Banch is in our neighborhood, looking very ill—it is feared of consumption.—Louisa Governeur (they say) is engaged to Mr Cambreling—Young Colden is shortly to pair off with Fanny Wilkes.—

Mr Tavish is arrived by the Amity—I am going to Town in the morning to see him.—I hope he has seen much of you in England.—My Wife desires her kindest regards.—Her Son understands French perfectly—but has not yet ventured to speak. He has the benefit of a French nurse.

I have hardly room to say that I am affectv

Ys

H. B.

New York, November 9th 1819.

MY DEAR IRVING:—

The 4th No. will be published tomorrow—I have given Ebenezer 5 Copies of it, to be forwarded in the Albion by a private hand.—I have recd. your Letter of the 21 Sep: with corrected copies of No. 1 & 2.—We have just got 40 Reams of paper from Mr. Donaldson made by contract at 7 dolls. payable in 6 months—the quality pleases me so much that I intend to give him another contract for 85 Reams to be manufacd. immediately, and to be paid for in 6 & 9 months. Paper cannot be made in the Winter, and we shall want by the month of March 75 Reams for 2d. editions of 1–2 & 3 and 50 Reams for No. 5 & 6.—The printer will put the 2 edits. to press on Friday. —Pray send a corrected copy of No. 3?—

A few days since a letter was addressed to me by Mr. Wharton of Phil: at the request of Mr. Thomas, proposing that your fds should redeem 1100 Copies of the 3d. Edit: of

Knickerbocker which had been assigned by Mr. Thomas upon condition of their being relinquished to you, after paying the demands of the printer papermaker &c amounting to $1000. (which amt. would be due in a few months).—The Edit: you know consisted of 1500 Copies—after consulting with your brother William—I answered Mr. W's Letter, by stating the willingness of yr. fds to comply with his terms—and (as his Letter was somewhat ambiguous) desired to know whether the 400 deficient copies were to be paid for by Mr. Thomas, or deducted from the 1000$—He has not replied to my Letter, but no doubt, you are to look to Mr. Thomas, for the 400 Copies, which he has sold, and of which I do not believe you will receive a single dollar.—

Before I leave N York for Charleston, which is fixed for the 20th I will again see your brother William and request him to redeem the 1100 Copies.—

As Mr. Thomas has always professed that in publishing the 3d. edit: he acted solely as your agent & for your benefit, without any intention of making deductions for his services—I look upon this transaction as a breach of faith towards you—and that he is no longer entitled to the indulgence of vending the S, Book, exclusive of the hazard you run of losing 500 Copies of each Number.—The 500 Copies of No. 4 will therefore be sold to Mathew Cary & Son, instead of Mr. Thomas—I shall explain to him my motives for this proceeding —Your brothers (to whom I have made known the affair) are decidedly in favor of this change.—At present Mr. Thomas' acct. for the S B is nearly balanced.—

After distributing the 4th Number—I shall settle accounts with the purchasers, as well as with the printer, and advise you of the Balance in your favor, which will be payable within 90 days.—Your brother Ebenezer will then take charge of No. 5 and the 2d. Editions

—I shall give him every sort of information as to the manner of managing the Work.—When I return in March, I will cheerfully resume the guardianship of your Work.—

Pray write yr brother Ebezr whether you will have 4000 instead of 2000 Copies, printed, of the succeeding numbers. The last 2000 may be marked 2 Edit: for the sake of uniformity.—By this arrangement you will save 45 $ (so the printer assured me at the commencement of the work) on each Number—on the other hand you will be deprived of the opportunity of correcting the 2 Edits which you may deem equivalent to the additional expense.—The article "Jno Bull" is in the hands of your Brother. Your Letter of the 9 Sepr by the Atlantic has just reached me. I am rejoiced to find you so well pleased with the S Book &c, &c.—I cannot help remarking on what you say respecting Miss G—— that to the best of my recollection I paid her brother $2 for copying Philip.—The article in

the E Post was written by me, at Coleman's request, and published under the Editorial head as his own—dont let this lessen your good will towards the Squire, for he assured me that the article expressed exactly what he felt & would have written. Had it been otherwise depend upon it he would have shaped the notice to his own liking.—I hope you saw the criticism in the last North A Review—I have not been able to get the Number.—The work is in future to be conducted by Mr Everett.—I will write to you again before I go to Charleston.

I am My dr I,

Affectv Ys

H. Brevoort Jr

I wish you would permit Murray to publish your work.—He might publish a volume comprising 5 numbers.

NEW YORK, APRIL — 1820

New York, April — 1820.

MY DEAR IRVING:—

It is a long while since I have written to you, but still longer since I have received any of your Letters. As this interruption of our correspondence has been entirely casual, I am determined to break silence first and set you a good example. I always begin with my private affairs, and I expect you to do the same. I am entitled to this mark of your confidence, especially as no one of your friends participates with more sincerity everything that concerns you either of good or evil.

I returned from Charleston two months ago, chiefly to prepare for building a House. Previous to my departure I was enriched by the birth of second Son—My wife has entirely recovered her health, and will join me early in May. I have taken a House in Hudson Square (J Murray's) for the next year, afterwards I hope we may enjoy a Home of our own. The vagrant sort of life that I have led

some time past, makes me doubly impatient for the return of my family and a renewal of domestic comforts.—

Mrs Renwick has given up her place at Bloomingdale & taken a House in White Street—She has sustained many losses, but retains an income quite adequate to a comfortable establishment. James & Margaret are to reside at my father's and with us, until he can find employment which at this moment is nearly hopeless. The Ins: Company has lately abolished the life department, and thereby deprived James of his last source of income.—These cruel reverses of fortune are endured by them patiently, but a long time must elapse before hope can be renewed, and old times forgotten.—In this City fortune is resolved to let no one escape her caprices: the whole aspect of domestic life has changed since you left us.—All the ordinary sources of industry seem to have closed—a great portion of the Houses in the City are to let, &

their inhabitants obliged to seek a livelihood elsewhere.—Amidst the general pressure of the times your work augments in popularity.—The last number is highly relished, particularly the Legend, which in my opinion is one of the best articles you have written—It unites all the excellencies of your old & new manner of writing. The old people are surprised at your accurate recollections of the localities of the place & its inhabitants.—My old uncle Ab^{m} a mighty warrior of the olden time, entertained me with a commentary on every name that you have mentioned, even to Brom Bones whom he recognizes for his first friend Brom Byce.—He says Dolter Martling *had a share* in the exploit you have recorded, but that somebody Nestle was the real hero, inasmuch as he never was able to walk afterwards, by reason of the wind of a Cannon Ball which wounded him in the small of the back!—Judge Benson has even promised to read it, but he stoutly maintains that you are not a true dutchman,

as your name testifieth.—I hinted to him that I should not be greatly surprised if an answer were written to his toyings with your Wife, but he insists that neither that, nor any other production of his pen, can be answered by mortal man. "No Sir I never write things that can be answered Sir." Verily the old Gent: speaketh truly—He has since left word, that he wishes me to call on him for a corrected copy of his remarks, to be forwarded to you.

I am anxious to learn how your Vol: is rec^{d} in England.—In the Feb: Number of Blackwood, which I have this moment seen, you are very highly complimented. I think you will become a great favourite in England—nor should I be surprised that they lay claims to you; proving their rights by your name & the purity of your style.—Paulding's Salmagundi died the death at the 10th Number.—John Bull seems to have taken the Backwoodsman into especial favor; this may induce the author to relent in his wordy warfare with that personage.—

NEW YORK, APRIL — 1820

I send you a copy of The Bucktail Bards at the request of G C VerPlanck, who is the author of all that stands in the name of Pindar Puff as well as the Notes.—Dirk Shift is by John Duer.—Ver P should pause before he enlists in the unprofitable contest between Clinton & Tompkins.—It reminds one of Goldsmith's Dust & Dung.—I suspect that Ver P is somewhat influenced by personal resentment against the Magnus—

I have also inclosed a pamphlet with the correspondence between Decatur & Barron.—

I regret that I cannot give any particulars of the last moments of our gallant friend; he is said to have expressed regrets at having given Barron the meeting.—He certainly might have avoided it, as you will perceive by the correspondence.

It is one of those dreadful events which will not bear reflection.—Poor M^rs^ D, I understand [is] in a sort of stupor—her heart seems parched with misery, which denies her even the con-

solation of a tear. He had taken the precaution to assemble her friends around her previous to the fatal rencontre.—

Kemble is in Town. The Foundery concern promises better than ever—by the Autumn we expect it will realize its promises, which have been rather long winded.—Gouv: has done all that man can do for the interests of the concern.—

Your Brother W^m^ appears to be apprehensive that neither you nor the Doctor are sufficiently aware of the zeal which he has shewn in the promotion of your interests.—I can only say that to my knowledge he has never been backward in doing all that was in his power to do.—

The circle of his existence is apparently narrower than ever; and the peculiarities of his character have rather grown upon him than otherwise.—I think some acknowledgment of your sense of his goodwill & kind disposition would give him great satisfaction.

Ebenezer tells me that you & the Dr were on the eve of a trip to the Continent—but I presume this letter will find you returned.— Pray write to me, and do not put me off with half a dozen lines, but indulge in a long letter.—

I am

My dr I

ever affecy Ys

H. B., Jr

New York, November — 1820.

MY DEAR IRVING:—

This is the first conveyance that has offered for Havre since I received your letter dated the 22^{d} at Paris.—

I have held frequent conversations with your brothers on the subject of your letter, and have said all that I could possibly say in a case of so much delicacy.—From the beginning they have expressed themselves averse to the prudence of your enterprize, and on that ground solely, they have decided not to give it their support—The nature of their objections will be communicated by themselves.—I offered to come under advances on your part for $5000, to be refunded by the future avails of your literary property, which no doubt will eventually produce that amount. But Ebenezer is of opinion, that it would not be worth your attention to engage in the project unless with the full amount of capital proposed.—I am really at a loss to express myself on the

result of this business—I fear you will be bitterly disappointed—How far success might have attended your project I am incompetent to judge; I have not seen your Letters to your brothers, but I take it for granted that you viewed the subject on all sides—I can only venture to hope that your calculations of advantage may turn out [not] to have been too sanguine.

Before I quit the subject I must remark confidentially, that I have reason to believe, that the motives of my zeal in your concerns have been misunderstood by your brothers W^m^ & Ebenezer. Whether they think my participations intrusive, or that the affairs you have hitherto entrusted with me, have been withheld from them, I know not, but it is certain that I have felt some rude intimations on this subject which I would rather dispense with in the future. —I do not think it worth while to be offended with them on this matter, but I

thought it a duty to discharge my conscience by telling you.—

My wife begs you will do her the favor to purchase a dozen popular airs, waltzes & dances, simple or with variations, for the Harp. The music of Bochsa is always good, but not so well adapted for society as the compositions of less scientific or polished composers. She would prefer you should select any agreeable lively music of the above named description by fashionable composers—M^r. Beasely will find a conveyance for them to N York.—

I wish you would call on my old f^d. Lherbette; he is well settled in Paris and cannot fail to prove an agreeable and valuable acquaintance—Should you see him pray give my kindest regards.—Have you met M^rs & Miss Cruger—they were our neighbors at Bloomingdale.—

James Renwick is to be appointed Prof: of Nat: Phil: in Col: College—this is the first ray of sunshine he has felt for a long while.

The salary will be 1500 $ to be augmented to $2500 so soon as the funds of the Col: will permit—My kindest regard to your brother. My Wife begs to be remembd.—I am My dr I,

Affecy Ys

H. Brevoort, Jr

New York, January 8th, 1821.

MY DEAR IRVING:—

I hope you recd my last letter dated in November, especially as I learn since, that your brother did not write by the same conveyance.—To the subject of that Letter, I have no wish to recur, but I am very anxious to hear what variations it has produced in your views.—

As usual, I have little to say except the local occurrences of the day.—Renwick has been appointed to the professorship of Exp: Phil: & Chemistry in Col: College—On Tuesday he delivered an inaugural lecture which gave universal satisfaction.

The Trustees seemed resolved to raise the reputation of the College to the first rank. When the funds are adequate, VerPlanck is to be appointed Prof: of Rhetoric. At present there are five professors viz, Adraine—Nat: Moore—Anthon—McVickar & Renwick.—Dr. Harris is the President.—

Our greatest novelty of late is Mr. Kean. He played sixteen nights in the Anthony St. Theatre to crowded audiences & with enthusiastic applause. A small party of dissentients, composed of Mr. Cooper's patriotic admirers, protested against Kean's merits. Induced by their zeal & by his own confidence Cooper immediately succeeded Kean in several characters but drew very thin audiences. He saw Kean in Sir Giles & Lear, and pronounced his acting to be mere trick. Kean mortified him by keeping from the Theatre, throughout his engagement.—The consequence is that their admirers have declared open war—In point of genius & skill in acting Kean is greatly above him—but Cooper's person & voice give him an advantage in playing two or three characters. He has gone to New Orleans & Kean to Philadelphia, accompanied by Price & Jack Nicolson—The worthy Capt is quite enamoured with his new acquaintance—Price gave him 50 £ Stg. for each performance,

(exclusive of benefits) in N York. The Houses averaged $900. It is said he has agreed to pay him the same sum in lieu of half the proceeds of Kean's engagement in Phil[a].

Price who is overloaded with debt, swaggers in his usual way, by his great success—He threatens Beekman & Astor, with building a new Theatre, unless they comply with his proposals for the one now rebuilding.—He has engaged Philips the Singer for the next season and is resolved to take the field against Astor & B, at all events, in the Barn in Anthony Street.—

M[r] Kean brought me a letter of introduction from a Lady in Edinburgh. His manners are very gentlemanlike—He sings with exquisite taste & his various imitations are very clever.—

His conduct in New York has been very guarded, and all who have become acquainted with him concur in extolling him—Never-

theless, I am inclined to believe that his former habits have been somewhat at variance with his present ones. He returns in June by the way of Italy, where his family are to join him.—On New Year's day, he dined at Jn°. R. Livingstons with a party of forty persons, among which were Cooper the Bishop & Phil: Brasher!—Everything went left handed & a score of absurdities were committed.—

A public dinner was given him by about thirty persons at the City Hotel, which went off very well. Upon the whole I think Kean's success has been as great or very nearly so, as Cooke's although his merits are certainly not in the same rank.—

What do you intend to do with the Sketch Book? Are we to have no more numbers?—Paulding has lately published a whole Vol of Salmagundi—it is the last. What new project he has on hand I know not. —If you meet with anything new in Paris,

that you think well written pray send it to me.—

My wife & boys are very well—she begs me to present her kindest regards to you.—We shall remove by the 1 May to the new House N°. 15 Broad Way.—I have fitted up a very snug room for a Library, which I hope you will enjoy.—My good old parents are as well as usual.—Kemble is now on a visit to us—W^m. Kemble's wife has a daughter.—I called on New Year's day on M^rs. Hoffman whom I had not seen for a long while.—Hoffman has joined the party ascendant, but I fear no office will be given to him.—All the present incumbents of offices are to be renamed at the meeting of the New Council on the 15 Feb^y. his Worship the Mayor among the rest. —My warmest regards to your brother—and believe me most affec^y. Y^s.

H. B. J^r.

New York, May 7th 1821.

MY DEAR IRVING:—

After a long interval of time I received your Letter of March 10th.—The explanation of your motives for remaining abroad (I am sorry to say) are quite satisfactory. I did not intend to give you pain by interrogating you on the subject, and so, for the future let it rest.

I am glad to learn that you are earnestly engaged with your pen. Success must have given you confidence & as to the resources of your mind, in my opinion they are more abundant than you are yet aware of.—

Do you intend to continue your sketches in different parts of the continent? The design would be admirable were it possible for you to become sufficiently at home in France Switzerland & Italy.—But perhaps you have hit upon other subjects.—

It is true that I have withdrawn from mercantile affairs—whether I am justified in so doing must depend upon prudent

management.—Certainly I do not mean to remain an idle spectator in society—that would be both irrational as well as selfish. Still I feel the justice of your reproaches & confess myself too indifferent of public favor & too diffident of my ability to merit it, were I so disposed. But I persuade myself that hitherto my concerns have been too precarious and unsettled to admit of higher pursuits.—I do not believe myself capable of doing great things, yet I ought not to be ashamed of lesser ones—and to leave this would be a mere hic jacet is too mortifying to be endured.—I wish you had executed your design. To your counsels I should listen with respect and attention, and if any motive could stimulate me to exertion, it would be at your suggestion and with your encouragement.—But I fear I will tire you by this talk about nothing, although you are the only person on whom I would care to bestow my egotism.—

You keep excellent company in Paris—

Anacreon Moore & Mr Canning; these are names that set ones blood in motion, and to associate with them on terms of literary equality is indeed a distinction of the highest value, and to which you are fully entitled.—

I hardly know what to say to you of the affairs & persons of those that surround me.—Paulding & his family have just arrived—I am not yet acquainted with his designs, or whether he has any in hand.—He has been roughly & ungratefully requited by the public —I hope he will not again venture anything without the utmost circumspection.

There is a person (not of this City) who is about to publish a work somewhat in the manner of your S Book.—He is very highly spoken of by good judges.—Should his work be worthy of attention I will send it to you.—Verplanck is full of politics (& politics never ran lower among us, than they do now)—He was a useful member of Assembly & made several reports—He spoke seldom & not with

any marked success.—Cambreling is elected our present member of Congress—He is intolerably vain of his honors, and had he lost them I verily believe he would have died of vexation. Walter Patterson is also elected a member. Mrs Cooper told me that she had written you a long Letter introducing a Mr Somebody.—Cooper is at New Orleans. Kean, after being very unjustly and cruelly treated at Philada has gone to Baltimore, where he is playing with his usual success. —He is to remain here another season & will probably play at the opening of our New Theatre in Sept or Oct: next.—Price after a world of negociation with Beekman & Astor through the medium of our favourite Jack Nicolson, has taken a lease of it, at a net of 13000$ per annum.—The Theatre will be beautiful, but I fear it will never support such an enormous rent charge.—Price intends to go to England in the next Liverpool packet to beat up recruits.—I saw Mrs Hoffman at a

Ball a few evenings since at Tom: Morris'. She made many kind inquiries after you. Her health is no better than usual. Hoffman is as greatly [engaged(?)]* in politics as ever.—The old Lady is very infirm and will not probably live out the summer.—Mrs Nicholas still continues to reside at Phil: Rhinelanders, in defiance to much illnatured scandal.—She is actuated by no worse motive than caprice, I confidently believe.—Mr Lyman, the author of the most unlucky tome on Italy, is to be married tomorrow to Miss Henderson a Lady of high pretensions and full of most blest condition.—

Mrs Bradish has taken Mr Le Roy's large House in Broad Way—Nicolson holds out in the Colony about 10 doors below. He means to write you a long Letter forthwith—Major Lee (by authentic reports) has squandered his wife's fortune, seduced her sister, & absconded!—William Gracie will probably have

* *The Manuscript is torn here.*

reached you before this—To him I refer you for every sort of information. My Wife desires me to present her kindest regards. My sons are two brave fellows.—We intend to remove to N° 15 Broad Way in a week.—Believe me my d^r I

Most affec^y y^s

H. B. J^r

Your picture by Newton will be exhibited next week in the annual exhibition of the Academy of fine Arts.—

The Delafields are very well—He has had the misfortune to lose his youngest child lately.—

New York, June 15th 1821.

MY DEAR IRVING:—

I have recd your Letters dated the 5, 14 & 21 April. The two dfts for $1000 each, have been accepted; and should your brother E be unable to make up the remittance of $1000 to Mr Beasley, I have promised to assist him with the residue, but it is probable he will not stand in need of help.—I am happy to understand that by this arrangement your mind will be disengaged from pecuniary matters and exclusively devoted to literature.—

The explanation you have given of your future ability to discharge these advances, is perfectly satisfactory; I can, without inconvenience, wait until your means will enable you to do so at your leisure. Meanwhile, it affords me real pleasure to be of use to you, and I beg you will not burthen your mind with any weight of obligation.

I presume from what formerly passed

between us in regard to the Steam B enterprize that J T* will comply with your brother's wishes. The statement you have sent of the prospect of success, exhibit[s] the project in a favourable point of view, & I sincerely hope it may not be marred by further doubts and delays.

We are now near neighbors of your brother William. His health throughout the winter has been infirm, and his spirits sadly depressed & broken. He is now greatly relieved and seems inclined to resume cheerful habits. Ebenezer is a real philosopher; with ten times the motive for despondence, he never suffers his mind & spirits to waste in hopeless repinings. J T keeps his course straight onward. No man in the community enjoys, & indeed no man merits a larger share of public & private confidence.—His income must now be large, but the practice of the law seems to have increased his distrust of prosperity.—

* *Judge John Treat Irving, Washington's brother.*

George Enninger has not yet arrived — I shall be glad to see him—he is a young man of the kindest temper & disposition.—

Kean has left us in a huff. His repentance seemed to augment at every step of his departure. At Sandy Hook he even promised to return.—His preposterous vanity led him into an error that has been punished by our editors as a crime. I am really sorry for Kean—In my intercourse with him, he always conducted himself in the most gentlemanlike & engaging manner—Had he remained here another season, he might have added 3000£ to the 4000 £ stg. that he carried with him.

Jack Nicolson is greatly distressed—he stuck to Kean to the last like a man.—

The New Sketch Book N° 1 has appeared with the title of "The Idle Man." It is printed very elegantly & has some merit, but not enough to encourage the author's industry.

Your old acquaintance Hetty Gracie is to

sail for Liverpool to-day. She is accompanied by her husband Mr Beach Laurence.—

I look with anxiety for your new work.—In the mean while no hint of it shall be given out. —I must postpone until another opportunity many small matters that I have to communicate—as the Ship by which this goes is on the point of departure.

My Wife & children are very well—

ever affectv Ys

H. Brevoort, Jr

NEW YORK, OCTOBER 9th 1821

New York, October 9th 1821.

MY DEAR IRVING:—

It is a long while since I have recd a Letter from you—the 15 May was the last.—Mr. Ehninger* has given me a good many particulars of your domestic history—but he seems to know little of the inner man. He is a kind hearted soul, with a head full of crudities, which travel has not much corrected.

I lately spent a few days at Ancram with Walter Patterson—his brother Wm was with us, and gratified me with much intelligence of your brother Peter, as well as yourself. What a pragmatical old Monsieur he has become!—

By the last accounts from Mrs V Wart, you were in London previous to the Coronation, which I hope you witnessed as well as our illustrious countryman Ezra Weeks, Esqr His adventures in high life are the amusement of Gotham.

I am anxious to learn whether you are in

* *Elsewhere spelled Enninger—*

the hands of Murray. Ehninger thinks you have written something about the Troubadours—further he knoweth not. They would furnish rich materials for a Chivalric Romance, but I would rather you had undertaken a work of fiction with American materials, drawn from any period of our national existence.—I am satisfied that you are able to write such a work, difficult as it may first appear to you.

By the by, you ought to send Ebenezer another number of the S Book to complete the work—that it may be bound in two volumes.—

I understand Knickerbocker either has, or is to appear with illustrations. If you could obtain the plates for a new edition here, it would be worth your attention.—

Your Brothers have no doubt informed you of the hopeless state of Wm Irving's health. I wish it was in my power to encourage you with hopes of his amendment.—

NEW YORK, OCTOBER 9th 1821

Your fd Miss Ann Delafield (she that you knew in London) was thrown from a wagon a few days since, and survived only eight hours. One of the younger brothers was driving her to Mr Prince's cottage at Hellgate (which John Delafield had taken as a summer residence) The horse took fright in the lane leading to the cottage, ran off, and threw her with violence against a stone which fractured her head.—

One of her younger sisters lies in the last stage of consumption & her father has for a long while been tottering on the brink of the grave.—Poor D has been oppressed by affliction ever since his arrival.—

In the absence of Ebenezer I purchased with funds furnished by him, Le Roy Bayard & Cos Bill in Paris for *$1000* and remitted it some time ago to Mr Beasley.—Paulding & his Wife have just returned from the Highlands, having passed the summer with G Kemble—Ann Nicholas returned about two

months since from a residence of two years at the house of Phil: Rhinelander—Charles is well established at Richmond, as Cashier of the U S Branch Bank—he has written for Ann who seems in no haste to join him.—Renwick & his wife are to take immediate possession of a suite of apartments in the College. He gets on bravely as a professor.—

We are to take our departure for Charleston (for the last time, positively) on the 21st inst in the Steam Ship. I believe I shall return to N Y in the course of the winter.—My Wife & sons will remain with Mrs Carson until May.—

Mr. Jno Bristed goes in this Packet for England. He finds it impossible to bear the matrimonial yoke any longer with that Lamb of Bellzebub, my well beloved Couzen the late Mrs Bentzon.—He is literally wasted to the bone by the severity of her discipline. Their fracas have furnished the Town with scandal these six months. She is certainly a

maniac.—Nicolson begs you to answer his Letter. He has just recovered from a desperate love affair, being the twentieth or thereabouts.—My Wife—& my children—my Father & Mother are all well & happy.—

ever affectionately Yrs.

H B, Jr.

New York, January 1st 1827.

MY DEAR IRVING:—

The paragraph in your letter to Ebenezer relating to me, has given me more pain than I am willing to express; not, as you will presently perceive, that I am in the least degree amenable to your reproaches, or have ever given you cause to utter them in terms so harsh, and I must say, unfriendly. How it has happened, that you have received none of my letters, I am unable to explain. The last letter that I recd. of yours, was dated the 29 May 1825, introducing to me Mr. St. Aubyn & Mr. Hallam. I had previously written to you several times, but at present I am unable to specify dates. My last letter was dated the 14 Nov: 1825—directed to the care of Wells & Co., Paris.—It was a letter of two sheets, written with that perfect openess of heart & kindness of feeling, which never for a moment has ceased to characterize my sentiments towards you.—Believing that it

must have reached you, I was puzzled to account for your silence, and have again & again asked your brother whether in your letters to him, you had not alluded to it and to myself.—I was however willing to impute the delay to your wanderings, and to the exclusive nature of your literary pursuits—never did I permit any unkind construction of your seeming neglect to cross my mind. Nor was it possible that any neglect of the kind could weaken the deep foundation of my attachment to you—an attachment which as I hope for mercy, I have never felt towards any other man.—Judge then how sensibly I was hurt by your choosing to put the existence & the continuance of my friendship to a final issue.—Whoever it was that informed you, that my mind was absorbed & debased by money-making pursuits, was guilty of uttering a base falsehood. The repetition of so gross an aspersion, although disbelieved by you, appears irreconcilable to my conception

of the disinterested fdship that has invariably existed between us; and I am persuaded that it must have slipt from your pen in a moment of irritation.—I certainly do not hold myself answerable to the misjudgments of those who are merely spectators of my motives & my actions, and the very retired manner in which I pass my life sets me aloof (thank God) from the impertinence of a closer observation of them.—Money getting, which may be called the besetting sin of this community has never absorbed my attention; but in avoiding the infection I have sometimes thought myself an unwise exception, judging from the keen excitement which its pursuit seems to impart to its votaries.—

Indeed, excepting the settlement of old transactions & the affairs of others, I have had scarcely any thing to do with traffic for some years.—But the infamous manner in which so many of our monied institutions have been plundered within the last twelvemonth, has

made me feel much less secure of independence than I could have wished—and the efforts that I have been obliged to make to escape with the least possible loss, have furnished my mind with an abundance of disgusting toil & disquietude.

Those dull details of myself are drawn from you by your own severity; yet I trust I have said nothing more than was strictly necessary to my own defence; but if I have said aught to offend your feelings, I hope you will overlook it & remember that this is the only instance of discord that has ever arisen between us.— Let us then my dear Irving begin the new year by a renewal of kind and affectionate recollections & by frank and frequent interchange of our sentiments.—

I have been living for the last two months with my Sister at the College & shall probably continue with her until the Spring.—My Wife with the three youngest children (girls) is gone to Charleston to pass the winter with

her mother to whom she had made a promise which could not be got rid of. The two boys are at a french boarding school—(Messrs. Peugnet).—The disagreeable occupation to which I have alluded above, has compelled me to remain in New York & to make so great a sacrafice of my domestic enjoyments.—Your brother has always communicated to me your various movements & occupations & I am glad to learn from him that you are heartily engaged in writing the life of Columbus—it is a subject of great dignity as well as interest—an American one, too, and in every point of view befitting the imployment of your mind.—Mr. Galt, who passed some time in New York lately, requested me to say to you that he possesses the only original portrait of Columbus known to be in existence—and that if you chose to have it ingraved for your work, he had given instructions to his wife in London to place it at your disposal by means of Murray or in any other way that

you might see fit.—Renwick & his family are very happily situated here—he is busily employed in writing an introductory discourse to the Athenæum lectures—Reviews for the London Scientific journal; to which he has contributed several able papers—and Reviews for Walsh's New Review, which is to amaze the world on the 1 March next.—I do not know what Paulding is doing—he seldom mixes with his friends—& lives a life of complete seclusion. His Brother has just been reinstated to the honors of the Mayoralty, to the great discomforture of poor Hone, who during his reign of a year did every thing both officially & individually to entitle himself to a reelection.—But his opponents, upon political grounds, as they alledge, thrust him out of the office with the most indecent haste and animosity. I think he had no good reason to expect a reelection, but the manner in which he was dismissed, was a gratuitous insult to the pride of a very worthy and honorable man.

But "sic transit &c." I am very sorry for his mortification.—Nicolson is still cruising in his stout little man of war—the Ontario in the Mediterranean—he writes me, that he is to return next spring or summer. He is intimate with heroes, both Grecian & Barbarian—(Mavrocordato & the Capulan Pasha—) the latter Jack thinks bears a striking resemblance in hight & rotundity etc &c to himself, except his being rather bow-legged and much addicted to the sea sickness.—The worthy little Capt is deep in classical lore—he has anchored his ship in the Piraeus—approached the Acropolis, mounted upon a Donkey—dug up the graves of sundry Atheneans at Milo & sent me some beautiful relics of antient Terra Cotta &c, &c. He has moreover fathered some Greek orphans & saved the lives of others.—But above all—he has kept his ship in the most perfect condition & lived in the utmost harmony with his officers.—

Bradish is passing the Winter among us &

deals out his stores of knowledge with becoming modesty & high breeding.—He is the glass of fashion & pink of fastidiousness.—A matrimonial connexion "prudently conducted" I have no doubt would complete his happiness. —By the by—speaking of matrimony—I cannot help alluding to that scurvy jest my old fd Blackwood played upon you.—Mr Clay was here about the time the rumour reached us—he made many kind inquiries after you & laughed in a most unstatesmanlike manner at the villany of old Ebony.—Renwick, who is a huge consumer of Parmesan Cheese—was on the point of bespeaking your bounty in that choice viand. I tried to hoax my wife by pretending that I had recd a letter from you announcing your nuptials—deifying the lovely Empress—and asking us to pass the winter at your Court.—She declared positively that the E—was unworthy of you & that she would forbid the banns.—Young Cutting who (I believe) you & your

Brother met at Bordeaux is engaged to be married to Miss Heyward—a daughter of the old H who married Miss Cruger.—She is a great favourite of mine & of every one indeed who is acquainted with her.—He seems every way worthy of such good fortune & I hope he will not be disappointed.

G K* is going on very prosperously with his foundry—he talks as usual of setting down soberly in life & begetting his own images—but he is an incorrigible bachelor. Ver Planck is you know in Congress; he has not yet done any thing to distinguish himself from the multitudes of aye & no gentlemen—but he is highly though(t) of by the house.—Mr. Spy Cooper is now in Paris—having recd. the barren appointment of Consul at Lyons—part of his new novel "The Prairie" is here & in the press.—I hope you will see him—he has a rough & confident manner of expressing himself, but you will find him a right good

* *Gouverneur Kemble.*

fellow at bottom.—He was accustomed to amuse us at "The Lunch" with disputations on the french language.—The person who instructed him made him very hypercritical in the niceties of pronouns & particles to the great amusement of Chs King & others who are masters of the language.—I should like to know whether he thinks the Parisians do in point of fact speak french correctly.—

Old Mr Lord, whose daughter he married some months since—lately died & left her 40 or 50,000$—which could not have fallen into better hands.—King is still the editor of the Am: having dissolved copartp with Johnston Ver P——* his talents are not happily displayed in his vocation.—John King has gone to Washington—we talk of giving him a complimentary dinner in a private way on his return.—Amongst the changes that are ever taking place in this variable community, I think you must have

* Verplanck.

deplored the downfall of the old firm of Le Roy Bayard & Co.—Their misfortunes have been long impending—everyone seems to rejoice that the worthy old gentleman left the world and its miseries before the failure of the House. —William B——will be left pennyless— Robert's wife's fortune is partly settled upon herself & her children.—They owe very large sums in Europe—here, their obligations are not so great.—Old Major Fairlie awoke from a long fit of dotage or misanthropy some six or seven months ago to the great relief of family & his fds.—It was brought about by an artifice of his fds who prevailed with the Chief Justice to write him a Letter, intimating the necessity that existed of appointing a successor to his office of Clerk to the Sup. Court.—This exasperated the old gentleman's energies, to such a degree, that he immedy sallied forth from his apartment to the City Hall & he has continued to do so ever since— renovated in spirits & full of pithy sayings.—

Charley Miller a noted usurer lost a large sum which he had invested in Bonds of the Life & Fire Ins. Company; after wear[y]ing Hone & other Dignitaries to stretch forth the arm of power against the swindling directors —in vain—he unbosomed his griefs to the Major. The old Gent told him to go home & seek for consolation by reading the scriptures —referring him particularly to that passage in which Paul says "I wd to God that not only thou, but all that hear me this day, were both almost & altogether such as I am, except these bonds."—When he heard of the death of Jefferson & Adams & that Mr Carroll was now the only surviving signer of the declaration of Ind: he observed—Well! the old boy is left in a fearful minority. . . . These are from among dozens of his witticisms— Mrs C.* still resides at Bristol but visits us occasionally—she is very little changed in personal appearance—although she has (I

* *Mrs. Thomas A. Cooper—Irving's friend, Mary Fairlie.*

believe) eight children—the eldest Mary, nearly a woman grown.—Miss Louisa, who has all the cleverness of her father, seems to be too keen for the sensibilities of her beaux.—

My good old parents are still in the enjoyment of health & contentment. My father comes to the City (as he calls it) once in four years to go the rounds with me, and wonder at the novelties of the age.—

I beg my kindest regards to your Brother Peter—I hope he remembers our adventures in the great world with as much pleasure as I do; they have furnished me with agreeable reminiscences ever since.—I wd request you to present my regards to Mr Everett, but that it is more than probable that he has forgotten me.—

I am My dr I. ever affecy Ys

H. B.

LETTERS OF HENRY BREVOORT TO WASHINGTON IRVING

New York, Nov. 19th 1827.

MY DEAR IRVING:—

Your kind & affectionate letter of the 4 April reached me about six weeks ago, and I need not assure you that it has removed from my mind every cause of complaint & I beg that the warmth with which I expressed myself on the subject may be forgotten.—

Your life &c of Columbus has been put to press—judging from the first sheet which your brother shewed me yesterday, you will no doubt be pleased with the manner in which it will be printed.

The edit: will comprise about 2000 Copies. —As to offering any conjectures or auguries of the reception which it is like to receive

from the public—they would be idle at present. Many persons of the highest literary standing among us (Halleck Bryant & others) have expressed their satisfaction upon hearing that you were engaged on a subject which they think properly belongs to us—so that you have every reason to expect a candid & friendly reception. Indeed I must say that no author enjoys a higher place in the esteem of the public than yourself. Depend upon it my dear Irving, whatever you may have been induced to believe to the contrary, that you have every reason to be satisfied with the kindly feelings of your countrymen, so far as I am enabled to judge.—I fear that in composing this work you have subjected yourself to excessive labour & fatigue, but as you do not complain of ill health I trust your mind has been relieved by the novelty of your researches. I long to see you return to works of imagination. But the exploits of these daring discoveries of new worlds really to my mind

possess the truth of history with the wildest charms of romance. Columbus stands at the head of them—both as to boldness of exploit & real dignity & nobleness of mind & character. —I hope you will be cheered by every sort of success both here and in Europe.—

Our old friends are all well—Kemble is going on very prosperously—Harry Ogden is now in New York—a prosperous and lusty looking gentleman. Paulding I regret to say (about two months since) lost one of his children—it died at the Foundry after a few days illness.—My own family—wife & 5 children are all in good health, after having past the summer very quietly at the old cottage at Hernshook—Hellgate. I have fished in every nook & corner of that old ungrateful ground until my skin was as sunburnt as old Mud Sam.—My father & mother are yet in the full enjoyment of health & spirits. The old gentleman has just passed his 80th year—with no other annoyance to his happi-

ness, but the encroachment of the City upon his domains.—The Professor* & his family are very well & agreeably situated in the College.

You mentioned in your letter Halleck & Bryant—they are both members of "The Lunch" a social club which has been in existence here for several years.—When you come to us, I know you will have great enjoyment in their society & in that of the Lunch. They are shy men & are very little seen in society. Halleck is Secretary of an Ins: Compy.—Bryant lives by his pen. They are undoubtedly men of very high endowments. Halleck regretted that he did not meet you some years since—I gave him a letter to you, but I believe you were in Germany.—

On Thursday last Mr Emmett was seized with apoplexy in the Court & expired in ten hours. I was sitting as a juror very near to him & I never witnessed a scene of more heartrending distress. He could not be re-

* *James Renwick.*

moved for several hours, during which his father came in & suffered beyond description. He never felt a moments pain.—Pray give my affectionate regards to my excellent friend your brother Peter.

I hope his health is quite restored.—

Nicolson is still at his station—I believe he will be ordered back very soon.—Believe me my dear Irving ever

affec^y Y^s

H. B. J^r

NEW YORK, DECEMBER 19th 1827

New York, December 19th 1827.

MY DEAR IRVING:—

I wrote to you some time since, to the care of B Henry Gibraltar, but I doubt whether my letter has reached you.—Your life of Columbus is going through the press & will be ready for publication by the middle of March, or sooner if practicable. At first your brother determined to follow your directions & publish it in two Vols but the thickness of the paper & the quantity of the matter would make them too bulky, and he now thinks of extending it to three Vols of about 450 pages each. In this form it will be more acceptable to the booksellers—nor will it be necessary to disjoin the Books & Chapters.—The Map which you sent will be neatly lithographed & reduced to about half the size.—

The very liberal manner in which Murray has dealt with you, has been made public through the Boston Newspapers and will we think induce Cary to make proposals for the

edition.—I have advised your brother to let him have it at a liberal discount say 35 or 40 per Cent, which would still leave a clear gain of about $3000.

Cary's influence as a publisher is so potential, that it is desirable he should have the disposal of the work.—Like Murray he has become the proprietor of a quarterly Review—["] The Am: q[r] Review," which has been in existence for a year & has a very wide circulation.—Master Walsh is the Editor. Thus far he has been aided by some of our best writers & the review is pretty well kept up—He pays two dollars the page.—

Renwick has furnished an article for each of the numbers—one on Champollon—one on Shipbuilding—one on Egyptian Chronology & a short notice of Weights & Measures.—

He has another ready for the forthcoming March number, & proposes to prepare a review of your Work provided Walsh has room for it—this he will ascertain in a few days.

Should there be room left, the review will appear a short time before the Work itself, but a similar anachronism occurred in two articles on Scott's Napoleon which preceded the publication of the Work nearly six months. —Sir Walter's Book was greatly aided by the review & many thousand copies have been sold.

It will also be desirable to supplant Master Walsh in laying his unhallowed hands upon your Work; he is too vindictive to be trusted with the power of sitting in judgment upon you.—

I know that you disclaim all critical support but be assured that here, as in England, the public taste is very much influenced & governed by reviewers. Possibly I judge Walsh too harshly, but he has shewn in his last number how ungenerously he can avenge an old editorial grudge by a bitter condemnation of Carter's travels. Should his forth-coming number be already pre-

occupied you will have to stand over for the next.—

I was very much surprised to learn from your nephew that some caitiff had taken the trouble to annoy you by sending a collection of scraps of censure which have appeared in the news papers. Rely upon it, they were beneath your notice—I take upon myself to affirm that your character & pursuits are held by your countrymen in the most endearing estimation, and whenever I shall have the happiness of again welcoming you home, you will find my opinion confirmed to your hearts content.—

All our old friends are well—Paulding Kemble Ogden &c &c.—My wife & children are all as I could wish them.—My boys are growing up apace & promise fairly.—Our mode of life is quiet & domestic & the events of a day are succeeded by scarcely any novelty. I have been sadly perplexed for nearly three years past by an accidental involvement to

nearly the whole extent of my means—but by dint of exertion I think I shall escape without a heavy loss. First, I was misled into the purchase of a great number of lots on Stuyvesants meadows by a joint purchase under a belief that I was bound for only an eight[h] part of them—but owing to the insolvency of my copartners—nearly the whole purchase was left upon my hands, with the prospect of $30,000 loss—but the lots are beginning to acquire a value & I hope to get rid of the burthen without a great loss.—Next, I was caught with 40,000$ stock in the Bank of Montreal, thinking that the money could not be better placed. I had suffered it to remain for twelve years. Owing however to the failure of half a dozen of the old Scotch houses & the misconduct of the President (Mr Gerrard) in whom my confidence was unlimited, the affairs of the Bank became deeply involved and have remained so for nearly three years.—At present I have the prospect

of escaping with a loss of 20,000$.—The experience that I have gained is rather dearly bought, but I am content & shall endeavour to profit by it for the future.—

My father & mother are still in the enjoyment of health & contentment. The sole annoyance of the good old patriarch is the inroads of the Corporation who will persist in raising the value of his land by cutting it up into streets, & burthening him by assessments. The old Gentleman rebels & talks of the purity of the olden time, but is obliged to submit.—

D Lynch returned from Europe lately. His affairs are in disorder owing to an imprudent speculation in Brandy—but he hopes to retrieve them by a contract which he has made for 10 years of all the wine produced by the estate of Chateau Margaux. He has been figuring at the Court of the Lady Lieutenant in Dublin & sings us songs composed for him by Moore, all gaily as ever.—Luther Bradish has been elected to the Legislature by the

County of Franklin, being a large landed proprietor in that quarter—he seems highly pleased with his honors & I doubt not will do the State some service.

Paulding had the misfortune of losing one of his children last summer—he & Gertrude have been in deep distress by this sudden event.—He continues to live along in a quiet way, mixing seldom with society & occasionally producing a work of merit. He is a contributor to Walsh.—Kemble sticks close to his Foundry, which has now become a very extensive & profitable concern.

Renwick as you justly observe is making himself known by the depth & variety of his acquirements. He is a very able civil engineer, & is often employed in that line.—He writes for Brand's journal & is in close correspondence with Capt Sabine & other men of eminent scientific standing.—He has four children; three boys & a girl & lives very independently in the College.—His Mother is

just the same as you left her; the troubles of the world (of which she has had too large a share) have made little impression upon her.—Jane is married to a son of John Wilkes (a Lieut. in the Navy)—Agnes is engaged to be married to the Revd. Mr. Henry, a son of Mr. Henry the lawyer in Albany—John is married & lives on a farm—Bobie has just returned from the Western Country—to reside in N Y.—Wm. is a bachelor.

VerPlanck is a great Jackson man & sticks closely to his congressional duties—but he does not make a figure there. Your old fd. Randolph triumphs in the success of the Jackson cause.—He predicted last year that John the 2d. was only serving out the term of John the first, which is like to be prophetic. A few days ago, after escorting the new Speaker to the Chair he seized an Adams man by the arm & pointing to the Speaker, asked whether he did not perceive the handwriting upon the wall.—His health is exhausted.—

Little Cambreling is also a great man. Sam Swartwout is in hopes of becoming a great man—having been one of Jackson's sturdiest supporters.—Charles King has laboured hard for the Adams cause & has reaped no reward.—

The pugnacious character of our citizens still continues. Lately a Mr Barton of Phil: killed a Mr Graham at Hoboken in a duel, provoked by the latter—Graham was assistant editor to Noah & had made himself very obnoxious by his satire upon what Charles King foolishly called "good society." He was a man of great talents and had passed a life of adventure in England & mixed with all classes of society.—Since then Dr Hosack sent Cad Colden with a challenge to Dr Watts—which produced an apology. Yesterday—a challenge was sent by Mr Henry Eckford to Maxwell (the Dist Atty) the cause of which grew out of the late indictments for conspiracy—Maxwell very properly handed the challenge to the Police. Whether

the Shipbuilder intended to use the Broadaxe or the pistol I know not.—He is rather a mauvaise* sujet.—Our City is besett with Theatres—all of which seem to get on successfully.

The Ladies of ton give soirées every Tuesday & send their cards to their fds of fashion.—

My wife enjoins me to offer her kindest regards.—Pray give my affec^e remembrances to y^r brother Peter—

I am My d^r Irving

ever Y^s

H. Brevoort, J^r

Jack Nicolson is to return to the U States in the course of the Winter.

* *Sic.*

New York, May 31st 1828.

MY DEAR IRVING:—

I have received your letter dated Madrid 23rd february & have delayed answering it until I could speak confidently of the reception of your life of Columbus.—I can now assure you of its complete success.—The opinions of Chancellor Kent P A Jay W Johnston Prof: Moore Halleck & many others of the same class of readers place it in the first rank of historical compositions—They are struck with the dignity of your style—the depth of your researches—your clear & unbroken narrative of events & above all with the romantic interest which you have infused into every portion of the work.—All seemed gratified that the discoverer of the new world should have found a biographer, worthy of his fame, in one of its sons, & it is certain that you could not have employed your time & talents upon a happier subject, or on one of more dignified interest to readers in this quarter

of the globe. I do hope that this universal concurrence of opinion as to the value of your labours amongst us, will at once banish from your mind every feeling of distrust as to the kindness & cordiality of your countrymen; depend upon it my dr Irving that they are proud of your name and speak nobly of you.— If peradventure you should ever chance to see that notable criticism which preceded your work in Walsh's Review, it may account to you for the eagerness with which yr work is read; it being the united wisdom of three great writers—the introduction by yr humble servant—the criticism by Renwick & the extracts by Walsh.—

I understand from the Carvils that more than 2/3ds of the edition is sold; they are highly pleased with being the publishers & are very anxious to get possession of any future work from your pen.—Your brother, as he no doubt has informed you, has concluded with Cary a sale of all the copies of your former works,

at about the cost of printing—he has moreover sold to them the priveledge of printing & publishing them under certain conditions for the next seven years, for the annual payment of $600.—This arrangement I feel satisfied will please you—first you will be a gainer in money—second your writings, in their hands & under their management will be pushed into a much wider circulation amongst a new class of readers to whom they have hitherto been nearly inaccessible. It is thus that Cooper's Works have been made productive; had they been published in the shape that yours have been, they would neither have brought him bread nor reputation.—Besides your brother will be relieved from a great deal of labour & care.—

I take it for granted that you will have returned to France by the time this will arrive. We have accounts of the return of yr brother & that his health was mending.—I have little to tell you of my own affairs—

about a week since Mrs B brought into the world a daughter & I am happy to say is quite well. You see my dear fellow that my works are nearly as numerous as yours; whether they will live as long & be as kindly treated by the world is rather questionable.— One thing is certain, that I am determined this shall be the last.—

Paulding has a Work in the press, but I know not what the subject is.—His son Kemble & one of mine are great cronies & are in the same latin class—he is a very fine little fellow & bids fair to be as quaint & odd as his father. Gouv. Kemble is very rich—Capt Jack returned some time since from his five years cruise—he is as usual high in favour with the Ladies & has the entré to every family of distinction in the town of Gotham.—I cannot perceive that he is in the least changed—except that he talks rather ad libitum of the fine arts, genuine taste, &c, &c.—The Renwicks are as usual. My father & mother continue in the land of the

living. The old Gent^m^ has lately become much renowned—having cured the Earl of Huntingdon of dropsey by the use of a root called Indian Hemp (apocinum cannabinum). He would in the opinion of Hosack have died in twelve hours, had it not been for the hemp, which by the merest accident I happened to think of. It effected the same miracle on the old gentleman & a child of Renwick's, who was at the point of death of dropsey in the head. The poor Earl is very grateful—& sails for England today.—

Pray give my kindest regards to your brother & believe me my d^r^ Irving ever Y^s^

H. Brevoort, J^r^

NEW YORK, MARCH 30th 1829

New York, March 30th 1829.

MY DEAR IRVING:—

Believing that you will have returned from your long sojourn in Spain by the time this letter will reach France, I shall enclose it to your brother—I have received your letter dated the 24 December—The pirate had struck his flag, before the arrival of your Abridgement, and nothing delays its publication, but the time given by your brother to the Carvils, being unexpired—I mean the time given for the sale of the edition of the Life. Very few copies remain to be sold. I do not doubt that the Abridgement will have a very wide circulation; it will be an excellent school book. The Chronicle is waiting until news arrive of its being published in London. Cary has put forth a neat edition of your Works, which will bring them before a class of readers to whom they were, in a manner, a sealed book.—I do admire your perseverance & industry in digging up ore from those mines

of the Indias, to which you are so fortunate as to have access. You seem to my imagination like another Belzoni, working among the tomes—not tombs—in the cathedral library at Seville.

It is delightful to think of the enduring name that you have already acquired & the rapid advances which you are making, at the same time, towards independence.—

The enquiries you make about all our old friends, now fast approaching the yellow leaf, conveys an intimation, that you will return amongst them—Come when you will, you will find them true to you and ready to unite with you in renewing scenes of youthful enjoyment.—As to myself, I do believe, I might pass myself off *abroad*, for a fresh bachellor of 35—but the malice of my seniors delights in throwing some dozen years more over my head, in order to avenge themselves for the dilapidations of time—But the youngest of us, is, & ever will be, the Super-

cargo—he will be a boy at fourscore—He has lately been showing off under various disguises at the numerous masquerades which now infest this crack brained City.—Captain Jack has dissolved his bachellor's concern with William Bayard & come down to the lower part of the City—His days are passed in devotion to the ladies—he is in the bowels of every ones confidence—eating the good dinners & caprioling with the daughter of a score of wealthy burgomasters—falling in & out of love without wounding his amour propre, or lessening his rotundity a single inch. The latter evil is encreased, goes on encreasing, & ought to be diminished—and I verily believe Jack's happiness would be complete, if the gods would lessen his girth & reduce him within the limits of sentimentality.—But there are better men than Jack, whose troubles have been seated in the belly.—As to Paulding, he continues to lead a sort of Terrapin's life—sometimes when the sun

shines, he puts forth his head & walks up Broad Way but there is no use in striving to bring him into habits of social intercourse—they seem to have become irksome to him. Although we live within two hundred yards of each other, we might just as well be separated by so many leagues.—He writes Books, but they are the products of a mind at war with every thing—a mind too, that seems to have stood still, whilst all the world has been advancing in knowledge. So much so, as to have fairly outgrown him & the things that dwell in him.—Gouv: Kemble passes most of his time in the Highlands, occupied in his extensive manufacturing concerns.—He is the same good fellow that nature made him. William is the grand financier of those establishments, & bids fair to die as rich as old Astor—He seems to have been made of different material from the other members of the family, & I cannot say that I admire him or his talent.—The Professor is well &

often talks of you—so does his excellent mother—She looks nearly as well as when you left us—& her spirits are as good & her heart just as warm as ever.—

Master Sam: Swartwout, has just emerged from years of embarrassment & is to be made Collector in place of Thompson—Harry Ogden is to be his Cashier with a good salary, upon certain conditions.—I understand James A Hamilton, is to have the place of Consul in Paris.—The new Pres:* seems determined to provide for those who have bawled loudest in his praises—

God Bless you my dr fd

H. B. Jr

* *Andrew Jackson.*

New York, April 30th 1829.

MY DEAR IRVING:—

I wrote to you not long ago, under cover to your brother Peter.—Since then your brother Ebenezer has sold to the Messrs Carvill, for $6000 payable at reasonable periods, the right of publishing for five years, your Life of Columbus, as well as the Abridgement. The latter will soon appear in a neat octavo stereotyped, & the former, they are prepared to put to press so soon as a corrected copy is received from you.—A very small number of the copies of the first edition remain unsold.—I will briefly explain why your wishes were not complied with, and that the Carvills instead of Cary have become the purchasers.—You may remember when the MS of the Life was received by your brother, he offered the work to Cary & that he replied in so cold & discouraging a manner, that we were led to believe from some causes unknown to us, he was rather disposed to decline it, unless he

could obtain it upon his own terms.—In this dilemma the Carvills promptly came forward & purchased the edition, thus relieving your brother from any further bargaining on the part of Cary. No doubt he since regrets, that the work was permitted to slip from his hands, and it must be conceded that he has behaved very liberally in the purchases that he has subsequently made of your Works—but in this particular instance the blame lay solely with himself.—Now when the Carvills lately proposed for the second edition &c. your brother & myself held a consultation, & determined that it would be treating them illiberally to reject them without even naming a price; accordingly we fixed it at $6000 a price which we did not believe they would give, in which case we intended to let Cary have the Works; but to our surprise, the little men were not to be frightened, & very promptly concluded the purchase.

With this explanation I am certain you will

be reconciled with a departure from your wishes as to Cary—in fact, you must have done as we have done, had you been upon the spot, nor has Cary any cause to be dissatisfied.

As in the instance of the Conquest of Granada, the next work that you send your brother may be at once offered to Cary; but I cannot help thinking that it is bad policy on your part to restrict your brother to a single purchaser; competition will always encrease the price, without hazarding in the least, the success of your productions.—Nevertheless, I agree with you that Cary ought to become the purchaser in all cases in which he may be disposed to come up to the price demanded—I speak with reference to any of your future writings, for no better reason however than his being in possession of all of them excepting Columbus.—The Carvills are possessed of ample means, and their capacity to extend the circulation of your Works is hardly below Cary's.—

NEW YORK, APRIL 30th 1829

The Conquest of Granada, has just been published, and so far as I can learn, it is very much liked. It is beautifully printed (steriotyped) both in large & small paper & I doubt not it will have an extensive circulation.—

If you are not worn to the bone, I hope you have had strength left to write another work on the subject of American discovery & conquest—either a History of the Conquest of Cortes or Pisarro or both; it would be an admirable sequel to the Life of Columbus, and I think that you might then rest (for a time at least) from your labors & enjoy the rewards & enjoyments of your fame and your industry. —Send all your money to your brother & order him to invest in our safest securities & there let it remain—they are not only the safest but the most productive, & his prudence is fully competent to choose the most eligible securities.—

This is so much of a matter of fact business epistle that I have barely room to add that

my wife & my six children are very well & that I am as usual, rather tired of the sameness & want of variety excitment & all the rest, that beset the life of a man in this Merchant City.—

I wrote to your brother on the subject of Mr Beasely; and expressed my fears that some one of the *general's** friends would find means to be helped to his Consulate—I have heard nothing since, to alter my opinion on the subject.—He seems resolved to reward personal services without much regard to qualification.—

Sam Swartwout is the Collector—Noah—the inspector, James A Hamilton District Atty in place of John Duer—*his particular friend.* With many other appointments & removals from trifling offices—I hope Beasely has been able to show good cause at Washington why he ought to retain his office & that he has some powerful friend there to uphold

* *Pres. Jackson was often called by his military title.*

him.—Mr. M^cLean of Delaware is app^d envoy to the Court of S^t James—he is a very fine fellow & will do honor to his Country. Edward Livingston—has been offered M^r Brown's place with a given time to make up his mind on the subject.—I think he will accept, but it is doubtfull. He is now a Senator from Louisianna—rather aged—& not very rich, as M^r Montgomery's Estate, which is left to his daughter, does not promise to be very large.—I beg my kindest regards to your brother & am ever affectionately my d^r I

Y^s

H. B. J^r

Paulding will (it is said) keep his office.—

New York, May 31st 1829.

MY DEAR IRVING:—

About ten days ago your brother the Judge received a very polite letter from Mr Secretary Van Beuren in which he states it to be the intention of the government to offer you the appointment of Secretary of Legation in London, and is desirous of ascertaining whether you would accept the office.—The Judge & Ebenezer upon a thorough deliberation of the proposal were of opinion that you would not, or rather that you ought not to refuse, in which I entirely agree with them; accordingly an answer was written to the Honble Secretary to this effect,—and I think there is no doubt that the appointment will be made, unless a pledge be required for your acceptance, which your brothers probably would not think themselves authorized to make. When Van Beuren wrote the Letter, the Prest had not been consulted but as both Mc Lean (the Minister) and himself were desirous

of offering you the appointment he entertained no doubt that he would acquiesce so soon as they were enabled to state that it would be accepted.—Thus the matter stands at present, but as I am among those heretics who place no manner of reliance upon politicians & their promises, I wait to see the commission officially engrossed.—

I hope you will agree with us that it is not a thing to be rejected, especially as it is offered without any solicitation on your part, a point which I shall take good care to make known.—It is certain an honorable mark of confidence in you by the government, and they can have no possible design beyond that of manifesting to the world the high regard entertained by your Country for your character.—I do not know Mr. M^{c}Lean but I am well assured that he is a gentleman; his character & abilities are certainly of the first rank: it is not his intention (I am told) to carry out his family. He will probably embark in the Constellation

from Norfolk, in the beginning of July.—Should you be averse to the restraint which the duties of the office might impose upon you, you have an able assistant in your brother Peter, so that in truth it may be only a nominal affair. But after all there will be no obligation on your part to retain the office longer than a year, should you find it in any manner embarrassing or disagreeable. In short there appears to me every reason in favor of your taking the appointment and I earnestly hope you will see the matter in the same light that we do.

You may wonder after all how the devil Mr Secretary Van Beuren came to think of the thing, although in fact it was precisely what he ought to have thought of. But the idea did [not] originate in the capacious mind of the Secretary; it came from our jolly fd Jack Nicolson.—In writing a familiar epistle to his friend the high funcionary the worthy little fellow suggested that your appointment

to the office in question would redound to the honor & glory of the administration & his advice was acted upon forthwith.—

Jack is as usual, the very glass of fashion, & as usual believes himself to stand upon the very verge of matrimony, and although it is the hundred & ninety ninth time that he has believed himself to be in this perilous predicament I do believe that he is in more real danger in the present case, than in all his former escapes put together.—The Lady has not actually yielded, but her friends & advisers have signified intimations of a very alarming nature & I think the little man will be fairly enlisted for the rest of his days in the cares of working for posterity.—The Lady is in every respect a suitable match & has moreover some forty or fifty thousand dollars in the bargain.—

Harry Ogden is officiating as Cashier to the new Collector S Swartwout; but he tells me that he intends to take the first opportunity

of escaping from the slavery of his office & return to his old station at the Post Office.—

Paulding has just put forth a new work "Tales of the old Woman, by a doubtful Gentleman." It ought rather to have been "Tales by an old Woman" &c. He has certainly lost the art of writing; he seems to be troubled with a sort of mental dispepsia, every thing turns acid that passes through his mind —& yet Paulding is a man of genius.

I take it for granted that after working up your Spanish materials, you mean to rest from your labors.—I hope it is your intention to follow the track of American discovery & perform for Cortes &c what you have done for Columbus. Having done so, you will have an unquestioned right to do as you please & to write when you please in which case I should not be surprized if you were to produce a work of greater merit than any that you have written.—

The Papers say that Beasley's place is to

be given to a Mr Winchester of Baltimore & that Frank Ogden will certainly get the Consulate at Liverpool.—

The Ship that is to carry out Mr McLean (it is said) will carry out Mr Rives & his family—to France. Mr Rives is a personage rather distingué in the circle at Washington; he is a very sensible little man, but cannot speak French.—Lee—that scape grace formerly of our acquaintance—is to be the Consul at Algiers—It must be confessed that his qualifications, are well fitted to please that kindred potentate.—

We—that is my Wife & the six children are quite well.—We intend to pass the season at Northampton in Massachusetts in order to be near the two boys, who are placed at the Round Hill School.*

I am happy to tell you that my troubles in Montreal Bank Stock & sunken lots of ground are nearly at an end—having sold the last,

* *George Bancroft and J. G. Cogswell were the principals.*

and being about to sell the first which is now at par.—

Ever my dr Irving Ys

H. B. Jr

New York, November 6th 1829.

MY DEAR IRVING:—

I beg to make you acquainted with the bearer Mr S F B Morse, a gentleman for whom I entertain very cordial feelings of regard.—He is, as you probably know, one of our best painters & has essentially contributed both by the aid of his pencil & his pen to advance the state of the arts among us.

The National Academy of design in New York is an institution which has done much good, although its name is rather pompous. Mr Morse was the founder of it & continues to be its president—he has for several years delivered courses of lectures to a large class of artists & students on the theory & practice of his art, which, with the annual exhibition of works by native artists have produced highly beneficial effects. He has moreover claims upon my kindness, from his being a fellow member of a little club of intelligent individuals who are in the habit of meeting at each

others houses for social & conversational purposes. His design in revisiting Europe is to pass into Italy & devote a twelvemonth to the study & imitation of the best Masters & to gather new materials for his courses of lectures.—He expresses a strong desire to become acquainted with you, & I think you will find him to be an amiable and intelligent man.—

The last letter that I received from you was dated Alhambra May 23d. Since then I have heard of your progresses & of your safe arrival in London. By the reports of persons who saw you in Paris, you were looking in fine health, (& one Lady writes) younger than you did when she last saw you in New York!—

I think you did right in accepting the place offered to you so handsomely by the Govt but it grieves me to think that by doing so, your intention of coming home must now be postponed. If you find your official duties irk-

some, there can be no obligation on your part to continue in the performance of them longer than a twelvemonth, and if you really intend to cross the Atlantic, I hope you will see fit to resign after that period, or obtain leave of absence for an indefinite period.—I am very anxious to hear from you in London & to learn how you are pleased.—Everybody here, thinks you ought to have been the Minister.

We returned to the City about a month ago, after passing the summer months in Northampton & Newport rather agreeably.

Mr. Tavish was here lately, to send his oldest son in the charge of Capt Rogers, to be placed at some great Catholic school near Liverpool—All the members of our old society, including Governor Johnston, dined together at Paulding's and drank to your health and prosperity.

Poor Paulding was detained nearly the whole of the summer at Washington to give

testimony in the case of a Doctor Watkins. He would have resigned his office if he could have afforded the sacrifice.—Harry Ogden is still in the Custom House—Kemble is at Washington—Renwick busy in the election of a new president for Columbia College in the room of Dr. Harris recently deceased.—I wish he could be the man—but Judge Wm. Duer, with a wife & ten children wants the place & his friends, I think, will have influence enough to obtain it. The only competitor at present is the senior Prof: Dr. McVicar, who I believe is willing to discharge the duties of both offices without any augmentation of salary, for the good of the Institution.

Your brother Ebenezer is very well. He had a fall from his Horse, some weeks since which might have been a very serious business —as it was, he escaped with some contusions, but no material injury.—

Pray give me some news of the literati & what they are doing in London. I am anxious

to see Moore's Life of Byron & I hope his memory will be able to reproduce all that was good of that extraordinary creature's autobiography.—

ever my dr I devotedly Ys

H. B.

(I inclose an Epistle from Capt Jack. His love affair, as usual, evaporated in smoke.—)

New York, March 23d 1830.

At last my dear Irving I have made up my mind to revisit Europe, and am busily engaged in placing my affairs upon such a footing, as may enable me to remain abroad for two three or four years, unless I find things there very different from what I am prepared to expect. Our present intention is to take our departure in the Havre packet of the 10th May & proceed directly to Paris.—

My children are now sufficiently advanced in life to be benefited by a residence in Europe, & we ourselves, have not yet passed that melancholy crisis of existence when novelty ceases to be enjoyment. As to myself I might affect to believe that the period is still very distant, but I am unwilling to trust to such a hazardous delusion.—I am tired with the sameness of this nutshell circle of existence, & unless I break from it now, I shall be doomed to walk in it to the end of my days.

To my poor Wife, a change of residence

cannot fail to be attended with the most desirable consequences—besides the novelty of seeing Europe, it is a positive blessing to escape from the thraldom of the nursery & kitchen in this free & independent City.—So that you perceive my dear Irving that we have convinced ourselves by a very impartial course of reasoning that it would be folly to postpone our expedition to a period when we should be no longer capable of enjoying it.

Our first object will be to place the children in the best possible manner.—The boys are now past the age of ten & eleven & are pretty well advanced in latin &c, with some knowledge of french.—As you are no doubt able to give me advice on this subject, I need not tell you [how] glad I shall be to receive it.—The girls are all younger—the eldest about nine, & so downwards to the age of two years.—

I cannot tell how long after our arrival,

it may be in my power to have the gratification of taking you and your brother Peter by the hand—it certainly shall not be long happen what may—

Possibly you may be disposed to come over to Paris, but at all events we hope to be in England sometime in the approaching summer.—My mother in law Mrs Carson is to accompany us, and I am under a promise to take her to visit her native land as soon as our affairs will permit. She has brothers residing in London—the elder (?) Mr. Gilbert Neville Neyle, is or was a lawyer, & I believe has his apartments at Lincoln's inns. He was formerly chairman of the Stamp Office.

Mrs C has not seen him since she left England, a period of some thirty or forty years past.

Before we take our departure I will write to you again—Moore's life of Byron has been published about a week—it is very much liked & promises to have a great run.—

NEW YORK, MARCH 23d 1830

My Wife begs to present her regards to you.— ever affy Ys

H. B. Jr

Mrs Brevoort begs me to thank your brother & to say that the veil is all that could be wished.

Paris, June 17th 1830.

MY DEAR IRVING:—

We arrived here on the 8th & both our voyage to Havre & journey here were performed without a single disagreeable incident. I have been incessantly employed since our arrival in visiting & examining schools & until yesterday I could find none that pleased me.—I hope in a few days to settle the children & afterwards to be more at leisure. I have two boys of my own, and a third, the son of our friend James King—and three girls, to dispose of.—The moment I am rid of my cares I will think of some plan of living—at present we are at the Hotel de Hollande Rue de la Paix.—The weather since our arrival has been cold & wet—so that the first impression of things in this noisy capital has been any thing but pleasing upon Mrs B and her Mother.—Would that you & Peter had been here to comfort us!—

I received yr letter by Dr de Butts & he came with us in the S Boat to Rouen—since

then I have not seen or heard from him. The great Christopher Heye is here, and has given me very agreeable accounts of you. Capt Jack Nicolson came with us—he is lo[d]ged in the Hotel with Mr Bremner in the Rue d' Artois & seems to have entered into the full enjoyment of all the good things of Paris.

Young Mr Storrow has very kindly assisted me in finding suitable schools for the children & the Ladies of his family seem very amiably disposed to those of mine.—

I wish it were in my power, to set forward within the hour to join you in London. Nothing could contribute so much to my happiness as the pleasure of once more meeting you—but at present I see no prospect of doing so. Possibly you may be at liberty to visit Paris shortly.—Pray write to me at your leisure. My kindest regards to Peter. I am

My dear I

ever Affy Ys

H. Brevoort, Jr

Pray address to Messrs Willis & Co.—I wrote a line to you on Monday, but it seems that is was not in time for the B[*ritish*] Amb: [*assador's*] dispatches.

Paris, July 8th 1830.

MY DEAR IRVING:—

We are now comfortably settled in the lodgings N° 14 Boulevard Montmartre, lately occupied by Mr & Mrs Codman.—They are small but Mrs Brevoort thinks she can give you very humble accommodation & desires that you will upon your arrival, take a look at a little bit of an apartment that she has at yr disposal.—We have an indifferent cook & content ourselves with ordinary fare; and the entire seclusion in which we live, will exactly suit your views of retirement.—Pray let me know as early as possible when you* may expect you to arrive here.

Mrs Carson is disposed to postpone her visit to England until the Autumn, and Mrs B is unwilling to leave here† in Paris alone. I am therefore not disposed to let the season pass away without stirring about a little.—It would exactly suit me to make an

* *This, of course, should be "we."* † *Her.*

excursion to Switz[d] & the Rhine & return to Paris through the Neitherlands,* stopping only to see a few principal objects, so as to perform the tour within the period of six weeks.—Of course I am resolved to stay here, rather than travel alone. Might not this scheme prove agreeable to you, and if so, it would give me the greatest happiness to pass so much of our time together.

The boys & two of the girls are now at school.—We have left at home two little girls of 2 & 4 years old.—I see that time will be required before we can become reconciled to our new mode of life and forget what we have left at home.

I regret that the life you been obliged to adopt, proves at variance with your taste & inclination. I was afraid that official nonsense & stupidity would disgust you, but the time cannot be distant when you will be free. By this time, it must be pretty well ascer-

* *Sic!*

tained that our commercial relations with England cannot be put upon the footing we desire—and your most excellent chief will be glad to be released from a station, which on many accounts, must have proved very comfortless and perplexing.—But when we meet, these things can all be talked over at our leisure and we may be permitted to indulge ourselves in speculating upon the future, by building a snug castle in some retired part of the good State of New York, where we may glide quietly down the stream of life together, sheltered from all annoyances.—In these visions, your brother Peter is of course entitled to a full participation.

I am not at all surprised at his preference to France. The formality & sulkiness of John Bull in the midst of his cloudy capital, must present a sad contrast to the sans soucie* habits & enjoyments of France.—I saw Mr Goodhue yesterday for a few moments; he

* *Sic!*

gave me good accounts of you.—Jack Nicolson is at lodgings in the same House with Mr Bremner No. 10 rue d' Artois—he has exhausted nearly all the sights of Paris & talks of a journey to Italy.—He has received attentions from some of the magnates here, which has proved a great comfort to his notions of enjoyment. As he cannot speak one word of French, he has provided himself with a manual in which french words are tortured into english sounds, & he fancies that he gets along pretty well.—The weather has become more settled, it does not now rain more than twice or three times a day, which must be Paradise compared with London.

With my kindest regards to your brother I am my dear Irving most affecy Ys

Henry Brevoort Jr

Paris, September 25th 1830.
Nº 14 Boulevard Montmartre.

MY DEAR IRVING:—

Mrs Carson is very much troubled in not being able to obtain satisfactory information of her brother Mr Gilbert N Neyle.—The answer to the letter which you were the bearer of, merely states that he was absent from London on account of ill health, but says nothing further.—Now if you can spare the time, I beg you will call at his residence Nº 35 Upper Harley Street, and let him know that his sister has addressed two letters to him since her arrival in Paris & is desirous of knowing whether they have been received; but should he not have returned, I wish you would devise some means of ascertaining where he is & how a letter should be addressed to reach him. It will not I think, be difficult to find some person of his acquaintance in London as he must be well known.—He has held the place of Chairman of the Stamp Office

& until within the last two or three years, has constantly resided at his own apartments Nº 11 New Buildings Lincoln's Inn.—He must therefore be known to many persons of the profession, especially as he has been extensively engaged as a conveyancer for nearly forty years past.—

If your engagements will not permit you to make these inquiries, pray employ someone to exert his best endeavours to do so.

Your brother has not yet arrived.—Mr. Storrow thinks he is at Havre.

We have seen Mr & Mrs Mc L & would have been glad to have seen more of them, but they have been so fully occupied in going the rounds, that it has only been possible to get a glance at them.—

Political affairs here seem by no means settled, a change of the Ministry is on the eve of taking place—and the people seem resolved upon obtaining some direct & immediate benefit from *their* revolution—thus

far, they have been rather depressed by it.— I fear the public men are by no means equal to discharge the duties that have devolved upon them & that many changes must take place before affairs may assume an air of tranquillity.—

We all desire to be remembered to you and I am

My dr Irving

ever Ys

H. Brevoort Jr

Paris, January 4th 1831.

MY DEAR IRVING:—

There is an American lady here, a Mrs. Brooks from the island of Cuba with an Epic poem and a letter of introduction to you from Mr. George Barclay.—She has set her heart upon submitting her cantos to your inspection and it was her intention to present them in person, but having changed her purpose of crossing the Channel in the winter season, her brother Mr. Gowan is to take them in charge to be delivered to you. I was induced to call upon her at the pressing instance of Mr. Cooper, who seems much interested in promoting her views, and finding her bent upon appealing to your judgment, I yielded to her urgent request to write you a line in behalf of her poem.—

I endeavoured as delicately as possible to repress her hopes of immortality & told her that she overrated your influence with the publishers who were generally a very hard hearted race of men, but all to no purpose.—She

declares her object to be fame rather than lucre, and indulges the hope that you may find her Epic worthy of being placed in the hands of some eminent bibliopole, who will undertake to usher it into the world in an appropriate manner.—

Now as it is well known that you are often called upon by our aspiring countrymen to lend them your aid in producing their tragedies upon the boards of old Drury, or in procuring for them the honors of the Royal Society, I cannot doubt your willingness in promoting the humble designs of Mrs B, or rather Sylvia Occidentalis which I think is the name she assumes in the title page of her Epic.—

We are all pretty well, anxiously looking for the epoch of our family troubles & the return of spring—Mrs Brevoort desires me to be kindly remembered & little Metie begs to wish you a happy New Year.—Mr Beasley has carried away your brother to Havre much to our regret.—I dined with them the day previous to their departure and was glad to

find your brother in good spirits & much recovered from his severe attacks of headaches. I have very little Parisian news to offer. Capt Jack had the honor of being presented to the Royal Family on New Year's day in grand costume; his reception was very gracious. —We have been much amused with the manner in which Madame Malibran has received her husband who arrived some weeks since from New York full of loyal affection for his cara sposa.—It seems that the Lady being otherwise provided, refused to admit her legal lord, and resolved to obtain a divorce forthwith.—She took council from Alderman Rosevelt, but finding him unable to assist her intentions, she placed herself under the advice & protection of General Lafayette, who at her suggestion carried her to the Hotel of Mr Rives in the hope that our government had entrusted him with powers to redress her grievance.—It is only a short time since that she could be persuaded to reappear at the

Opera—but still persists in keeping the Monsieur at arms length & will not suffer his approaches under any pretext whatever.—

You must have observed the unceremonious manner in which the Chamber of Deputies legislated the old general out of his great office.—Although he seemed to yield with the best possible grace in laying down the command of the National Guards, it is certain that his pride has been mortified & his feelings deeply wounded.—The Citizen King attempted to soothe matters by offering to him the title of honorary Commander in Chief of the N G for life, to which the veteran "of the two hemispheres" replied—"How would your Majesty be pleased with the title of honorary King of the French"—Mrs G W Lafayette says that the gratitude of America survived fifty years, while that of France became extinct in five months.

I have not heard from you since 2d of November—pray write & tell me how you

are. Has your little volume been published—it has not reached Paris. Ever my dear Irving affectionately Ys

H. B.

Paris, March 7th 1831.

MY DEAR IRVING:—

The shattered state of my nerves barely permits my hand to guide the pen, or I would have told you before of my happy deliverance from the misery that has embittered so many of the best years of my existence.—The *cause* is completely irradicated, and I begin to realize the belief of enjoying a total exemption from suffering for the remainder of life, but it requires time to restore my system to a healthy action. My recovery has been a good deal retarded by the necessity of undergoing a second operation about three weeks after the principal one.—I can now walk a mile or two without bearing about me the intolerable burthen which not only preyed upon my spirits but was wearing out my constitution. When we next have the happiness of meeting I hope both my outward & my inward man will exhibit to you an entire renovation. Thus far for myself—the second chapter of events

thank God—has not been less fortunate. I am rejoiced to tell you that my wife gave birth to a fine frenchman—about two weeks ago & is now nearly recovered from her pains & penalties.

I hope your health is now reistablished & that the term of your bondage is near at hand. Our present design is to pass the summer in Switzerland leaving Paris early in July. Why not join us? I do not believe that you could dispose of two months more agreeably.—

The state of public affairs is so lowering that one cannot form any project beyond the autumn—by that time I think the crisis will have passed & we may be enabled to look a little into the future.—I am resolved to see Italy before I return to the U States, but I fear my wife will not be able to make up her mind to leave the elder children in Paris & to take them with us would be highly injurious. I would be glad to send them into Spain for six or eight months, but who can I get in whom

I should place confidence to take charge of them.—Nicolson must have arrived in London, and the opening of his volume will supersede any remarks that I might otherwise make on public affairs.—Tell him that I received his letter from Brussels & that I wish him all manner of enjoyment during his sojourn in England.

My mind like yours is engrossed with the great events now in progress throughout Europe.

No reliance can be placed upon the present state of affairs here.—The Government is too feeble to stand long & every change will tend towards anarchy.—The higher & middle classes of frenchmen are too vicious to appreciate the blessings of a free Government.—The Stocks have had a terrible fall to-day & it is believed that the fall is owing to some news that has not yet been suffered to transpire. The commerce & the industry of France are almost ruined & the depressed state of her

funds shews plainly enough that those who possess the wealth of the nation have no confidence in the existing state of things. The Govt will not be able to make a loan, nor to even negociate the bon[s] royals much longer, unless public confidence is restored.—An issue of paper money is far from being an improbable resort, especially in case of war.—It seems pretty well understood that the Govt is resolved to put down any fresh disturbance in Paris by force of the bayonet & a large body of troops of the line are collected, as it is believed, for that purpose.—The Poles are fighting gallantly, but I fear in vain.—The Italian insurrection is spreading and gaining force.—But the question that interests me most at this moment is the fate of the Reform bill.—If it passes I think it will infuse fresh blood into the veins of old England & have a happy influence upon the affairs of the whole world. England under the direction of her corrupt oligarchy has been the great disturber

of the world for more than half a century.—But I fear the Bill will not be carried. In that case the reformers will be led forward by the élite of the kingdom & revolution must follow. The supporters of the bill labour under the great difficulty of not being able to lay before the house the actual state of the case, but thus far they have the advantage in argument against their opponents. None of the speeches however are distinguished by an extensive grasp of mind. They do not remind one of those giants of old Burke Fox Pitt, &c.—I hope Jeffrey will do justice to the high character which he so justly in my opinion merits. Mr. Baring (I suppose) cannot get his peerage from the present Ministry.—Pray write to me on the subject—any and every sort of intelligence.—What a tower of strength the Ministry have lost in Brougham.—

I am a lover of peace—and my prayer is that the cause of national freedom may triumph throughout the world.—The impulse

that has been given to it by the late events must prevail.—

You have done enough for the poem & I beg you will give yourself no further trouble about it, or its author.—

We have taken lodgings for the next four months at 62 Rue du Faubourg St Honorê—a little above the Hotel of the British Ambassador, on the opposite side of the street. They are very comfortable & we shall have plenty of room.—

Mrs B & Mrs Carson present their best regards.—The little ones bear you in remembrance.—They all chatter french with more facility than I do.—

I fear my hand writing will puzzle you.—ever affecty Ys

H. B.

Paris, June 30th 1831.

MY DEAR IRVING:—

I returned from Italy about two weeks since, quite reistablished in health & most happy in finding my wife & the little people well.—The rapidity of my journey, extending to Naples & Pæstum, prevented me from having much communication with the living. I however found time to see nearly all that remains of the dead and to fill my mind with a new world of associations for future reflexion. So entirely had I become absorbed by lofty speculations upon the olden time that a return to the common realities of life quite disturbed my sensibilities. Ten days suffering by the Grippe or influenza soon made me sensible of my mortal responsibilities & levelled all my grand dreams of antiquity. Every one of us in turn yielded to this vile distemper—with the exception of Mrs C, who is still severely indisposed, we are all getting well.

My personal adventures in Italy possess no

sort of interest.—I met with some of the Bull family with whom I associated very agreeably and was particularly fortunate in being preceded everywhere by that ready reckoner the Marchioness of Connyngham who established a tariff at the Inns very advantageous to my purse.—I am now preparing to set out in quest of fresh adventures in a tour through Switzerland & down the Rhine; my chief object is to give my poor wife a holiday from domestic cares.—We shall take our departure in about a week, leaving Mrs Carson in charge of the two youngest children the elder ones being all at school. Upon our return, about the middle of September, I have projected a visit of a month to England with Mrs Brevoort & Mrs Carson, after which we will sit down quietly for the winter in Paris.—I have received a letter from our friend Jack Nicolson recounting his exploits in the United Kingdom & announcing his speedy departure for America. The little man appears to have

enjoyed himself to the very extent of his faculties & returns home happy in having passed his year abroad amidst such stirring events.

So you are now left sole guardian of our nation's honor and welfare *near* his gracious Majesty's Court of St. James! I imagine you are not ambitious of being burdened with these mighty responsibilities & that you look forward impatiently for the time when you will be released from diplomatic bondage.— Who will succeed you?—

I hope Mr. McLane will accept his appointment. His wisdom will go far in helping to steer the vessel of state in a safe course.—

Pray write me a line & let me know whether your brother Peter has or is to join you.—

All is quiet in Paris, but I fear war with Russia cannot long be avoided. Mrs. Brevoort & Mrs Carson desire to be remembered to you & I am ever most affy. Ys.

H. B.

Who is the writer of the article in the Quarterly on Moore's Life of Byron. Poor Byron. The odour of his deeds in Venice is as fresh as ever; everyone has some tale to rehearse disgraceful to his name. I was however much pleased with a highly characteristic trait of his feeling at Ferrara told to me by an eye witness who accompanied him in his first visit to what is called the prison of Tasso. Upon entering this damp dungeon he gave orders to be left undisturbed & actually passed an hour & a half in solitary contemplation.—

I was much pleased with the article (yours I presume) on Slidell's book—It was well merited & cannot fail to please him.—

I forgot to tell you what I know must interest you, that *our* fds the Douglas are here, committing daily atrocities against decorum, with the most entire unconsciousness of design. We keep as clear of them as possible. Mr C* is here, the Jupiter Tonnans† of

* *James Fenimore Cooper.* † *Sic.*

his little circle of hearers & admirers. His book is nearly finished. The principal scene of action is laid at Venice which will enable him to display his nautical lore. But his main object, he declares to be, the striking a blow at the aristocracy of England, through that of Venice. He and Paulding will never rest until they have laid that old sinner England upon her back, exposed to the derision of the whole world. It is an enterprise worthy of Don Quixotte.

Paris, July 8th 1831.

MY DEAR IRVING:—

I wrote to you a few days since by the Amb:s bag.—You have probably heard the particulars of the Treaty of indemnity signed on the 4th with the F Government, but as Mr R* called yesterday and communicated the principal points contained in it, I think you will be glad to receive intelligence from official authority.

The F G engages to pay us twenty five millions of francs as a compensation in full for all claims arising from Sequestrations Confiscations Captures Burning property at Sea & Condemnations in Port. Payment is to be made in six equal annual installments bearing interest at the rate of four per centum from the date of the ratification, which will, with the principal augment the indemnity to about Twenty eight Millions and a half.—Claims of our citizens for supplies to the F Govt

* *W. C. Rives, the American Minister.*

at St Domingo are not included in this amount.

The Treaty prescribes no principle of distribution amongst the claimants, either by a pro rata payment or otherwise. This point was designedly left open in order that our Govt might be enabled to distinguish those claims especially entitled to a full liquidation from those of a less meritorious character. But it is the opinion of Mr R grounded upon documents in his possession & unpublished despatches to our Govt by Mr Gallatin, that the sum to be received will be sufficient to pay every bona fide claim arising from the causes before enumerated.—It fully appears from those authorities that the Antwerp, Holland & St Sebastian claims, including those for property burnt at Sea do not exceed in amount the sum of Fourteen Millions—& that the claims for condemnations in violation of public law & existing treaties, will not upon strict investigation be found to exceed Fifteen

Millions.—Indeed most of these claims have all along been considered hopeless, as a great portion of them are well known to be for the property of aliens covered by Am: names & documents—but it has been the obvious policy of our Govt to swell the total amount to as large a nominal sum as was possible.—

The Beaumarchais claim is to be settled in full by the payment of one & a half Millions of fs but as it has no connexion with the other claims it will probably be liquidated separately.

The F Govt agree to relinquish all claims & obligations arising from their construction of the 8th article of the Louisiana Treaty, upon condition, subject to the will of congress, that French Wines shall be admitted by us at a reduced rate of duty for a period of ten years.

As an equivalent, they stipulate for the admission of our long staple Cotton at a rate

of duty not higher than that now imposed upon the short staple Cotton.

Those are the essential points embraced in the Treaty & it can hardly be doubted that when the many difficulties standing in the way are known & understood Mr R's services will justly entitle him to the gratitude of his country.—The ability with which he has discharged his trust may be estimated by comparing the sum to be obtained with that reported by the Commission of the Deputies which was only ten millions of frs—A very mistaken idea has prevailed in the U States that the late revolution was an event favourable to the recovery of our claims, more especially as our fd Lafayette might have it in his power to interpose his influence in obtaining their adjustment under the new Govt But the truth is, that with the best dispositions in our behalf the old General has never had any real influence & even if he had possessed it, any overtures from him would

have been regarded with distrust as coming from one anxious to requite obligations & predisposed to our interests.—He has in fact had nothing to do either directly or indirectly in the settlement of our differences.

The Mission of Mr. R has been one of continued vexation & anxiety, and has given him a sufficient taste of diplomacy for the remainder of his life. He assures me that although he has for months retired in despair, he always arose with fresh hopes of success resolved by untiring perseverance to accomplish his task.—He had nearly brought matters to a conclusion under the old Govt— This fact has been a prevailing argument in his negociations with the existing Govt, but he has found them by no means so ready to admit the injustice of the acts of the Imperial Spoiler,* as their predecessors.—

In short the worthy little Minister seems like one relieved from a burthensome disease—

* *Napoleon Bonaparte.*

& indeed he had almost worn himself into a consumption by the disappointments the anxieties & the vexations that beset him in his negociations with this crafty Republican Monarchy.—

He intends to recreate himself by a visit to England & anticipates much pleasure in renewing his acquaintance with you, which happened some sixteen years ago whilst we were the subjects of the Dowager Mad. Bradish.—

We are busily employed in preparations for our journey to Switzerland & intend to set out for Geneva tomorrow afternoon, being all recovered from the influenza.—

Renwick has written to you about the embryo tome, which I hope you will be able to dispose of to some of the Bibliopoles in London.—

I forgot to mention upon my return from Italy that I have *convinced myself* of the originality of my Madonna.—If the Madonna

del Gran duca in the Pitti Palace is by the hand of Raphael mine is most assuredly, though differing in composition, of the same family, & fully equal to it in every point of excellence.—I wish Newton could see it.—To possess a fine picture by Raphael I know is reckoned a little extravagant, but as mine was found at Angostura, where it had been known time out of mind in the possession of a Spanish family of rank reduced to poverty by the revolution, the probabilities in favor of its originality are much encreased. All the Connoisseurs have confirm[ed] my opinion.—By the by I gave a line of introduction to a very agreeable young German some time ago, which he will present to you within ten days. He is every way worthy of y^r. acquaintance & will not require any troublesome civilities.

M^rs B begs her remembrance to you & y^r. brother & I am ever my d^r. I Y^s.

H. B.

PARIS, JULY 8th 1831

I saw Kenny's exposition in the Lit: Gazette; it deserves to be printed on silk & framed as a phisyological curiosity.

PARIS, MARCH 25th 1832

Hotel de Hollande, 16 Rue de la Paix.
March 25th (1832).

MY DEAR IRVING:—

Mrs Carson leaves us tomorrow malgré the cholera on a visit to her brother, No. 35 Upper Harley Street. We have some idea of following her early in May to spend a month in England.

I have recd a letter from Renwick (feb 18) He observes that he had paid Col A's* bill of exchange for the postage of his MS but had heard nothing further of his offspring. I suppose it arrived at Liverpool during Ogden's absence. He fears you will not be able to find a publisher. It has occurred to me that a reference to Capt Edw: Sabine (the Sec: of the Royal Society) might be of use. He is a particular fd of the Professor's & entertains a very high idea of his talents & requirements. But I fear he is in Ireland.—

Does your friend Mr Rich undertake to

* *Col. Thomas Aspinwall.*

purchase books at the London public sales? If so, at what rate of commission—I may want a couple of hundred volumes, not rare ones, and I am unwilling to pay the book-selling prices. Pray mention my name to him & my project, that I may call upon him if I go to London.—

I saw you brother yesterday.—We are as usual. Monsieur Fellenberg writes very encouragingly of our little boys—they have he says, conquered the elementary difficulties of the german language.—I hope to see them in the course of the summer & unless anything happens to change my mind, I will leave them in Switzerland for three years. I presume that you are still with Mr. Van Buren. His rejection by the Senate surprised me. It was a bold party step, but instead of crushing him it will only aid & advance his political views after the existing excitement has subsided.—The grounds of accusation assumed by his opponents were not sustained, nor would

they have been brought forward against any other nomination. I am no party man & hate the savage warfare that is waged by our politicians. I think therefore that I am the better able to judge of this transaction with impartiality. Everyone will appreciate the motives which led to his rejection.

I hope he will not return without paying a visit to the *faderland*. I can venture to assure him that he will be highly gratified.— Our entertaining chargé at the Hague told me that the Minister Verstolk of foreign affairs enquired particularly about Mr Van Buren's dutch name & claimed him as a descendant. It seems the Minister is very proud of the ancient colony of New Neitherlands.—

I saw Mr Van Buren's son several times whils't he was in Paris.—He went to Naples under the escort of your admirer* the Red Rover, who has gone to bother Sir W Scott

* *Miss Douglass.*

with her homage. I do not think Mr J V B* is in much danger of being devoured by that she abomination.

We have here a genuine specimen of a character only produced in the United States. His name is Carr & he has the appointment of Consul from the U S. at the Court of Monnaco.† He has been in Paris these three months spending his outfit somewhat like a sailor who has received the wages of a long cruise.—I would not be in the least surprised if he were to find his way into St Pelagé.—He is a tall gaunt Randolph looking figure, full of strange oaths which he utters lolling upon two or three chairs. He has killed two or three of his compatriots in duels & talks with perfect nonchalance of putting a man to death. I have only seen him once at our neighbor Mr. Pringlis, but have been afraid of making his acquaintance lest he might eat me.—I never saw such a mixture of the bar-

* *John Van Buren.* † *Sic!*

barian & fine gentleman.—He has a taste for coins medals & pictures & has already purchased a collection.—He has caused a gold & silver medal to be struck; the first is intended to commemorate his marriage & upon the one side himself & his wife are represented kneeling before an altar, their hands united; the motto happiness & fidelity—on the reverse, is a sort of monogram formed with the initial letters of their names by which it is to be understood that a P has been turned into C. The silver medal is in honor of the birth of his daughter. —Paris he assured me was, to a man who has become thoroughly acquainted with it, the seat of the arts. "Everything Sir may be got in this City from a penny whistle to a german flute. I might have bought two venuses upon copper by *Ty*tian for fourteen hundred francs; perhaps they were copies, but they were just as good as originals."— He has left cards for many of the distinguished parisians, with his name & functions printed

in arabic which language he is studying for the court of Monacco. Mrs C is a very beautiful woman the daughter of a Judge Polk of Maryland.—She eloped with the Consul from a boarding school at the age of thirteen, carrying under her arm her school-books.—They give soirées & are in the most fashionable society that masked balls can afford.—But I think I have given you quite enough of him.

Mrs B has received a letter from a friend in New York giving an account of the sayings & doings of the fashionable world—a grand ball had just been given by some distinguished foreigners, at which several of our leading matrons presided under the style of "Lady patronesses."

Lynch has succeeded in forming a very agreeable musical club, but as he limited the number of subscribers to only two hundred, it is thought too exclusive & the worthy don has been placarded for his

pains in getting up an elegant source of amusement.—

I do not ask when you have appointed to leave England, as I imagine you have not been able to fix upon the exact period.—Mrs B desires to be remembered & I am faithfully

Ys H. B.

FONTAINEBLEAU, JULY 28th 1832

Fontainebleau, July 28th, 1832.

MY DEAR IRVING:—

Although I have little to communicate, I cannot deny myself the pleasure of writing and rejoicing with you upon your arrival, and reception in the land of our nativity.—

The festival was a glorious burst of public freedom, and in reading an account of it, I fancied myself seated at the table, mingling with our loyal friends & townsmen in cheering & greeting your long expected return. I felt all alive to the delicacy of the position in which their kindness had placed you, and I doubted whether your nerves would carry you through a public speech, upon an occasion so trying—but go to, you are an orator, & may now aspire to the dignity of bourgo-master in Gotham!—No doubt you would have taken the will for the deed, to escape the pains & penalties which your illustrious doings had imposed upon you; but your misgivings of my gentle public, I think, fairly merited

this infliction of a triumph; and for once in your life I was not sorry to find you compelled to perform a part so repugnant to your nature.—

A letter from your brother Peter informs me that you were at Washington, and that you and your friend Newton had projected a grand summer tour. Would it were possible to join you!—I should propose setting off from Montreal in a bark canoe, and a dozen sturdy Canadian voyageurs, up the Utawa or Grand River, to the grand portage, by Lakes Huron & Superior. Thence return to Mackinak, & the Mississippi, by Lake Michigan; thence down to the mouth of the Ohio, & up that river to Pittsburg, & so onward to Lake Erie, and Niagara—making sundry detours in the course of the route. At Niagara we might rest awhile, & then take a fresh departure. My imagination is often haunted by past scenes of wild adventure, and lonely grandeur, in those regions of future empire; and I

should dearly like to live them over again with you.—All other modes of travelling are naught to that of the bark canoe; it unites every variety of comfort & pleasure, including the peril of being scalped in these times of Indian warfare.—Instead of accomplishing this high enterprise, I shall even be satisfied, when we meet again, to pilot you through the horrors of Hell Gate, or wander with you and our trusty & well beloved cronies Paulding Kemble, & the Supercargo, through our old highland haunts, frighting the stripling trout, and parodying the sports of the gentle Izaac.—But to descend from these cloudcapt visions. I am glad to hear that you mean to travel. Jonathan has grown up a stout gentleman since you knew him in the days of yore, and I think you will see many whimsical features in his crude character, unknown to you before. —Besides, you owe yourself a long holyday.—"And further, by these, my son be admonished: of making many books there is no

end; and much study is a weariness of the flesh."—So saith the Preacher, and I say, so be it!—

As to me & mine, we are still here, & are most grateful for the bounties bestowed upon us. Amongst these, which your célibataires may deem questionable, is the birth of a demoiselle—being the *Eighth* & positively the last performance. The number eight is fraught with good omens, an[d] albeit I am no prophet, it must abide. My poor wife was never so well before.—The little people are all quite well, and are beginning to fill up a fearful space in our retinue.

Your friend little Meta is at hand, teaching Constance to read, with an air of matronly importance. She has a vivid recollection of your gallantries, and desires me to say to Mr Irving, she wishes to kiss him, and to shew him her great doll in New York.—This prime pet was a cadeau from her friend the late Mr Jimmy Thompson.—

The boys are working hard at Hofwyl, and Mr Fellenberg speaks very encouragingly of them; & particularly so of James King. Our last letters left them full of the gayest anticipations. They were to set off upon the annual pedestrian tour through Switzd on the first of August.—I hope to visit them in Septr—and if they satisfy my expectations, I think I shall leave them with Mr F until the spring of 1834.—They will then have been there nearly three years, and will I trust have acquired habits of application and activity which may last them all their lives.—"He that hath many children, giveth pledges to the world against great enterprises."—Although this dictum applieth not to me, I am willing to avail myself of it, as an apology for hiding my light. I have however worked very hard since I have been here, and I have filled my mind with many quaint scraps of learning & wisdom, from the fine old library in the Chateau. It has been my chief resource in

this quiet retreat, and I have really renewed, (I might say acquired) habits of application, which make me regret lost time, and the briefness of life.—I intend to carry home a substantial addition to my books, which I shall have the means of collecting th[r]ough-[ou]t the winter.—My house is rather too small for my present stock of books and children, but I hope to be able to build another one of more suitable dimensions. I mention these projects to you, because you have a prescriptive right of fellowship in all that belongs to me.—And I will thank you to point out to me any valuable works that I may not be acquainted with.—Whilst I was in London in May (to fetch M^rs Carson) I paid a visit to your friend Rich, and shall avail myself of his services in purchasing books.—It is my fixed determination, under providence, to go home in May.—The fear that I may not have the happiness of seeing my kind old parents is a constant cloud over my mind, and I am

always regretting the unavoidable necessity that compelled me to defer my departure until the next spring.

My Sister writes me that you had gladdened their hearts by a sociable visit; and your brother tells me that you were surprised to find him so little altered by the weight of so many years.—I beg you will give me an account of them, and a very particular one.—

We dread to hear the next accounts from N Y.—The reappearance of the Cholera in Paris & London is ascribed to the extreme heat of the weather & to eating quantities of unwholesome fruit.—What then may we not apprehend of N Y—where these causes of pestilence exist in a much greater degree.—The Therm: at this place rose to 90 & remained so for several days—but we have had few deaths. I think we owe our protection to the vast forest that surrounds us.—Where was Capt Jack when you arrived—By this time

he must be steering his gallant frigate for the Medn

When you have an hours leisure, fail not to bestow it upon me & follow my example in saying a great deal of yourself & your affairs. You know how deeply I feel interested in these topics.—My good wife desires to be most cordially rememb: to you & by you, and I am

ever affecy Ys

H. Brevoort.

Paris, January 18th 1833.

The latest accounts we have of you my dear Irving left you at Washington, from whence you were expected to arrive in New York about Christmas.—I congratulate your safe return from exploring the wild regions of the far West. Did you shoot a Buffalo or capture a wild courser—Pike's description of this glorious sport on the boundless prairies has left indelible impressions upon my memory. America in every aspect is now sought after with eagerness in Europe more than ever. Such writers as Mother Trollope are a real benefit to us.—The point of their satire gives their works a circulation amongst readers who would never else have been tempted to bestow a thought upon us, whilst the truth remains and excites an interest to know more.—If I were not too much under the influence of the foul fiend—too insensible to publicity—& peradventure too conscious that I could not satisfy my own taste, I might be tempted by

the present curiosity of the public to ransac[k] my mind for adventures & scenes in America. I have read Paulding's "Westward ho" with delight. It is the best of his works & not in my opinion surpassed by that of any other competitor of the day. The work would have been more equal if Paulding had been as well acquainted with the West as he is with the ancient dominion.—It is in the hands of a french translator & will soon appear. I will send out a copy when it appears.—The D's fireside has had great success here.—Why did he not sell his Copyright in England; or is he insensible to filthy lucre.—

Have you seen Miss Martineau's Illustrations of Polit[l] economy?—They are productions of the highest merit & will be universally read in the U States.—The last one on "French wines & politics" it is said has enlightened the inhabitants of the Tuileries to such a degree that it is feared by D[r] Bowring & the other negociators of a commercial treaty

with England, their labours will have been in vain.—

I perceive that you dined with Hamilton at Charleston. How is it possible for a man of honor to play such a game & reconcile it to his conscience? I should not be amazed to see him here, if he has the luck to escape from his perilous enterprise. Our last accounts from Charleston are to the 20th Decr The president's well timed and triumphant proclamation was said to be making a deep impression. It is possible the minority may gain the ascendant, but knowing as I do the indomitable characters of the leaders & their unhallowed designs, I fear they will not capitulate without bloodshed.—They are no doubt taxed two or three hundred thousd dollars per annum by the unequal operation of the tariff; this is the sum total of their grievances—all the other alleged causes of discontent are inventions to stir up the passions of the people.—Their patriotism must be strangely diluted to mag-

nify this temporary evil into pretext for rebellion & separation.—How much more did the Yankees suffer during the embargo &c, &c.—But the real nature of their disaffection lies deeper to my certain knowledge. They have lost the field of ambition at Washington and they are bent upon creating one of their own. The productions of their lands are reduced to half their former value by the competition of the new states. The subdivision of property has reduced their plantations within paltry limits. They fear some decisive step will be taken to mitigate the condition of Slavery.—But above all they hate us with the rancour of Shylock for our prosperity & impute our gains to their losses. An ignorant population is easily inoculated by these plausible wrongs to deeds of unlawfulness and vengeance & I fear they will never rest until the union is dissolved.—Let them do it by fair means & not by violence if they can. How many states would be desirous of uniting in their wretched

confederacy remains to be seen—not less than five or six I imagine.—They will be our Ireland without the shadow of the wrongs of that ill fated country to stimulate them to civil war.—You have no idea of the exultation of the friends of strong government over our impending difficulties on this side of the Water. The disgraceful elopement of one of the sisters of our family they say casts a deep stain upon our house. The Carlists &c, insist upon it that nothing but a legitimate King will restore us to order & prosperity. Johnny Bull is full of brotherly sympathy; he beholds new markets for his wares. The cause of freedom is belied & dishonored.—Perhaps I view the evil on the dark side—I shall be glad to have your opinion & shall rejoice in finding myself mistaken.—

I intend to return to New York in April or May if I can. My wife will remain another year & then bring back the children. At present we are all well & getting on very agreeably.

Mrs Carson is in a state of great agitation on acct of her son who is an aid de camp to Hamilton & a furious nullifier. She wishes to return home.

Your brother Peter is very well, but as usual will not be tempted from his daily routine. His spirits are cheerful & I see him pretty often, we are near neighbors.—This will be conveyed to you by Col: Thorn who goes to the U S to take possession of his late son's fortune.—He carries with him sundry patent machines for fattening fowls which ought to entitle him to the Civic wreath from our worthy corporation of Aldermen.—

The animal is confined to a close dungeon & its food is injected by a sort of stomach pump which occasions instant syncope from which it does not recover for many hours. Thus within a fortnight it becomes as corpulent & fat as the late George the fourth of exclusive memory.

The Col's family remains at Florence under

the protection of the Grand duke.—The young Marquis Carlo Torrigiania goes with the Col. He is a nobleman of the* one of the most illustrious houses of Tuscany & intends to travel through the U S. He seems a very agreeable person & I recommend him to your notice but do not give him a Letter. I have given him an Introduction to Renwick.—Old John Jacob Astor and I are again united in the bonds of intimacy. The old Gent finds me vastly entertaining, if one may judge from the frequency of his visits.—

Pray remember me to all our old fds—including your brother and the Genl—My wife salutes you.

I am my dear Irving, affecy Ys

H. Brevoort.

*Sic!

(*New York*) *College Green, No. 3,*
Thursday (*June*) *27th*, (*1834*).

MY DEAR IRVING:—

By the latest Paris letters (15 May) our fds the Aspinwalls, were all getting well & preparing to embark by one of the next packets from Havre to N Y.

Ebenezer told me yesterday that you had not received any letters by the late arrivals from Peter;—you are, therefore ignorant of the misfortunes that have befallen the poor A's.—My wife writes to me. (26 Apl) ["] Mrs Cooper came to announce to me the death of Mrs A's youngest daughter, the little angelic creature of Constance's age whom we admired so much. She died of scarlatine & the eldest is now very ill.

What a trial for the poor parents just on the eve of departure, for they had almost engaged to go out with DePeyster.—Cooper is really a good man. He has been their consolation &

friend & talked to me with tears in his eyes of the event."

—May 5th "I have been the more uneasy from the distressing state of poor Mrs A's family. They have lost both their youngest children of the ages of Meta & Constance with scarlatine. The eldest & second are not yet declared out of danger. I cannot imagine a more trying situation—Mrs A and the Colonel, both ill in bed. They have two sisters of charity to nurse the children. Their affairs all in confusion in consequence of the projected voyage to America. Mr Irving has been several times to see me. He goes daily to assist & console the poor Aspinwalls."—

But as I have said before—they were all convalescent on the 15 May—and preparing to leave the scene of the affliction.

My wife and our little people were all pretty well. I would have written to you before, but I took it for granted you had recd letters

from Peter. His attentions to the poor A's have no doubt prevented him from writing to you.—

There is nothing new here. Mr Secy Livingston was at the Red R's soirée last night. He is in high spirits & full of fun. He hopes to embark for France before the end of the next month.—The R R had another lion of formidable dimensions at her gathering —Mr Trelawney—the same who has favoured the world with his veracious adventures under the title of "The Advs of a Younger Son."— He is in appearance the beau ideal of his fd Byrons Corsair & looks as if he could kill & eat a man for breakfast.

He arrived a furious radical & has been greatly refreshed & confirmed by his travels in the Mississ: Ohio & in Virginia.—

I wish he would do violence to your tender admirer the R R—. The more so, because by my being beguiled to her gathering, I am now in for a christening of a young

Munroe, on Saturday night.—One error my dr fd begets another.—I went to meet some Carolina Ladies, who refused to go without me.—

Write me a line, if you can,

ever affecy Ys

H. B.

Towards the end of the soirée—one of my Carolina fds, a shrewd old Widow asked me who was that little round old Gentleman, so busily employed in returning the heel taps left upon the side-board into the decanters? Who should it be or could it be, but mine honest crabbed fd Billy Procter. His heart smote him at beholding the waste & riot of his dear adopted.—

(*New York*) *Monday, Nov. 10th 1840.*

MY DEAR IRVING:—

Mr & Mrs Rives & Mr Ligare have promised to dine with us on Thursday next at half past 4 O'clk, and I need not say how much pleasure it will give us to have you with us. As a further inducement I promise to give you some good music in the evening.— Mr Cary, begs me to add, that he hopes for the pleasure of your company at one of his symposiums on Saturday next at ½ past 4 O'clk.—

Pray let me know your will & pleasure. I saw Mr Astor on Saturday, thinking he might know when you would be in Town. He says he hopes to see you as soon as possible, but cannot say what day it will be.—

I remain truly Ys

HENRY BREVOORT, Jr

NEW YORK, JULY 1st 1841

New York, June, I mean July 1st [1841].

MY DEAR IRVING:—

I came down the River this morning from Beverly where we are all comfortably nestled in the old mansion of treason & have been wishing & wishing for the pleasure of seeing you.—I promised Gouv Kemble, to write to you, & to unite his entreaties with mine to induce you to leave your cottage & come up to the Highlands. About an hour ago I chanced to see our friend Mr West, who told me that he intended to pass the 4 July with you.

I told him of my designs upon you & invited him to come up with you. The easiest route is by the way of Cornwall & West Point. From the latter place you will always find a good Ferry Boat, to take you over to Nelson's landing which is one & a half miles from Beverly—or if you wish it, the Boat will carry you direct to the Beverly landing within a short half mile of us, through a beautiful

shady walk. Or if you will write me a line P. Office Cold Spring, I will have *our* wagon in waiting for you at Nelson's landing.—

Now pray write to me, & tell me when we may hope to see you.—

I will not say anything to excite your expectations of Beverly, but I defy the S [un?] of New York to rival us in the rising of the Moon over the peak of the Sugar loaf. Yesterday evening we enjoyed this delight for the first time, & as you are acquainted with the motions of her Ladyship, pray come whilst she is in the humour of making her appearance over the Sugar loaf.—

Ys most truly,

H. Brevoort, Jr

Beverly, Aug. 30th 1841.

MY DEAR IRVING:—

I was relieved from much anxiety by hearing from your brother when I was last in town, that you were nearly recovered from your severe indisposition, which however I was glad to learn had not been so alarming as was publicly reported. It is not improbable that your exposure to a burning sun in riding outside all the way from Honesdale to Newburg may have stirred up the bile & caused a feverous attack.

You will find enclosed a copy of verses addressed to you by one of your admirers, a theatrical moon-struck neighbor of mine, who has done me the honor of making me the medium of transmitting his effusion to your hands. He certainly has some claims to your notice, which you will readily admit after reading the quotation which follows, from his letter to me. "Circumstances which have come to my knowledge have induced me to

believe that you are upon terms of intimacy with that beautiful author & amiable man, the first reading of whose lovely descriptions of simple unhacknied nature & home nurtured feelings thrilled me with ineffable delight, & every repetition has deepened the impression. I wish to present him with a token of a strangers esteem, and although when compared with his poetical genius it is but a mere trifle, I feel assured that his critical acumen will be tempered by the gentleness of his disposition." —Think of that Master Brown & weep!

My poor dear old father, as you know is now no more, and although his departure was an event long expected, I cannot express to you the deep and solemn impression which the dying moments of the good old man has left upon my heart.—

The long gun, to which I think you have a prescriptive right of inheritance, I now beg leave to offer you in the name of the family, hoping that you may live to enjoy its posses-

sion as long, and as happily, as did its late worthy owner.—

My Wife & the girls beg me to offer their kindest remembrance and I am my dear Irving

Y^{s} affectionately

HENRY BREVOORT.

Presented to Washington Irvin[g] Esq.
By his ardent, though humble admirer
J. Mills Brown.

PAST JOYS

I became affected, as I have here attempted to describe, while hearing a celebrated Vocalist rehearse the melody of "Erin, a smile and a tear in thine eye" for it recall'd to my feelings, the beautiful *singleness* of expression with which I have heard that Air breath'd by lips that are now motionless and cold:—two days previous to this I had received intelligence of the mortal dissolution of her, who was,—Miss B—tt of Boston.

"*The storm that racks the winters sky,*
"*No more disturbs* Thy *deep repose,*
"*Than summer evenings latest sigh,*
That shuts the Rose."
MONTGOMERY.

Why are those tones so touching, and so chill?
My heart deep sighs; and through my eye-lids float

A hallow'd tenderness—and mute—and still
As dew-drops from the mateless King-Doves coat
Slow dripping to her melancholy murmuring.

Benumbing chillness tingles through each cheek,
Like icy shoots that crisp the placid lake
When sighs hoar Winter from his frozen Peak,
And small birds twitter in the lonely brake
Sad song—And eddies, soft and dim, the snowy flake.

'Tis Memorys chords swept by that mournful strain
Which once shed perfume o'er my slumb'ring heart;
A melody of bliss!—almost a *pain*
As thy pure lips their rose-bud folds did part
To breathe sweet-briar tones—and thrill without strain.

And art Thou fled sweet Warbler like a dream?
Oh! still I feel thy heart-distending notes
Influsing gentleness—a May-morn gleam,
Of the souls brightness! Now thy spirit floats
Heaven-wing'd, and hymning thoughts such as thine eyes did beam.

Thy voice was as the light of a clear Moon!
Beaming a mellow radiant tide, that fills

And doth o'erflood the gazers eyes—then soon
Ebbs dim—again, now o'er the brink it *wells*,
While from the half-closed lids, heart-dews do trickle down.

Well, Thou art dead—No more—'Tis better so
Than to outlive the bliss of warm affection.
Through the drear sands of Life deep-wading—slow—
Drag harsh and dull those wheels which once did run
With fiery whirl!—extatic expectation!
Bounding o'er wild-flower turf, and Fairy-rings,
Dashing the brilliant diamonds of the Sun
From dewy sprays, and Eaglets wings
Scared from their cloud-veil'd nest by Fancys loftier springs!

Who breathes long pines in frame and soul. Deceiv'd
Each ardent hope; for Pride and Power still crush
The bruised Reed—and had it blood—they'd make it *bleed*.
The sear'd leaf totters 'neath the rain's cold gush,
Through ruind Halls fierce storms relentless rush,
Proud Genius, pining, flits his Meteor eye,
Want-palsied Age swings on its rotten Crutch,

(The slippery, ice-form'd Staff, call'd—*Charity*)
Which thawing neath his grasp, he sinks Eternally.

Wither that reptile heart—that soul of clay,
Benumb'd and vacant, which mere Death appalls.
Who'd cringe, and sneak, and beg from day to day,
For what? To stare upon his Dungeon walls;
And count his Bars, as on each shadow crawls
Along the slime. No—A Volcanic Sea
Bursts the proud heart! Its smoking fragments hurl
One blaze of frantic joy—for it is *Free!*
Tis done.—Its ashes scatter through Infinity!

But *Thou* dids't leave the world ere tempest-driven;
A sinking sun-beam sleeping on the wave.
To *Thee* bright Hope and Love and Peace were given;
Thou sweetest Rain-bow of a summers eve
Just touching Earth—Thou gently laid thy head—
on *Heaven.*

J. Mills Brown "*Birds Nest*" *near Cold Spring. Putnam County, N. Y. August, 30th 1841.*

NEW YORK, OCTOBER 18th 1841

Monday morning, Oct. 18th [1841].

MY DEAR IRVING:—

I did not know that you were in the City on Saturday, or I would have asked you to call at the Surrogate's Office & prove my father's signature to his will; you need not come down on purpose to do so, but when you are here, I will be much obliged by your doing the needful.—

Ys ever

H. Brevoort.

New York, December 28th, 1842.

MY DEAR IRVING:—

As Carson must have kept you au courant with our affairs, & I have but small matters to write about, I hope you have been indulgent to my silence ever since I received your delightful letter from Paris, in which you spoke of the pleasure of receiving our dear boy in a way that warmed my heart with gratitude & affection. Your continued kindness to him is acknowledged by him, in every letter to us, in terms dictated by a grateful & kindly heart. By this time you must understand his nature & character as well as we do ourselves, and I hope love him as we love him.—He always writes cheerfully & sensibly. His last letter was written just after his return from the South & in high spirits with [all] that has happened & all that he has seen. He speaks of his intention of returning home in the spring, & of deferring his visit to Italy for the present, which I think considerate & proper.

To travel alone is but a triste plaisir in any country.—Besides, he is anxious to be usefully employed in some steady pursuit, if the times prove auspicious. In this hope he may be disappointed for awhile. But *things* are not at their worst. We have awakened from our imaginary prosperity, and gone back to 1832, if not later. Our experience has [been] dearly bought, but it will prove valuable. The worse part of the evil is, that the Country is overrun with knaves. Confidence amongst men is at the lowest ebb—all our monied institutions have been defrauded. At this moment my mind is suffering from anxiety on account of our old & respectable N Y Life & Trust Cy, which had, as I though[t] weathered the storm & proved itself incorruptable. Its secretary in whom unlimited confidence was placed was dismissed last week, having been detected in gambling with lottery tickets, wholesale. Although he protested to us that the funds of the Company were untouched by

him, I fear it will prove otherwise, to what amount no one can tell until his accounts are gone over.—This must be a work of time & labor & we have employed assistants to perform it thoroughly. Meanwhile the dividend day approaches (10 January) & we can hardly get at the true state of affairs so soon; & if it is not declared, our credit will be deeply affected. My own stock cost me $23,000; of which a large part must be sunk, if my apprehensions prove true.

In this way, I have lost since the great fire—about $25,000, besides the trouble & anxiety which I have suffered in striving to diminish it, & disentangle myself from cares which my mind is unfitted for & which I heartily detest. —These investments in corporate bodies, were not of my own seeking; they were made for me while I was in Europe. Instead of selling out, & pocketing the loss, I have, as the world has done, gone on hoping for better times, until half is lost. Still there is enough

left in lots, which although now unavailable, will become so, if I can manage to keep them longer in my possession.—I am determined for the few years more that it may please God to spare me, to cast anchor in a securer haven and ride out the storm in peace & contentment.—Five years of trouble & anxiety is a horrible sacrifice, but yet I have no cause to complain; I bear the weight of my three score winters & summers lightly & bravely, & am surrounded by a family of intelligence & love, such as falls to [the] lot of few men, & for which I am heartily grateful to God.—

My wife, as you probably know, has been obliged to keep her room two months past. Her health is feeble, but by no means alarming & I hope will be restored by regimen & quiet before long. I think her complaint arises from instability of the nervous system—particularly the nerves which are connected with the stomach.—She desires to be warmly remembered to you, & to thank you for your

paternal kindness to her eldest born.—Our old friend Mr Astor has been confined to his room, & mostly to his bed, these three months past. I saw him yesterday. He was lying in his bed, in his parlor, looking feeble & emaciated, but much recovered. His appetite remains healthy & his mind as clear & as much occupied with old cares, as usual. His years are bearing him downward, & probably his next, the eightieth, will be his last. He asked, as he always does, about you with the liveliest interest & in the kindest manner.—Cogswell is his prop & comfort. He devotes himself to him in a manner which does honor to his heart, although his own health is I think very feeble. The old gentleman often engages him upon serious topics, & seems to derive hope from C's rational and pious views of things present & to come. His skepticism & shrewdness often displays itself, & some times puzzles his friend to answer. A few days since, in speaking about the happiness which Christianity

promises in the world to come, he remarked to C, that it always appeared singular to his mind that these cheerful & confident anticipations were not oftener made the subject of ordinary conversations. Men were naturally fond of dwelling upon things which were expected to give them pleasure, yet the change which promised the highest state of happiness was rarely spoken of familiarly, until it was close at hand.—

C's money matters with him are now, I hear, on a liberal & sure footing.—You will feel deeply interested in the horrible drama of your friend Slidell. The Court of Enquiry has just commenced its proceedings & I have a strong belief that he will be able to justify his acts, and come forth clearly & honorably. I am told that he is well prepared with testimony to prove his imminent danger & necessity for acting as he did.—Whichever way the issue may turn, to him it is a deplorable calamity.

Our friend Capt Jack is in command of the yard at Boston—as usual, he has fallen upon his feet. He is liked by everyone, has a fine house, is well paid & perfectly happy—except that he lost a quarter's pay by the late explosion of a bank at Charlestown.—Kemble is well, & the foundry is much recovered in strength by a pipe contract with our Corporation—but is now at a standstill for work. Paulding resides in Hudson Square, hoping for the reelection of his friend &c.—My neighbor March, with whom Mr. Grinnel dined lately to meet Webster, is trying to persuade him (not the Secy) to purchase half of my garden & build a good house upon it. I have not seen Mr G on the subject, but I should be pleased to have him & his wife so near us, not to speak of the sale of the ground, which would be very agreeable too.—You will be pleased to hear that the only lawsuit which I have ever had, & it was not of my seeking, is ended.—My nephew gave in two days before

the day of trial, finding the issue desperate, I suppose, & we are rid of him after a world of trouble in gathering testimony & not a little expense.—He is now the happy owner of five lots of ground, which is two more than will come to the portion of any of my children, who are better entitled to them.—He thought, and his knavish lawyers encouraged him to think, that our fears might give way to his hopes of extortion; but he has the piper to pay, and is happy to dance to the old tune.—I suppose Dickens has written to you, & that you have read his book. It is just what might have been expected from him; but the good people here abuse him for not writing what he neither could nor wou[l]d write, a dull sensible description of these United States. The Negro & spitting chapters were put in for balances I imagine—but some of the others are admirable & display a warm & sensitive heart.—The little woman & her baby—the reflections upon the

poor emigrants, are truly admirable & characteristic.—

No materials for your projected work have appeared here. I hope you have fairly sat down to it, and that the subject recommends itself to you, as you proceed.—I will not my dear Irving say half I feel at our long separation. I suppose it will last three years.—Still, I hope there will be enough of life left us to enjoy each others society when we have the happiness to meet again.—

I shall not write to Carson by this steamer, but enclose a letter from his sister Laura. You will take care to advise with him about the best route to come home—but he will have time enough to write further to me about it.—I am every truly Y^s^

HENRY BREVOORT.

New York, October 18th 1843.

It is an age my dear Irving since I have been gratified with a scrap of remembrance from your pen. While Carson remained with you I did not feel the want of it so painfully; but now that he is away, it becomes indispensable to my comfort, and I entreat you to resume our ancient interchange of thoughts & kindly feelings, as often as it may suit your convenience. Carson wrote us by the last steamer, that he was awaiting your arrival in Paris, while, from another source, I learnt you were safely quartered with your niece at Versailles, several days previous to the date of his letter. No doubt you have since met each other, & that he has related all his agreeable adventures subsequent to his departure from Madrid. We are very anxious to see him among us again; no doubt much improved by his free intercourse with people of the old world, & his observation of the remarkable things which he has seen. He assures me that he has

imbibed a little brass, which is a material indispensable to his success in this country, where impudence is at a high premium.

Your being able to sustain the fatigues of so rough a journey induces me to believe, that your health & strength are restored,—but I would rather receive a confirmation of it from yourself. It may be that you forced yourself beyond your strength to obtain the advice of Parisian Physicians.—Having just got back from the extreme end of Long Is^{d}, where my family still are, & have been since the beginning of July, I have not been able to see any of your connections, except y^{r} nephew Pierre.—I have called yesterday & today to see Storrow without success, but I shall take care to find him in the course of the week.—

My wife's health, which has long been very feeble, is now restored by the fine climate and sea bathing of that best of all summer retreats L Is^{d}; and my brain is possessed with the project of securing to our own exclusive enjoy-

ment some far away nook there, to spend our future summers.—My dear girls have a true relish for country life, & would much rather roam over the green fields & sea shores of L I than mingle with the harlequinade of Broad Way—a taste which I know you will commend. Indeed, no one has better reason than I have, to be thankful for the blessings of wife and children who are my comfort & solace through weal & woe.—

My own time for the last two years, has been much occupied with the division & settlement of my good old father's property, which is now nearly completed—and my share of it is now more welcome than I ever supposed it wd be, owing to the large losses which I have sustained within the last three years by previous investments in the stocks of our cheating monied corporations. I hope to indemnify myself for the future by this dear bought experience. I am no croaker, but it grieves me to say, my dear Irving, that this our native

land is degenerate & corrupt to the very core. You would not believe the symptoms of rottenness which I could point out & establish, but which are now apparent—political moral & social—nor am I able to discover any hope of amendment; any counteracting principles to arrest the downward tendency of all our institutions. It is true—you have lived a long while amidst these calamities, in a country which seems doomed to discord & unhap[p]iness, and perhaps you might be able to find consolation by a comparison which I am not. —But let us turn from this subject and gossip a little about domestic affairs, & the idle topics of the day. Old Mr Astor stills holds out, & is better, body & mind, than he was before you left us. An ontoward event has just happened in his family, which has stirred his ire; a thing which always does him good. Master Sam W— has married Miss Medora Grymes and settled upon her *his* house in Bond Street, which house had been purchased, &

previously given or settled upon his first wife, but by our laws, became his, after her decease. —This affair sticks deep into the old gentleman's gizzard. He views it as a sort of impeachment of his accustomed sagacity; a sort of outwitting & overreaching in the art of bargaining. Previous to the marriage, he sent for the bold Samuel,—not to remonstrate with him upon the step he was about to take, but to warn him, that unless his g g* daughter was not withdrawn from the protection which he had provided for her, & placed in the hands of her grandmother Mrs W, means would be adopted to deprive him of the property which he had accidentally acquired. To this, Master S bowed submission. William's family have taken this new alliance in great dudgeon, & have resolved never to hold intercourse, or to speak to their much overrated son in law.—Both parties came in collision a few days since, at a grand fête

*Great granddaughter.

champêtre, given at Highwood, by J G King, in honor of his son's marriage—but there was no recognition, & the A's left the field very prematurely to the victorious Sam, who, with his wife, were the lions of the day.—Another rencontre took place upon the occasion much more amusing & characteristic. Mr Delauny, who had been jilted by Sam's Medora, approached her with true french nonchalance—took both her hands & congratulated her very warmly upon the happy event (not of his having been jilted) & clapping his hands upon Sam's shoulder, exclaimed *Eh bien mon ami comment ça va?* The Trousseau which he had ordered from Paris arrived very opportunely before the Marriage, and the jilted man wrote a polite note to his rival offering to sell him the said Trousseau, which was *accepted*, & the bride was made doubly happy. She is said to be a very inoffensive good little girl malgré her mother—possessing very little personal attraction, & with an expression & air

far from comme il faut. Sam, albeit not one of the wisest of men, has probably made a silly match—but the resentment of the A's, is, I think, carried beyond all just bounds, unless there are causes for it unrevealed to this pigmy world of ours.—

Another event is soon to happen which will set the aforesaid world agog for awhile. Our opposite neighbor has a wife, who as you must have heard is—O, & that wife is blessed with a daughter, who is, in the opinion of the aforesaid world OO. Whether they are, or not guilty of the crime ascribed to them they are here doomed to oblivion & repentance, never to reenter the bosom of Charley King's "good society." Finding themselves much genée by this proscription, & confiding in the liberality of the old world, they are to depart on the 1 November for Havre, under the protection of our worthy fd Jimmy Furck, & to pass the winter in Paris. In the Spring, the Chevalier Binda & his sig-

nora, are to escort them to Italy, & watch over them.—

It is a matter of curious speculation to imagine what will be their destiny in the land of Cavaliers & Priests. They will have plenty of money, and will no doubt be disposed to accommodate themselves to the state of things existing there.—Meanwhile—I hope my most worthy & much abused neighbor & old friend, may not relent in his purpose of giving these babes of grace an unlimited furlough. He told me of it himself & I gave him my hearty consent.—His brothers had done the same.—Kemble is at his Foundry which is *dividendless*. But he & his family get a pretty living out of it—so *we* the stockholders, ought to be grateful. Paulding's son is engaged to the pretty Miss Pierson. He, Paulding is waiting the reelection of his fd of Lindenwood;* but from present indications, the tide of public opinion is adverse to his hopes, & very

* *Lindenwald, the home near Kinderhook of Martin Van Buren.*

flattering to Clay, especially if the scheme of nominating Webster as V P, meets with his consent, & shall be adopted in convention. The little Sage has grown very old, & has become as bulbous as our excellent f^d^ Capt Jack, who (by the by) is as usual in clover at Boston, in command of the Navy Yard at Charlestown. Prescott's new book is soon to be out. He is a jewel of a fellow, & y^r^ devoted admirer & friend. I shall not be obtrusive about y^r^ literary pursuits. Cogswell is now well again. Y^r^ *favorite* Miss Oxenham is on furlough in England. M^r^ Sewal flourishes, notwithstanding D^r^ Williams is or is about to be married. The said D^r^ told me a good story about the old boy which I am afraid I have not room to relate. He consulted the D^r^ as to what items of property he might conscientiously conceal from assessment. The D^r^ thought the Library legacy was a fair one for exemption—Oh! said Money-bags, I had tought of dat & so he continued to every

proposition of the Doctor's. At this rate the Legacy, if the old man holds out long enough will turn out a profitable speculation!—

Yr interposition in the late outbreak of Madrid has added immensely to your diplomatic fame among your *admiring* countrymen; besides stirring up the ambitions of becoming Ministers among yr literary contemporaries Bancroft Sparks Cooper &c who are all sighing & dying for the honor of representing the pomp & dignity of our republic at the several Courts of Europe—*for a certain consideration.*—

West is well & pretty well employed. He is, as we all know a capital fellow—and now that I am familiar with all his oddities, I like him better than ever. Wier [h]as painted a very successful picture for the Capital. It is now on exhibition & both in design & execution is better than anything except poor Allston's, that has yet been painted in the U States. We hope a career will open itself to Carson,

as an architect by & by. Now, unless you have the best of excuses pray sit down & write me an undiplomatic epistle. I beg to be heartily & kindly remembered to my f^d M^rs S.—How you must suffer in missing the I—s? They too, *I guess*. Macready is drawing great houses here. Poor Conti is [to] give her first concert tomorrow evening.—Now I don't care who may read this—Do you?

Adieu my dear f^d!

H. B.

LETTERS TO HENRY BREVOORT WITH A FEW FROM HIM TO HIS PARENTS, ETC.

INTRODUCTORY NOTES

Among the Brevoort family papers are a considerable number of letters of immediate interest in connection with numerous phases of the Irving-Brevoort correspondence. With the selection that has been made from these documents, there will be found a few hitherto unpublished letters of Irving, from sources other than Mr. Kane's collection.

Even before he had attained the age of manhood, Henry Brevoort was engaged in occupations far removed from the usual life of the young New Yorker of his day.

We recall how in his first letters to Irving, from Mackinac, he is actively engaged in the fur trade; and we find him in the missive to his parents from Marietta in 1804 giving observations of his tour along the Ohio River. A letter from L'Herbette, of March, 1805,

reveals the fact that Astor made over a branch of his fur business to young Brevoort; but it is amusing to note that business prospects did not seem to be very good at that time, and L'Herbette (who often figures in the Irving-Brevoort correspondence) states that had Astor supposed the fur trade would turn out so poorly "he would have found out some other employment for you this winter." However, that it was worth while for Brevoort to keep up his connection with Astor is shown by the letter from Montreal, in May, 1811, wherein Brevoort discusses various business matters with "old John Jacob" and annexes the table of the harvest of skins obtained from Fond du Lac during the years 1809–1810. Well over 50,000 fur-bearing creatures —beaver, otter, bear, muskrat, mink, raccoon, and others—gave up their lives in those two years; thus silently and unwittingly doing their share in increasing one of the historic fortunes of our city. Astor was already a

man of wealth, and in the next letter we reach (this time from Irving to Brevoort), he is amusingly compared to Crœsus. It is also, presumably, Astor who is referred to in the opening lines of this epistle as the "Great Mandarian." We see Irving at work among hardware and cutlery, but resolved to go back to his pen, and expressing a preference, "by all the martyrs of Grubstreet," to starve in a garret rather than to continue long —whatsoever the pecuniary benefit—in the sordid routine of business.

Of course, in Irving's news of New York friends, the Hoffmans and the Renwicks take first place. Although Matilda Hoffman was no longer alive, the home of her parents was one of those which Irving frequented most; while Mrs. Renwick, "the Bonnie Widow," was then, as ever, a magnet for both Irving and Brevoort. "The Lads" come in for comment; while James Renwick, later the dignified professorial brother-in-law of Henry

Brevoort, here appears as "the agreeable rattle." Many young girls are made the subject of Irving's lines; and so, too, the actor Cooper, whom Irving calls "old Satan" and who at this time was paying devoted attention to the charming Mary Fairlie whom he later married.

After much talk of the theatre, of Cooke and of Cooper in the parts of Othello and Iago and in other plays, Irving writes of his satiety with city life, dwelling on the "worldly thoughts and cares" that have rendered him weary of company "and dissipation"; he longs to be with Brevoort in "the silent solitudes of our Savage country," where he "could sit for hours and muse deliciously on the borders of one of our vast lakes." Yet it is worth noting that while he was restless and discontented, he did not for a moment lapse into melancholy or ill humor, but remained confident that he would soon turn his abilities to effect, and compensate for this "transient & temporary prodigality of life & talent."

A few weeks later, in June, 1811, Irving again writes to Brevoort in much the same vein. He begins merrily enough with an account of their friend Gouverneur Kemble's "long and boisterous voyage in an old leaky hulk of a british ship," and with somewhat racy gossip concerning his brother Peter, of whom Irving says "He is a 'Dam rascal' and there's an end of it;" but soon he reverts to the topic of his previous letter — that indolence of mind which had resulted from too much social pleasure—and looks forward to "rugged toil, fierce disputation, wrangling controversy"—anything which shall again call forth his mental energies.

The next letter is from Brevoort to his uncle, John Whetten, whom he confidentially advises to refrain from becoming a stockholder in Astor's fur company until business prospects improve. Here a reference to the seizure by the English of a ship carrying a cargo of peltries brings forward those acts

of maritime aggression that were to culminate in the War of 1812. The letter concludes with affectionate messages to "the good old people in the Bowery," the "Bowery" being the name given to the Brevoort homestead.

All the manuscripts that have appeared in the preceding pages of these volumes are documents hitherto unpublished; but the next letter from Walter Scott to Brevoort is one that has already found its way into print. A document of historic significance in our literature, it is included here because of its emphatic importance in connection with the Irving-Brevoort correspondence. Scott misspells Irving's name, using indeed the form—Irvine—of the Scottish forbears of the Irving family in America. Scott requests Brevoort to send him further writings of Irving's, fearing, as he says, that he may chance never to hear of them otherwise. The *Knickerbocker's History of New York*, which so amused Walter Scott, had, of course, a great vogue in America,

but local New York history did not interest the foreign public of that day, and it was not until 1819, the date of the publication of the *Sketch Book*, that Irving's fame was established abroad.

Brevoort, when writing to Irving on June 24th, 1813, enclosed Scott's letter in praise of *Knickerbocker's History*. Irving then must have forwarded it to his brother Ebenezer, in the possession of whose family the letter remained until in 1833 Ebenezer's son, Pierre Paris Irving, returned it to Brevoort with the message that shall be found further on in these pages. This Pierre Irving must not be confused with Washington's other nephew Pierre, his literary executor and the editor of Irving's *Life and Letters*. Pierre Paris, however, also showed the literary bent characteristic of so many of the Irvings, and as a boy of eighteen had been a contributor to a literary periodical aptly and prophetically entitled *The Fly*, its life terminating after the

brief period of five issues. Pierre later became a clergyman; and one surmises that compunctions of a moral nature led him, after for ten years retaining Scott's letter rescued from his father's garret, to return this precious document to Henry Brevoort.

The friendship with Walter Scott was the notable incident of Brevoort's early travels in Europe, but certainly Brevoort's most amusing hours must have been spent in the perusal of the long letters sent to him from America by his little sister Margaret, who figures so frequently in the correspondence with Irving, and who was later to become the wife of Professor James Renwick. From some of these charming letters of the little girl, who regarded her oldest brother with affection akin to adoration, we have chosen (with the gracious permission of Mrs. Robert Sedgwick) a few excerpts of the years 1812 and 1813. Quaint little nuggets they are! In the first is a description of a party at Ward's Island, where

Irving romped with the children and teased them.

"Now my dear Brother I must tell you of our yesterdays party, at wards Island! you will laugh and shake in such a manner, if you can make out to understand my blundering description, this party, you must know, was given by old judge Benson, he particularly invited a number of ladies and Gentlemen, my *consequencial* self included, to tea there, of course we all went highly delighted, and determined, to enjoy ourselves as much as possible, and so we did, Isabella and myself did not behave exactly as the rest did, for the sage Mr. Irving was of our party, and we cosidered ourselves in some measure, as in the presence of a grand Inquisitor, you know he detests all kinds of romping, as well as your literary self. he is the meekest man, I ever knew, he is the very counterpart of Moses *himself*—he thinks no more of *himself*, than the grand sulton of the East thinks of

himself. My dear Brother I am only in *fun*."

Later we find an amusing portrait of old Henry Brevoort, with his passion for all the animals that he kept in his "ark" on Broadway; "quite happy, save now and then a cloud of care passes over his face when he thinks of the fate of his country." But when the American navy gives a good account of itself, another letter of Margaret's shows us how jubilant is the "venerable father."

"Behold me then seated at my bedroom window in the second story of the ark, with a huge earthen inkstand before me, and two old goose quils, I am determined not to stop until they are both worn out.

"You will find but little alteration at your return he stoops a little more, and his hair is a little whiter, his nose is almost well and he is in perfect health, and quite happy, save now and then, a cloud of care passes over his face, when he thinks of the fate of his country;

he says things don't go on as they should something is wrong at the head, and he fears we are in a bad way, he dont understand these new fangled doings, our government is made up of upstarts, whose heads are as empty as calabashes, people dont do as they used to in old times &c &c &c. His passion for birds is as great as ever, he has had very bad luck with the canaries, our yard is filled with pidgeons, ducks, geese, fowls, goslings, peacocks, pigs &c &c &c.—

"Mrs. Renwick sent the coach out for me the day before yesterday to come in to a little tea drinking; yesterday afternoon she brought me out with all the letters, her family, the Rhinelanders and W Irving drank tea with us, it would have done your heart good to see what a happy set we were.—

"We have got a charming little neighbourhood there's Mrs Hoffman behind us and Mrs Talman before us (she has moved into Mr Minthorns new home) we are all delighted

with each other Mrs H is one of the most charming little women I almost ever met with, she and my good Mother are quite chosen friends, I find so many inducements to stay in the country that I very rarely go to town, perhaps you will scarcely credit me when I tell you I had not been there in a month before Mrs R sent for me; so you see I have grown quite domestic and shall want no jewels to decorate myself with, in the remainder of Mr Brevoorts rural shades.—

"Dear Mrs Renwick, what shall I say of her? she is everything that's good and amiable, my letters are never half read or enjoyed until she reads them with me she almost jumps for joy whenever we get one from you & really seems to feel the same satisfaction that an affectionate mother would who was blessed with such a son; When Uncle W gets one he gives some part of it to Mr Irving from him it goes to Mrs Renwick from her to me and then

to the owner mine go the rounds as regularly. I was at Mrs R. when I received your last to Father & Mother, I absolutely could scarcely get sight of it there was such fighting, &, boxing, (I would have given any thing had you been behind the curtain) there was Mr Irving flourishing about with his cane banging Isabella and myself as if we had been two little sticks and not Miss R and Miss B while we are fighting who shall read first Mrs R finds some snug corner where she sits and reads the whole letter."

"I suppose dame fame has informed you of the wondrous achievements of our infant and galant navy as its called. my dear Father is quite delighted, he hired a boat the other day for the express purpose of going on board the *Macidonian*, never did Alexander return more triumphantly from his conquests than did our venerable Father, bearing in his hand an immense piece of British oak, which is

exhibited on our chimney piece, for the inspection of the curious; all of his very great friends are favored with small splinters, as a mark of great distinction."

From still another letter is chosen the passage in which the young girl writes on the evil of the world, and observes that if the disturbers of peace were as anxious to do good as they are eager to torment one another, "what a very happy world this would be." In those days, as in these, the censor broke in upon the privacy of correspondence; but Margaret sees the necessity of restraining her abuse of President Madison and the rulers of England and France (whom she familiarly calls Jim, George, and Bony), lest her letter be made the subject of investigation by perhaps the British Parliament itself.

"I am almost afraid to say anything, now that I have began, they tell me it is more than

probable that my letter will be opened; I heartily wish, all the disturbers of the peace were happily lodged in that precious planet, (saturn) which seems to be now, reigning with peculiar influence; infusing its malignant rays into the hearts of men; inciting them to such dreadful cruelties, that it makes me shudder even to hear them; their minds are devoted to the study of tormenting each other, and in this laudable and praiseworthy pursuit they are most indefatigable; (If they were as anxious to do good what a very happy world this would be; thanks to the beneficent giver of all good! we, do, now and then, see an example of this kind! to show us just what man should be!) We must endeavour to put all the blame upon the bad planet, for the honor of human nature; I hope this apology will suffice for their *highmightynesses*—I should be sorry if they were to take it into their heads to be in great dudgeon, and throw my poor little letter in the fire; for only consider my

dear Brother, what an incalculable loss it would be; I believe I must condemn myself to the great and almost impracticable punishment of holding my tounge, for the sake of preser[v]ing this most precious epistle, and indeed my Brother when one considers what a bitter mouthfull it is to restrain ones self from abusing these worthy rulers and potentates of the earth, (Jim George and Bony) it would not be considered as an inconsiderable instance of self denial *even* at Miss Brentons school. I veryly believe I should get the laughing hysterics were I ever to see or hear of the british parliaments speculating upon the contents of a little girls letter, to see if they could discover any thing like *treason* in it. . . ."

Irving was at this time occupying the lodgings of Brevoort whom he calls his absent "wife," as Margaret's jesting lines record:

"Mr Irving has grown quite a beauty, I told him so the other day at our house, think-

ing it would have a tendency to make him very civil but I was mistaken, he is not a bit better than before. his face is not clouded with care as formerly he says he would be perfectly happy if his wife was here; who do you think that is? a wandering *poet*,—who was formerly seen in America, but he has taken his departure to a more congenial clime, in order to perfect himself in his profession; ther's great suspicions entertained of him here, we actually hear he was to be married to some *great* scotch lass, this report has made the afore said husband extremely uneasy, and I really heard his mother say she would turn the vagrant out of doors if he offered to bring any of his high cheek bones here,—so if you should chance to meet with him in your travels, do for humanity's sake give the poor fellow a gentle hint respecting home affairs."

The glimpses that Margaret gives us of some of the characters in the Irving-Brevoort

correspondence are, as we have seen, full of little personal touches that could have been possible only to a girl of quick discernment and rare wit; but perhaps for us of the great city that extends so many miles along the Hudson, the most striking paragraph is the one wherein Margaret writes, "I find so many inducements to stay in the country that I very rarely go to town."—The "country" was Eleventh Street and Broadway!

On the outside of one of these letters from Margaret—one addressed to Henry Brevoort at Birmingham, in the care of Irving's brother-in-law, Henry Van Wart,—Brevoort wrote the following verses humorously indicative of British feeling at the threats of Napoleon:

> Says Bony to Jonney I'll soon be at Dover
> Says Jonney to Bony that's doubted by some
> Says Bony but what if I really come over,
> Says Jonney then really you'll be overcome.

John Howard Payne next engages our attention with some lines written in 1813

introducing to Brevoort the actor Charles Kemble, brother of John Philip Kemble and Mrs. Siddons, and himself famous as actor, dramatic reader, and theatrical manager. Payne was intimate with both Irving and Brevoort, as he was indeed with many other noted men, such as Coleridge and Charles Lamb. He and Brevoort were born in the same year, and their interest in the stage was long a bond between them; while with Irving, Payne has various points of biographical similarity in that both these New York authors were clerks in early life, and both towards the end of their careers received appointments from the United States Government in recognition of their services to literature. But while Irving is remembered for many of his works, John Howard Payne, whose writings are perhaps even more voluminous, would long ago have been forgotten had it not been for his lyric of "Home, Sweet Home," a song still the possession of myriads

of persons of whom perhaps not a handful is aware of the name of the play (*Clari, or the Maid of Milan*) in which these cherished verses originally appeared.

Another letter relating to Irving's and Brevoort's interest in matters of the theatre is from a young actress with whom, it would seem, Brevoort did not, after his return from England to America, care to maintain a correspondence. This Miss Booth was a member of the same company as Junius Brutus Booth, and is remembered in annals of the stage mainly because of her request that the great actor, who was Edwin Booth's father, should add an "e" to his name, lest she and he be thought to belong to the same family.

The next three letters carry us from theatrical affairs to Brevoort's more intense interest in the literary career of his friend. A brief note from Washington Irving, dated London, Sept. 21st, 1819, has to do with the *Sketch*

Book, which is again the topic of the two letters written shortly after this date by Ebenezer Irving to Brevoort. In these, we have further evidence of the collaboration of Irving's friend and Irving's brother in connection with furthering the publication and success of the various numbers of the *Sketch Book*. From the point of view of the critic, the most noteworthy lines that here call for comment are those in which Ebenezer expresses his doubt at the reception of the *Legend of Sleepy Hollow*—"a tale which although a pretty thing and neatly told is still a tale." Ebenezer surmises that nine out of every ten of the female readers will be pleased with it; but he himself finds more to praise in Irving's articles *The Mutability of Literature* and *John Bull*. We recall, however, that Brevoort, with more perspicacity and perhaps a deeper feeling for sentiment and a better sense of humor, realized at once that the *Legend of Sleepy Hollow* was one of the best

emanations from Irving's pen; a judgment that posterity has effectively confirmed.

The letters of Brevoort give many indications of his interest in science, drama, and literature, as well as in business and politics; and his directorship in the National Academy of Arts is one of numerous indications that he participated in this realm also of the activities of his time. This participation is shown in a practical and generous aspect in financial aid extended to Rembrandt Peale. In the letters of 1824 between Brevoort and Peale there is considerable interesting comment not alone on Peale's proposed portrait of George Washington, but also on the famous portraits by Stuart, Pine, and Brevoort's friend, John Trumbull. Peale was of the opinion that his own portrait of Washington was a far more faithful piece of work than Stuart's, which "was taken after the mouth of the General had been distorted by the rude hands of the dentist."

Brevoort's influence as a patron of art was invoked not alone directly by Rembrandt Peale in connection with national as well as private commissions for paintings, but was called into requisition in other ways, as, for instance, when Vanderlyn, after receiving a payment in advance for a full-length portrait of Andrew Jackson, took his own time about the completion of the work. To Henry Brevoort, James Hamilton, to whom Jackson had offered the secretaryship of war, and who later was Governor of South Carolina, appeals, confident that Brevoort, if anyone, can stir the sluggish brush of the recalcitrant artist. It was Vanderlyn, we recall, who made the most delightful portrait of Irving as a young man.

People were frequently writing to Brevoort on all manner of topics. From Robert Emmet, the nephew of the great Irish patriot, and himself a lawyer of high rank, there is a very witty letter in which he asks Brevoort for snuff

and a novel to while away the tedium of influenza. Charles Carroll of Carrollton requests him to serve as his proxy in financial affairs. James Kent writes to Brevoort concerning his famous *Commentaries*, a work so popular that the first four editions of 10,000 copies were sold at nine dollars a copy,—the most remunerative American book of its time. Nor is it alone statesmen, authors, artists, and actors whose letters attest the important civic position of Brevoort, for here too we meet with a communication from General Winfield Scott, who desires Brevoort to interest himself in a young captain, Alfred Mordecai, who was graduated from West Point at the head of his class. The interest shown in him by General Scott, Mordecai was later to justify not only as an author on military subjects but as a member of important military commissions, especially in the Crimea; his observations in connection with that commission being published by order of Congress.

A letter from Peter Irving to Brevoort, written at Rouen, in 1828, recalls the long friendship between these two men and their travels in Europe fifteen years earlier; while a letter from James Fenimore Cooper, written at Paris in 1831, in which Cooper seeks to arrange an introduction to the Marquis de Marbois, is an especially interesting missive, not alone because of the evidence it adduces of the social position abroad of Washington Irving's only American rival in contemporary literature, but also because of the picture it gives of Marbois, who was the Secretary of the French Legation at Washington during the Revolution, and who figures again in American history on account of his appointment by Napoleon to act as the chief agent in the cession of Louisiana to the United States. The Marquis, in spite of his venerable age in 1831, seems to have retained the liveliness of youth to such an extent that in styling Lafayette "the Patron of Americans in

Paris" he proceeds to call himself the "*vice* Patron."

During this stay in France, Brevoort kept up a constant correspondence with his parents, and from these family letters the one chosen for publication in the following pages has been selected because of its relation to Brevoort's acquisition of property on which to this day stands the house that he was later to erect at 24 Fifth Avenue, the first private residence in that now greatest of residential streets. It was in this old mansion that the first elaborate costume ball ever took place in our city, and within its walls Washington Irving and many other well-known authors were honored guests.

But of all the letters written from France, the one which will appeal most to the student of American history is the missive addressed by George Washington Lafayette to Henry Brevoort and the other members of the American committee who had voiced on the death of General Lafayette the sympathy of American

friends and admirers. The devotion of America to the great statesman who had espoused the Revolutionary cause with all the chivalry of youth was more intense than has ever been shown to any other foreigner, and far exceeded the gratitude of France for the many services rendered to his own country by that truly noble man; and it may well be believed that Lafayette's son was not merely indulging in the characteristic courtesy of the French language when he wrote: "Gentlemen, your sympathy softens our affliction and spreads a salutary balm on our grief-shattered hearts."

From Paris also, eight years later, in 1834, was written an important letter of Washington Irving, of which excerpts have already been published, but which now for the first time appears in its entirety,—a letter written when Irving was on his way to Madrid as Minister to Spain. Henry Brevoort's oldest son, Carson, was with him as attaché, and through-

out the letter play the sentiments of Irving's devotion both to his old friend and his old friend's son.

Two more missives bring us to the end of these manuscripts—notes that are included on account of their decided local interest. The first of these, dated April 24th, 1843, is the communication of the Committee appointed by the Vestry of Grace Church, in which Brevoort is asked to set a price on a portion of the old Brevoort farm on Broadway. Brevoort in answer names $35,000, but stipulates that the heirs of his father's estate shall be held "harmless from any assessment" in case Eleventh Street "should hereafter be opened from Broad Way to the Bowery." The transaction was concluded, and Grace Church (whose architect was James Renwick, son of Margaret Brevoort) still firmly retains its place amid the swift eddies of those commercial thoroughfares; its lawns, and trees and hedges a lyric note amid the strident noises of

their surroundings. For those of us who have been brought by the letters of Brevoort and of Irving into touch with the olden days, this little green oasis of the garden of Grace Church has that ineffable charm which is the intermingling of the present and the past. Here young Margaret rejoiced in the "shady groves" of the country; and here old Henry Brevoort stood four-square, deaf to importunities and threats, resolved that no street should cut past his home; as, indeed, none has, even to these very times. And here, gazing over the green hedge that runs along the Broadway fence, you shall see, of a summer's day, the magnolias shedding their pink blossoms on the little lawns, and, it may be, note a robin as he alights on the old sun-dial, to preen his crimson breast.

G. S. H.

PUBLISHERS' NOTE

It will be observed that in the foregoing "Introductory Notes" there are references to a few letters from Irving to Brevoort. These MSS., discovered after the original publication of the Irving side of the correspondence between these two friends, were included in the first issue of the Brevoort papers; but it has been deemed preferable, in the present editions, to place these few Irving epistles in their proper sequence in the Irving series. It has not, however, seemed necessary to effect any changes that might break in upon the continuity of Mr. Hellman's "Introductory Notes"; all the more so, as there will presumably be few readers of either volume who will not have the companion work upon their shelves.

LETTERS TO HENRY BREVOORT, WITH A FEW FROM HIM TO HIS PARENTS, ETC.

LETTERS TO HENRY BREVOORT, WITH A FEW FROM HIM TO HIS PARENTS, ETC.

Marietta, February 7th 1804.

MY DEAR PARENTS:—

I cannot omit this opportunity of informing you I am thus far in safety.—My journey was rather disagreeable owing to tempestuous weather. I cannot speak with precision of what may occur to my benefit, but I trust my trouble will be attended to with all the success I contemplated.—Mr Gillman the person with whom I am connected resides here.—I am well pleased with him, and believe he will be very serviceable.—In making this tour I may not reap much actual benefit, but I shall certainly form such connections, as will ultimately prove very advantageous.—Inform Mrs Whetten that I saw Genl Putnam & a

Lawyer Putnam, who remember her with pleasure and speak in high terms of her many patriotick acts.—I have neither time nor inclination to make any remarks on the country through which I have passed, in fact it affords nothing worthy of observation.—The Country along the Ohio River is settling very fast—and promises in a few years to become a place of great importance.—A number of vessels are built annually along the River, and despatched with the produce of the Country to different parts of the globe.—This business is of infinate advantage to its inhabitants—Hemp is raised in considerable quantities, amply sufficient for the rigging of their vessels. —Coal is found in all parts of the country in inexaustible quantities.—

I suppose you have heard nothing from Bill, poor fellow I shall not have the pleasure of seeing him this Spring.—I cannot possibly say when I shall have the pleasure of seeing you, probably not before August next—I

trust then to meet you all in perfect health.—May God preserve you untill then and long after. I hope the Little ones are well—remember me to my bowery acquaintances—and believe me to be most affectionately Your

Son

HENRY BREVOORT, JR.

I beg you will excuse this scroll—it is scarcely intelligable, but time will not permit me to copy it—so take it as with all its blots and scratches.—It's probable you will not hear from me for some time as the mails in this country are very irregular.

Adieu!—

New York, March 6th 1805.

SIR:—

The desire I had of being able to give you some agreeable information has caus'd me to postpone writing to you longer than I should have wish'd. It is but a few days ago that Mr Astor has positively wrote to some of his friends that he has made over his fur business to you, advising them however that if they chose to send any skins down he will be glad to buy them for your account. Since your departure we have had nothing at all to do in that way: not so much as a dozen of skins have as yet been brought to the store.

We all heartily wish you may meet with better luck than you had in the begin[n]ing of your journey, and that some good business may compensate the fatigues you have undergone. this wish has often engross'd our conversation during the cold weather which we experienc'd as, by what we felt, we form'd an idea of what you had to encounter. Mr A. was not the

last to think of you on those occasions, and after having receiv'd the letters in which you mentioned that skins were scarce & their price high, he told me several times that had he suppos'd that the fur business turn'd out so poorly, he would have found out some other employment for you this winter.

The truth is that the prospect is not very favorable at present. All the accounts of sale which he received from London or Amsterdam state some loss. he has already advis'd you of it & mention'd his opinion as to the prices he thinks you can safely pay, so that I have nothing to add on the subject.

I receiv'd lately a small invoice of goods from my friends which were directed to Mr A —conformable to the liber[t]y he gave me last summer; he told me since that if in the future they send me some more Goods, they must consign them direct to you & I wrote to my friends accordingly.

NEW YORK, MARCH 6th 1805

In hopes of receiving news that you enjoy good health & spirits, I am

With Consideration,

Your humble servt

P. LHERBETTE.

H. BREVOORT, JR., ESQ.

Montreal, May 9th 1811.

DEAR SIR:—

Mr Gillespie has fixed our departure on the morning of the 16 instant—Mr. Pothier is to remain in Montreal until the goods from England arrive & are forwarded to St Josephs, which will probably not take place much before the 20 June.—

The Gentlemen were sorry to learn that no permission had yet been granted by the Secy of the Treasury to admit the goods to entry. I understand that they are to meet and consult on that and other subjects this day.—

If a favourable change should occur & intelligence thereof can be transmitted to St. Josephs by the 20th of August, the Agents are of opinion, that there would still be sufficient time; but should nothing be obtained by that time they will wait until the 5 or 10 Sept & then return.—

If orders are not recd at St. Joseph's by the 5 of August, I wish you inform me whether

you are of opinion that there is an absolute necessity that I should remain there longer; I am rather anxious on that subject, having made no arrangements for my absence from N York longer than the 1 September.—

Letters have been this day received by the N W* from Mr McGillivray, which state that the Beaver sale has been deferred & that after it had taken place he intended returning via N York.—

As far as I can gather without making known the object of my intentions, the Mk† Cy will either sell at Mackinack or consign these furs to some person in New York for sale:—they will all arrive from the interiour within the month of July, so that, that part of my business can be early dispatched.—

Messrs Reed & Clark were both disapointed at not hearing from you.—Mr R will take passage with Mr. Pothier.

If you send a message to Mk—he ought not

* *North West Company.* † *Mackinack.*

to travel by way of the Lakes, as the uncertainty of getting passage accross Erie & Huron would cause great delay.

Mr Pothier will probably be the last light canoe from Montreal, & the quickest conveyance.—

I hope you have not omitted to transmit yr draft to Mr Bleakley on my account.—

I am, Dr Sir,

Yr Most Obt.

Henry Brevoort, Jr.

I annex for yr information (if you have not received it before) the returns from Fond du Lac for 1809 & 1810.—

MONTREAL, MAY 9th 1811

1810		*1809*
4055	Beaver	4072
823	Otters	736
5918	Martens	3555—short
352	Bears	237
75	Cubs	17
19	Brown & Silver	
Short 8170	Muskrat	27698
516	Mink	622
697	Fisher	340
93	Raccoon	

John Jacob Astor, Esq.
New York.

St. Joseph's, June 25th 1811.

MY DEAR SIR:—

I have just written a long epistle to Mr. Astor to whom I refer you for particulars, not having time to repeat them.—

The aspect of the Fur Company's affairs, *at present* looks as unfavourable as is possible; & as Mr A in one of his Letters to me intimates that before my return you are likely to become a stockholder, I now advise you by all means to wait my return before you are persuaded to take a single step.—This of course is only between ourselves.—

I am very anxious respecting my affairs in New York, particularly as I entertain not the most distant hope of being actively employed in behalf of the Company—by reason of the son-inlaw—and consequently shall return as soon as I can, without forfeiting my engagements.—

I hope & trust you will meet no particular obstruction—Mr A expresses his willingness to assist in case of need.—

I have heard nothing from the Capt from N York. Mr McGillivray informs me that he called on Capt Ward in London, and as it was a matter of importance that so large a parcel of Peltries should be sent out of the English Market, he offered his influence to obtain the Vessels liberation, but on learning the circumstances of her capture, he found it impossible to render him the least assistance.

I shall confidently look for a letter from you at Montreal by the 20 August, when it is probable I may be there.

Remember me affecy to the family & to the good old people in the Bowery.

I am, My Dr Uncle,

Yr Most Affec. fd

H. Brevoort, Jr.

Mr. John Whetten

New York.

Abbotsford, April 23d 1813.

MY DEAR SIR:—

I beg you to accept my best thanks for the uncommon degree of entertainment which I have received from the most excellently jocose history of New York. I am sensible that as a stranger to American parties and politics I must lose much of the concealed satire of the piece but I must own that looking at the simple and obvious meaning only I have never read any thing so closely resembling the stile of Dean Swift as the annals of Diedriech Knickerbocker I have been employed these few evenings in reading them aloud to Mrs. S. & two ladies who are our guests and our sides have been absolutely sore with laughing. I think too there are passages which indicate that the author possesses powers of a different kind & has some touches which remind me much of Sterne. I beg you will have the kindness to let me know when Mr Irvine takes pen in hand again for assuredly I shall expect

a very great treat which I may chance never to hear of but through your kindness.

Believe me Dear Sir

Your obliged humble servt

WALTER SCOTT

H. BREVOORT, ESQ.

LIVERPOOL, SEPTEMBER 12th 1813

Liverpool, Sept. 12th, 1813.

MY DEAR SIR:—

This will be handed you by Mr Charles Kemble, concerning whose plans I have already written you. The professional reputation of Mr Kemble will supercede anything I can say on *that subject*, but of those high personal excellencies which elevate him far above the mass (*not merely of actors but*) of men, I have reason to speak with fervency and decision. You will confer a favor on *me* by seconding the view of Mr Kemble in America, with your influence & advice.

Believe me,

Dear Sir

Ever truly Yrs

JOHN HOWARD PAYNE.

H. BREVOORT, ESQ.

London, June 2d 1816.

MY DEAR SIR:—

Mr Bibby's return to New York affords me an opportunity of once again addressing you, yet I can hardly persuade myself to it,—since the idea of being considered *troublesome* is strongly impressed on my mind, for (if I recollect) this is the second or third time I have had the honour of writing you, without being favour'd with your reply. Well?—I positively do flatter myself that you will forgive the intrusion—and since I have the promise of so able a pleader as Mr Bibby, I cannot I am sure fail of obtaining your pardon. Indeed we feel gratified to Mr Washington Irving for his introduction to Mr Bibby—who we have found a most amiable young man, and I regret to think that our managers have not acted with more liberality to him than they have, for he has displayed a great deal of merit in his Pertinax & Shylock, and received every applause that could be bestow'd; but I need

not tell you how much it rests in the power of managers to forward the views of a performer, —they did not exert themselves to put Mr Bibby forward,—but I trust his talent will be duly appreciated among his friends on the other side of the water. We shall be all anxiety to learn.

London is likely to be more gay this season than for many years past, on account of the Royal Marriage. I wish you could have enjoy'd the treat of Mrs Siddons' acting the other night, the *shades* of all men of taste I favoured taking a peep at this *queen* of Tragedy. Miss O'Neill loses nothing in attraction, but is rather improved in her acting —if improvement is possible—than otherwise. I do not doubt but Mrs Barnes will prove a great acquisition to the New York Theatric Corps.

I must now present Mr. Nairne's remembrance to you—with those of my family—who unite with me in requesting that you will

oblige us with a few lines when opportunity serves.

And now I must subscribe myself (in haste)

Yr sincere friend

S. A. Booth.

May I request you to offer my regards to all I have the happiness to know. But I beg most particularly to be remember'd to Mr Kemble and Mr Swart(wout). I hear he is now perfectly happy. I have not heard a word from Mr W— Irving for an age past, but I hear he is well, and I rejoice to say Mr P— Irving is again in possession of health.

Long Branch, Sept. 28th 1819.

DEAR BREVOORT:—

With this I forward you a packet from Washn inclosed to me; it contains but one article and whether any other has been sent or not I am ignorant. His letter to me accompanying this parcel contains but two lines, merely requesting me to hand it to you—he has however no doubt written to you respecting it.

The success of the "Sketch Book" is extremely gratifying. I understand that the 1st No. is off and that you are about putting a 2d edition to press. Jno T. says that you had an idea of selling it to Wiley—for $500—. I think it rather low if the editions usually average a profit of $600—As the work has taken a handsome run and is a favorite, I am inclined to believe that a choice of purchasers can be made—the best in every considerable place would willingly bargain for sufficient to supply their particular market under the

agreement that you sell to no one else there. I think by some such arrangement good men may be commanded in every place without risque of loss—perhaps if those persons were written to before putting an edition to press, requesting to know what number they would respectively wish mentioning that no more than the whole number thus ordered would be printed it might be the means of taking off a larger number at once and when another edition should be called for the same method might be pursued.

I have not understood whether the quantity of the 2d & 3d Nos. printed was larger than the 1st but I should suppose that the 1st being all off already, the quantity of the succeeding numbers might be made up to what we first thought of (4000)—if it should be thought proper that the number in each edition should be the same that can be easily complied with by adding to the title page of one half—"Second Edition" and selling them last.

LONG BRANCH, SEPT. 28th 1819

My suggestions as to mode of putting off the work arise from my anxiety of making the most of it for Wash. I have no expectation of being in New York until the alarm of fever subsides when I shall be very happy in doing any thing to assist you in these matters, mean while should you wish anything from me, a letter, put on board the Steam boat Franklin for Shrewsbury directed to me at "Capt. Wardell's Long branch," will reach me. I write in haste but have time enough to assure you that I am

Yours very truly

EBENR IRVING.

Long Branch, Oct. 3d 1819.

DEAR BREVOORT:—

I wrote a few days since and sent you an article for the Sketch book which I had just received from Washington. Chs Baldwin, Esqr who did me the favor of taking it promised to deliver it to you immediately or put it in the Post office. Yesterday I received the Manuscript of *No 4*—it ought to have reached me on Monday evening. I expect to avail myself of the politeness of Mr Lippincot (of the firm of Stephens & Lippincot) to send it to you with this, tomorrow. I have overlooked the No and think two of the articles ("The Mutability of Literature" and "John Bull" *fine*—but a little doubt the reception of the *tale* which though a pretty thing and neatly told is still a *tale*. I have little doubt however but that nine out of ten of the *female* readers will be pleased with it. Wash. complains in his letter to me of our having neglected to send him a copy of the work promptly; it seems

that he was favored with the sight of a copy of the 1st No. by a Gentleman who had received it nearly a month before the one sent him had come to hand. He wishes that copies might be dispatched to him before they are published here if practicable—both he and the Doctor are highly pleased with the style and execution.

I am happy to hear such favorable accounts of the health of the City and hope I shall be able to return in ten or twelve days.

Yours very sincerely

Ebenr. Irving.

New York, January 2d 1824.

DEAR SIR:—

I regret to learn that your family has been afflicted by ill health & that your professional labours have been so unfortunately interrupted. I cheerfully assent to your request to postpone the repayment of the loan until the month of March & hasten to assure you that the repose of the Court of death is in no danger of being disturbed by this incident.—In the course of the month of March however, I shall be greatly obliged by a punctual return of the money.—

Your idea of painting a national portrait of Washington is certainly an excellent one & in my opinion cannot fail of being successful. Would it not be advisable to associate it with some historical incident of his life?—Stuart's likeness has hitherto usurped the place of every other in public opinion & there is no doubt that it pos-

sesses great merit, but it was taken after the mouth of the General had been distorted by the rude hands of the dentist, and does not do justice to the natural expression of his features.

Yours will probably exhibit him earlier in life, and hence you will be enabled to remedy this striking defect.—

In the picture that I possess by Pine, his mouth is one of the most expressive features and in perfect keeping with the other parts of his face.—A skilful physiognomist would in my opinion at once point out this glaring defect in Stuart's picture, without any knowledge of the original.—

You have probably not forgotten the picture we saw at Paff's, said to be by Raphael.—The owner of it was kind enough to place it in my hands previously to his return to South America, & I promised to use every means of ascertaining its real value.—Mr J. R. Murray, from the first, was under strong impression

that it might be an early picture of Raphael & it affords me great satisfaction that his opinion has been confirmed in a remarkable manner by an Italian artist lately arrived in New York in the family of Mr Dale. This gentleman who is a very respectable professional painter is positive that the picture is an undoubted Raphael.—There is a picture in the collection of the King of Naples, regularly traced from the hands of Raphael, the same in design, with the exception of the rag of a curtain in the corner of Mr Seton's picture, which this gentleman has studied & copied. The copy he brought with him, & compared it with the picture in question, which after a minute examination he pronounced to be a genuine picture by Raphael, painted anterior to the one in Naples which he conceives to be a more mature effort of the great painter's pencil.

Now I really think his opinion entitled to great weight & it will give me great pleasure

for the sake of my fd Seton that it may be confirmed by further testimony.—

I am

Dear Sir

Very Sincerely Ys

HENRY BREVOORT, Jr

REMBRANDT PEALE ESQ.

Philad^a June 13th 1824.

DEAR SIR:—

I was ignorant until today that you had answered my last letter & was uneasy from an apprehension that you were not pleased with the state of the case.—But your polite note, which I have just received, relieves me from that degree of apprehension, tho' not from the consequences of my not having had "my hopes realized." When I last wrote to you I had every reason to believe that Congress would have passed the Resolution before them. I learned too late that they would have passed it to procure the Portrait before them, but many of them, dissatisfied with the large Paintings by Trumbull, were indisposed to engage another without knowing what it might be.—Notwithstanding this, had it not been for the tedious Tariff Bill, it would have passed in the reduced form in which it was reported to the House—i. e. for an Equestrian Portrait with an elegant frame at $3000.

In the Senate it was proposed to give me $5000 without saying anything about Frame. It may be best on the whole that the former Resolution did not pass, as I shall probably be better remunerated—And I have now determined to paint the picture the same as if it had been ordered, with the expectation that on presenting to them a magnificent and finished Picture they will not hesitate giving me the largest sum.

The Portrait is daily advancing in reputation—& will have time before the next Session to be fairly established as the only authentic Likeness. In addition to the Testimony given in Washington & Baltimore (part of which has been published) I have received a letter from Bishop White who says that my "Picture is identified in his mind with the features, the countenance & the character of that great man." Another from Major Jackson (who was with him when Washington sat to Stuart) universally regarded as the most competent

judge, having served as his aid—was Secretary to the Convention—lived 3 years with Washington as his private Secretary—and travelled in the same Carriage with him through the United States. He says that "in striking similitude of features and characteristic expression of countenance he considers it the best and most faithful Portrait of the great Father of his Country & that he is persuaded it will be gratefully appreciated by the nation." Another from Mr Rush, the Carver, who "fought, worked, and eat with him" in which he pronounces it "the Best likeness which he has seen on Canvas." Judge Peters, Judge Tilghman, Col: Forest & Col: McLane will give their enthusiastic and unqualified approbation to be conjoined with the above & those of Judge Marshall, Judge Washington, Col: Howard, Ed: Livingston, Mr Custis, Chs Carroll, Gen: Harper, Gen: Udree, Rufus King, &c which I have. In short, within the space of three months, since which it was pro-

duced, it has triumphed over the deepest prejudice that ever Portrait had to contend with. It was already decided that the Portrait by Stuart, whose reputation was so well established, was destined to be transmitted to our posterity, as it was spread all over the world, as the true likeness—and altho' faults were found with it by those who had known the Original himself, the objections did not spread far around them & the objectors were dying off fast. But my Portrait has united their testimony—enables them to designate the faults of the other, and they have unanimously pronounced a Verdict which must become the law of the land. I have therefore been well employed in executing this painting —and I cannot help thinking I shall be well employed in making a splendid Equestrian Picture, altho' neither can immediately furnish me with any pecuniary assistance, much as I stand in need of it, with a large family of Girls. But it is my duty to make this effort,

because it would be unjust to neglect the opportunity of profiting by so singular an advantage. If the general and State governments do not reward me, I should then be fairly justified in renouncing my Country. In the meantime the little Portrait painting which I may procure, will barely suffice for my family & I am doubtful whether I can procure the means of extricating my Court of Death from its unprofitable seclusion—The only prospect I have is that Mr Pendleton who will return to New York in a few weeks may repay you the money and take the Picture to England for me.

The service you have rendered, under the circumstances in which I was affected, was peculiarly grateful to me—and I hope will always be reviewed by you with satisfaction, when you reflect on the nature of its purpose. If you should not visit Philadelphia this Summer, I hope to send my picture to New York in the Autumn when you may decide upon its

merits, at least as a Portrait in a new style—which indeed is much commended. It is my intention to take the Original to London, accompanied by all its precious testimony—It will be a good introduction to me, in conjunction with the commissions to paint for you & others the likenesses of persons whose rank in Society will procure me some notoriety.

In case of your absence from the City when Mr Pendleton may arrive will you designate the manner he may act in obtaining the Picture should it be in his power?

Believe me with great respect
Your most obliged
And Obt Servt—
REMBRANDT PEALE

NEW YORK, FEBRUARY 22d 1825

(*New York,*) *Feb. 22d, (1825).*

MY DEAR SIR:—

I must beg of you (if you have it) to send me some snuff—no matter how old. It may be stale & flat but cannot be unprofitable. I am now confined to my room for the second time this season with the influenza and I have been for twelve hours without a pinch. It is bad enough in the ordinary occurrences of life to be *at the last pinch*, but I have got past that crisis, and my hopes are now centered in the *first pinch* of what you may send me. Poor Falstaff babbled of green fields in his last moments & I find my thoughts are beginning to run on tobacco plantations. If you would save me from a Calenture send me some sustenance, were it only a "remainder biscuit." If you have among your books a translation of an old Spanish Novel called "Guzman D'Alfarache" written about the time of Cervantes, you would add much to the comforts of my present condition by sending it to me; and it

would delight me much to accompany a certain *Master Lithgow* in his travels, who among all his privations, I dare say never wanted a pinch of Lundy Foot, at least while he peregrinated in Ireland. This last book you were good enough to offer me some time ago. I hope you have all escaped the prevailing epidemic. My children have all had it. My best respects to Mrs Brevoort.

Very truly yours

R. Emmet.

H. Brevoort Esq.

Washington City, Dec. 25th 1825.

MY DEAR SIR:—

I will be extremely obliged to you to perform a commission for me in which I feel much personal anxiety.—

At the strong solicitation made by Vanderlyn, the painter himself, I exerted my influence last winter with the City Council of Charleston to obtain for him a contract to paint a full length likeness of Genl. Jackson. Under a most positive assurance on his part that the picture should be finished on the first of last May, I drew on the Council for one half of its price which was advanced to Vanderlyn. Instead of completing his contract he has only renewed his application for more money which was done last August, at that time promising that the picture should be forwarded in four weeks. Up however to the period of my departure the picture had not arrived.

You will therefore do me an essential favor

to ascertain whether he has sent the picture, and if it is yet unfinished be so good as to hand him the enclosed Letter which I leave open for your perusal.—

You will be doing me a favor and rendering the corporation a service if Vanderlyn should yet be procrastinating to endeavour to appeal to his feelings & pride as a Gentleman should he have any of these impulses left.—

With my most respectful recollections to Mrs. Brevoort,—

I remain, My Dear Sir,
Very respectfully & truly
Your ob Svt
J. Hamilton, Jr.

Should Vanderlyn either be working at the picture, or about to ship it, in this case it would perhaps be best to withhold the delivery of my Letter, as I do not wish causelessly to wound his feelings.—You will do for me a friendly office if you can urge him in any way to the fulfillment of his engagement.—

BALTIMORE, MAY 24th 1826

Baltimore, May 24th 1826.

DEAR SIR:—

I inclose at your suggestion a proxy to vote for me at the next annual meeting of Stockholders of the Montreal Bank which is to take place of 5th June next.

You may fill up the blank in your own name or in that of any other individual in whom you may have confidence. Having the utmost reliance in your discretion I leave you free to act for me in this business after having previously examined into the affairs of the Bank. I have no desire to lend myself to the views of any party, but if after mature deliberation it shall appear quite satisfactory to you that a change in the direction will benefit the Institution you will be pleased to act accordingly. Beggin[g] to hear from you on this subject on your return, I remain with respect,

Dear Sir

Yr most hum. Servt

CH. CARROLL OF CARROLLTON

To HENRY BREVOORT, Junr, Esq.

(*Peter Irving—the "Doctor" had been, as we recall, Brevoort's travelling companion in early years. He wrote, however, very rarely to Brevoort, leaving most of the correspondence to Washington. It is thus all the more to be regretted that the first two pages of the following missive have disappeared.*)

My brother Washington is at Seville, busily occupied on some writings which are facilitated by his residence in Spain, and which he wishes to get in such a state of preparation as to be out of danger, before he leaves that country. He is fearful that the writing mood may desert him when he gets again abroad in the world. He has completed an abridgment of his history of Columbus in one volume, and the manuscript was to proceed from New York in the Brig Francis to sail from Cadiz in about the last week of December. I trust it will have reached its destination before you get this letter. He was induced to make this

epitome by some articles in the New York American between the 20th and 30th September, by which it appeared that some anonymous person had announced an intention to take the materials from his work and publish an abridged life of Columbus. To protect his work from being garbled and mangled he made an epitome himself.

I regret to send you so brief a letter after so long an interval, but I have several to write for the Packet, and the emergency occurs on a sudden, as my parcel must be despatched for Havre this evening.

One word respecting myself before I close. My health has been considerably battered during the last ten years. I had three or four years of severe rheumatism, and nearly three of a very troublesome headache. Fortunately I am at present free from both, and am passing the winter pretty comfortably by a snug fireside, surrounded by old books, in this venerable old city, the Capital of Upper

Normandy. I think it probable that I shall turn out in the spring, like a snake that has cast his skin, in robuster health than I have been for several years.

The Steam concern in which I have an interest, has been doing business to a fair profit during the past year, and the prospects are also fair for the present.

I am my dear Brevoort, with affectionate regard,

Yours

P. Irving.

NEW YORK, SEPTEMBER 28th 1830

St. Mark's Place (8th St.)
September 28th 1830.

DEAR SIR:–

Last evening came up to see me, Mr Hone & handed me from you the 2 Vols. in French of the *Discussions upon the Civil Code*, & for which I am greatly obliged to you.

I believe you took with you when you went to France some years ago, the 1st Edition of my Commentaries. However, whether you did or not, I wish you to possess the 2d which is a *more correct and greatly enlarged & improved Edition*, and I annex an order on my agents (Messrs. Clayton & Van Norden) in whose possession they are, for a Sett for you. I regret to put you to the trouble of sending for them. They are unbound & I own none else, as Mr Halsted no longer keeps a Bookstore himself, & all the Booksellers buy of them. You will be obliged therefore to have them bound (if you wish it) at Paris to suit your taste.

NEW YORK, SEPTEMBER 28th 1830

I wish you a pleasant voyage and that you may meet your family in Health & Happiness.

Yours most truly

JAMES KENT.

HENRY BREVOORT, Esq.

DEAR SIR:—

I dined yesterday with the old Marquis de Marbois. I found myself seated, by chance, between Messrs. Pichon and Adet, who made, including our host, three ex-ministers of France to the U. States. Jefferson's letters were mentioned, and both M. de Marbois and M. Pichon, who were intimate with Jefferson, expressed a desire to see them. I could not offer to lend your volumes without your permission, but you would confer a favor on me by granting the permission.

The Marquis de Marbois is President of the Court of Accounts and a Peer. He is eighty years of age, and of great personal respectability and receives once a week. He is, at all times, very kind to Americans, having married in Philadelphia. His age, official rank, and, above all, his kind feelings towards America render him a proper object of attention. It is quite in the course of etiquette that you should visit him, if you feel disposed. The result

would be an invitation to dinner. Cuvier, Villemain, and a great many other men of similar character, are found at his table, besides a host of peers and deputies. I am rather intimate, as you may judge, having dined there three times in six weeks, and if you will give me leave I will request permission to call on him with you, next Thursday evening.

I should also say that one meets, at his table, a great many Frenchmen well disposed to America, and that occasions offer to aid in bringing our relations in better train, than they are at present. Let me know your determination.

Yours very truly

J. Fenimore Cooper.

H. Brevoort, Esq.

Yesterday the Marquis styled La Fayette the Patron of Americans at Paris, and himself

the *vice* Patron. This was said in pleasantry, but it shows his disposition to be on good terms with us. His son-in-law, the Duc de Plaisance (the son of Le Brun) lives with him.

Fontainebleau, April, 1832.

MY DEAR FATHER:—

I wrote by the last packet to mother—We are still here to avoid the cholera, which continues to prevail at Paris; the reports of the last five or six days exhibit a sensible decrease in the number of deaths. The general opinion here amongst the wise men is that it will reach America; if it does so, it will fall most severely upon the population of the Southern states, so much so, as will in all probability put an end to their insurrectionary schemes, by carrying off half their negroes.

Margaret writes me that your health and your spirits are good, but that you worry yourself about your affairs being in an unsettled state & that when she tells you to spend your money in comforts, you stop her by saying that you are over head and ears in debt & so on.—All this gives me pain, for you know, my dear father, that I cannot feel

happy myself whilst I hear that you are yourself discontented.—Now, so far as I know on the subject of your affairs, you owe but two debts, I mean the bond to the heirs of Coster & the bond to me: the first you have the means of discharging whenever you like, if indeed you have not already done so—The other, you may also discharge in three days if you see fit, provided you should think it proper to agree to a proposal which I am about to make to you.—It is this—Ascertain from Mr Renwick & Mr Cary (for your bond is left in their hands) the amount that is due from you to me—and then convey to me as many of your lots as you think will discharge it, *at your own valuation*, and I pledge myself to be satisfied with *your own award, be it what it may*. The only condition that I would ask is that the Lots shall be in a body, but they may be taken from any part of your ground that you choose to select. The reason of my making this request arises from a sort of pro-

ject that I sometimes entertain, of building a larger house for my large family, if it should please God we return to America in safety; & I might probably see fit to do it upon the ground that has so long belonged to our family, in preference to any other.—I hope you fully understand my intentions in making this proposal to you & that my motive originates in a wish to remove from your mind any source of discontent that lies within my own power. I hope too, that you understood my motives in refusing to purchase the lots you offered to me before I left America.—I refused to take them, because I felt afraid that in the event of their rising in value (which was next to certain) that I might be accused of having taken an ungenerous advantage of your necessities, in order to benefit myself.—I told you then, what I now repeat, that so far as you & I were concerned, all might be adjusted in a moment, without any fear of after disputes or bitter retrospections; but as others felt they had rights

& claims in the business, I felt myself too delicately situated to yield to your wishes.— I am glad that I did so.—In case you see fit to settle our affairs in the manner now proposed, I request you to give the deed to Mr R or Mr Cary & request that it may be recorded.—

I have been much gratified to learn that you are pleased with Elias' wife, & from all I have heard, she seems worthy of your kind feelings. As to Elias, he has always shown himself to be possessed of dutiful and affectionate feelings toward all of his family that are worthy of it. He is a man of principle and I feel towards him the warmest attachment.—If he has not shown himself active & enterprising, the fault is as much owing to the manner in which he has been brought up as to his nature —but the truth is he has never yet had it in his power to act upon his own responsibility, and give proofs of what he is capable of doing. I have written to him & given my opinion

against undertaking a large farming establishment for the present, but rather to undertake upon a smaller scale the cultivation of fruits & a nursery, which would be found a more profitable as well as agreeable scheme. If the grounds that you possess are not unfitted for such a purpose, I do wish you would (until something better adapted can be procured) allow him to cultivate them in such a manner as he likes, uncontrolled —The rent that might be required from him, I will guarantee shall be paid to you. —I can send him from France Grape vines & any other things that might be useful if desired.

The boys were well and happy in Switzerland the last time that we heard from them. The little girls are all with us.—With mine & Laura's kindest regards to you all, I remain, my dear Father,

ever affectionately your son

HENRY BREVOORT, JR.

N. B.

I request that you send me an answer to this letter as soon as you conveniently can.—Elias will be your secretary.

NEW YORK, SEPTEMBER 28th 1833

New York, Sept. 28th 1833.

I enclose you, My Dear Sir, the letter of Sir Walter Scott which some ten years since I rescued from a heap of rubbish in my Father's garret. I have set a great value upon it, not only from its being an autograph of one so illustrious, but that it bore testimony at so early a day of the talents of my Uncle Washington. As I cannot, however, dispute your better title to it, I send it to you, venturing at the same time to express a hope that it may at a future day return to some one of our name.

I am,
My Dear Sir
With much respect
Very truly yours
PIERRE P. IRVING

H. BREVOORT, Jr., Esq.

NEW YORK, OCTOBER 8th 1833

New York, Oct. 8th 1833.

MY DEAR SIR:—

I take the liberty to present to you Captain Alfred Mordecai, of our army—the number *one*, of his year at West Point. His amiable qualities, no less than his high professional distinction, induce me to ask you to receive him as one of [our] countrymen the most entitled to consideration.

Hoping that you will have had a happy meeting with your family,

I remain, with great esteem,

Yrs. very truly

WINFIELD SCOTT.

HENRY BREVOORT, Esqr,

Paris.

Paris le 23 mai, 1834.

MESSIEURS:—

C'est avec le sentiment de la plus respectueuse reconnaissance, que j'ai reçu la lettre que vous m'avez fait l'honneur de m'adresser, au moment où ma famille et moi, nous venions de perdre le père vénérable et tendrement aimé, que le ciel nous avoit donné.—

Après avoir comblé de satisfaction et de gloire, la vieillesse de celui qui avait eu le bonheur de leur consacrer ses plus jeunes années, les citoyens des états-unis, vont pleurer avec nous sur son tombeau, et ces larmes seront pour sa mémoire, une précieuse récompense, de sa fidelité aux convictions qu'il avoit rapportées de la terre classique de la liberté.—Ces larmes seront avidemment recueillies par ses enfans, et petitsenfans. Elles leur donneront du courage pour supporter leur malheur, de la force pour marcher d'un pas ferme et assuré, dans la route qu'a toujours suivie, celui qui a su les mériter.—

PARIS, MAY 23d 1834

Messieurs, votre sympathie adoucit notre affliction, elle répand un beaume salutaire, sur nos coeurs brisés par la douleur.—

Recevez l'hommage de notre respectueuse gratitude.—

GEORGE W. LAFAYETTE

A Monsieur HENRY BREVOORT,
et les membres du Comité Américain

(Translation of Lafayette's Letter)

Paris, May 23d 1834.

GENTLEMEN:—

It was with the sentiment of most respectful gratitude that I received the letter which you did us the honor to address to me, just after my family and I had lost the venerable and tenderly loved father whom Heaven had granted to us.

After having heaped satisfaction and glory on the old age of him who had the good fortune to consecrate his most youthful years to them, the citizens of the United States

paris le 23. mai 1834. —

Messieurs,

c'est avec le sentiment de la plus respectueuse reconnoissance, que j'ai reçu la lettre que vous m'avez fait l'honneur de m'adresser, au moment où ma famille et moi, nous venions de perdre le père vénérable et tendrement aimé, que le Ciel nous avoit donné.

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FAC-SIMILE OF FIRST PAGE OF LETTER FROM GEORGE W. LAFAYETTE

now weep with us over his tomb, and their tears in his memory will be a precious reward for his fidelity to the convictions which he had brought from the classic land of liberty. —These tears will be gladly gathered up by his children and grandchildren. They will give them courage to support their misfortune, strength to march with firm and assured step along the road that was ever followed by him who knew how to deserve these tears.—

Gentlemen, your sympathy softens our affliction and spreads a salutary balm on our grief-shattered hearts.—

Accept the homage of our respectful gratitude.

GEORGE W. LAFAYETTE

To Mr. HENRY BREVOORT
and the Members of the American Committee.

NEW YORK, SEPTEMBER 8th 1836

20 Broadway, Sept. 8th 1836.

Colº Trumbull presents his respects to Mr Brevoort & begs him to accept an Engraving of Genl Washington, done from a picture painted by him, many years since.

New York, April 24th 1843.

HENRY BREVOORT, ESQ.

DEAR SIR:—

A Committee has this day been appointed by the Vestry of Grace Church authorized to negotiate for a plot of ground for the purpose of erecting thereon a Church for that Congregation. And as Chairman of that Com: I am directed to enquire from you the price you would ask for 125 feet on the east side of Broadway between 10th & 11th Streets by 140 feet in depth with a guaranty that the Church be held harmless from any assessments that the said plot might be subject to, in case of the contemplated opening of 11th Street from Broadway to the Bowery, and in that event giving to the Vestry the priviledge of taking at the same rate the square foot the gore on Broadway to 11th Street.

The Vestry being desirous of immediate purchase, and having other sites in view I

would ask an answer at your earliest convenience.

Respectfully

Your Ob. St

DAVID AUSTIN,

Chairman

New York, April 25th 1843.

DAVID AUSTIN, ESQ.

DEAR SIR:—

In reply to your note of the 24th inst. I beg to say, that the heirs of my late father are willing to sell to the Vestry of Grace Church, the plot of ground on the east side of Broad Way between 10 & 11 Streets, 125 feet front in said Bd Way, by 140 feet in depth—adjoining the marble yard at the Corner of 10 St & Bd Way for the sum of $35000 & they (the heirs) will stipulate that nothing in the shape of a nuisance shall be erected upon the gore of land lying north of the above plot of ground & the Corner of 11 St; but they will not guaranty that Grace Church shall be held harmless from any assessment that the said plot may be subject to in case 11 St should hereafter be opened from Broad Way to the Bowery.—

I remain

Dr Sir

Yr Obt. St.

H. BREVOORT.

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